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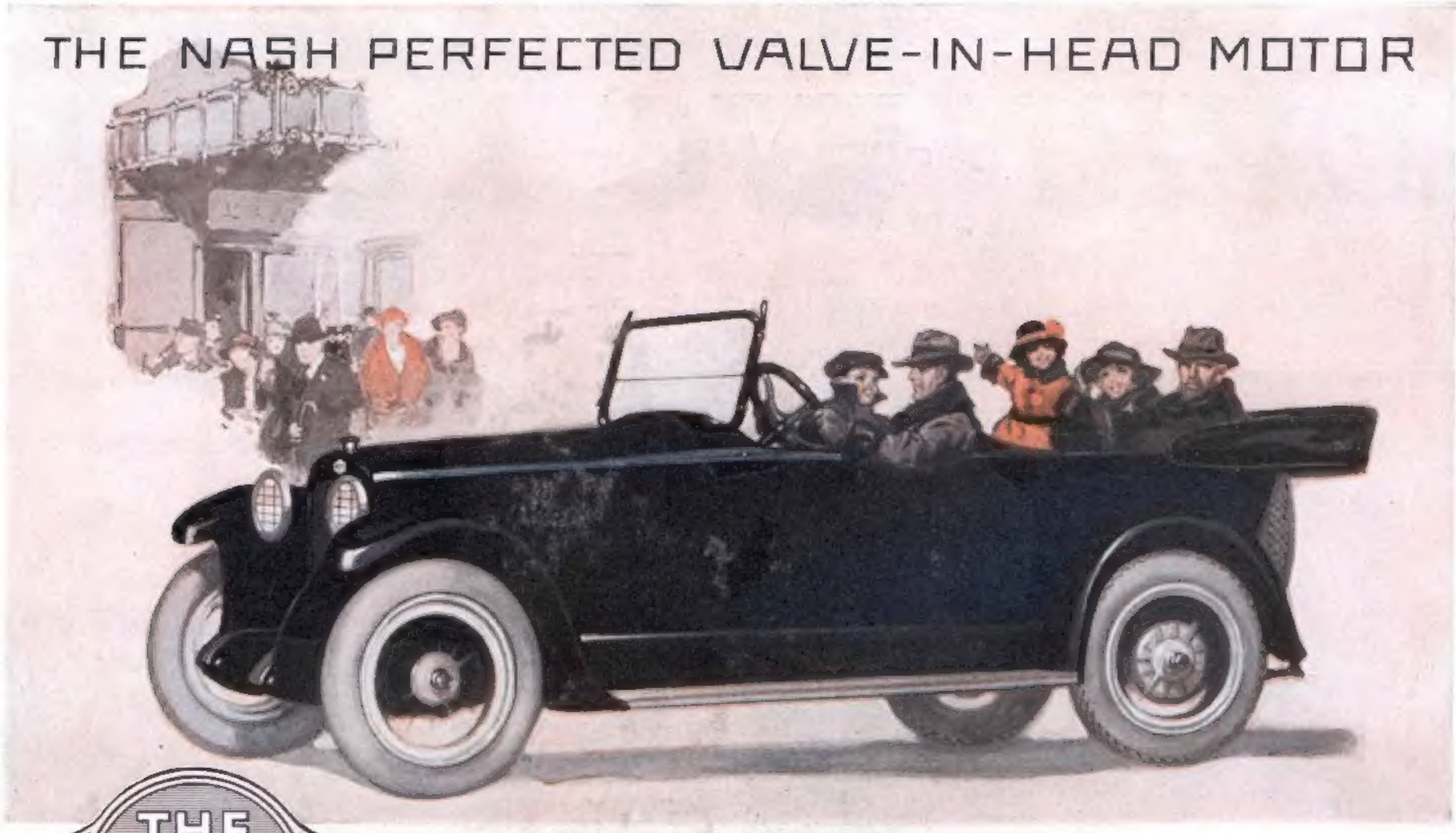

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THE STREET OF DREADFUL DROUGHT

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

ON A RECENT Saturday I walked up Broadway at that one-time emotional period of the waning dusk which until but a short time ago was always the warm-glowing, holy, velvety, twilit cocktail hour of eventide. Our hero, reader, was on a quaint quest: I was searching religiously for a saloon in the Tenderloin! Beginning at Twenty-third Street, I strolled northward on and on; crossed the length of what was known as Greeley Square until it was editorially changed to Herald Square; onward to and through a paved stretch that generations of New Yorkers called Longacre in memory of a historical Astor farm, or until somebody decided to switch the name to Times Square and got away with it; ever northward until I had reached and passed that asphalted pin wheel which still manages to cling to the name of Columbus Circle, but which undoubtedly, logically, is fated soon to be known—or as soon as Mr. Hearst has begun to build a newspaper plant on his property rimming the circle—as Evening Journal and Morning and Sunday American Circus.

At the end of my two-mile walk right through the heart of the Tenderloin I began to realize that Broadway was reluctantly and bitterly and at last grasping a hint of the fact that in some sneaking, low-down and inexplicable way its milk punch of human kindness had been soured by some dodgasted son of a gun or other. The farther I walked and observed, the more I began to think of Broadway as somebody who had been incautiously looking the other way—gazing with too much unguarded rapture perhaps at the Bouguereau above the café cash register—when up had sneaked someone else who had quietly removed the art lover's hat, beaned him on the bald spot with a bung starter, carefully replaced the hat over the lump and nonchalantly had sauntered on.

Those Dear Dead Days in Imperial Manhattan

THUS I felt as I continued my search for saloons. And also I felt—if a brief personal item be of interest to anybody—a good deal better at the end of my walk from the Square to the Circle than I should have felt if a few months ago I had taken a similar stroll the length of the cocktail trail with the same search in view. In the old days, what with the indigestible hillocks of free-lunch cheese and slabs of hot ham and dill pickles, I ——

But no matter—the point is that all along the one-time dripping but now blotter-dry route the thought persisted that perhaps New York had been laboring under a slightly mistaken notion during all those past days and nights when Broadway was wont to remark lightly but confidently between drinks: "Aw, let those hicks out in the alfalfa belt keep on ratifying their fool heads off! We should worry about prohibition! You know's well's I do, Monty, that they'll never get by with that nut stuff in this man's town. Because why? Because New York never'll stand for it, that's why. Barkeep, make a fuss over us and make it snappy. We thirst to start some rough drinking. Quick, gimme some Haig and Haig—and Haig!"

Woof! Tough guys! Self-sufficient they were in those recent days; almost ruthless, brutal, in their rough indoor sport of kicking the silly old Constitution aside, right on up to and long after the day the thirty-sixth state had ratified. It was only natural that every real New Yorker—who has been best described as a man born in the country who comes to New York and tries to make enough money to buy a place in the country—thoroughly realized that national legislative tinkering never, of course, could affect that distinctly separate and organically superior part of America proudly known as imperial Manhattan. Habits of thought cannot be changed overnight, especially by a lot of alfalfa-fed jayhawkers with milk on their shoes. Wherefore it is not surprising that even to-day one may find not a few well-known-men-about-Forty-second-Street who refuse to listen when—as they pause for breath between ravings—one tries fruitlessly to prove to them by parable that the impossible sometimes becomes possible; by telling them, for instance, that aged classic about the lawyer who indignantly cried out to his client clamped behind prison

"Ladies and Gents, at the Mere Cost of the Fourth Part of a Dollar You Shall Here See What You Gents, Back in the Days When This Institootion Was a Liquor Store, Only Thought You Saw After Setting Yourself Back Many, Many Dollars"

bars: "Why, man, they can't put you in jail for this!"

Now everyone knows that the prisoner client made answer: "But, dammit, I am in jail!" The prisoner in the parable, however, obviously was not a New Yorker. If he had been he would have roared back through the bars: "You sure said something that time, counselor! They'll get fat trying to put me in jail for this!"

And so, I say, one still meets the well-known-man-about-Broadway—he is growing rarer, but is not yet extinct—who jabbers savagely as he steps aside to let the wrecking crew carry what remains of the bar fixtures to the waiting truck: "Take it from me, bo, they can't do this thing! They gotta ease up a bit, s'far's New York is concerned. This town will not stand for it."

But as the weeks pass dryly on, his kind grows not only rarer but immeasurably more subdued.

I am Not Ashamed to Confess That My Eyes Fogged as I Gazed Upon the Shortcake

The great American fathead, which includes, of course, every American citizen suffering under the curse of not being a resident of Manhattan, made a grave—even a cruel—error when it came to selecting the exact hour in which to break the news to Broadway that the Eighteenth Amendment at last had become a constitutional certainty. Why did these hicks camping out amid the alfalfa fields or tall timbers of that thirty-sixth ratifying state do their ratifying shortly after midday, or just in time to have the first news flashed in block type all over the front pages of the Fifth Semifinal Cocktail Extra Five Star Hennessy Edition of Manhattan's evening papers? Right between the fifth and sixth cocktail certainly was not the moment to get thoughtful attention—supposing the hicks felt concerned about making their news impressive along the Broadway cocktail trail.

No; the alfalfa folks should have done their thirty-sixth ratification sometime nearer the midnight hour, or just before the morning-after newspapers of Manhattan went to press. Broadway, even Broadway, would have more thoughtfully received and assimilated that first flash of the horrendous news if the morning-after papers had been selected for the eastward easing of the silly twaddle that the country—New York!—was in for a dry spell. But no; once a fathead always a fathead. And the fatheads kept in character, as the great dramatic geniuses along the Broadway bars that were would say, in picking out the wrong moment.

The Sufferings of Monty

INDELIBLE and bitter sweet are my memories of that fateful early evening on which the ridiculous news first came to Broadway out of the impossible West. The cocktail trail was ablaze with the rosy dawn of sundown; half doors of Circassian walnut swinging always inward and admitting one to the sights and sounds of clicking cocktail shakers of silver, clinking glassware, a swelling chatter of snappy jests and merry laughter; crystal chandeliers tinkling gorgeously above real hand-painted hand paintings of Venus depicted in the act of posing for her public on Saturday, or bath, night; the heavenly fumes of Turkish tobacco and Virginia ham, sizzling hot, blending with the deep breathing Bacardi, Gordon Gin—you're welcome to the free ad, boys, now—whiskies and vermuths; siphons ever sighing with surcharged joy; the constant cling-g and clink of coins and cash registers; the long and glistening and tremulously active stretch of polished mahogany, banked on the sober side with white-clad, pink-jowled geniuses of activity, on the other side with double and triple rows of elbow-pushing, nattily hatted-coated-vested-panted-spatted-cordovaned protagonists of our great city's efficiency—whose dinners at home were probably growing cold on the stove, whose wives certainly were growing hot in the collar; Monty, the cut-up broker, being slapped on the back as he tells between cocktails that newest droll one about the drummer on the Empire State Express who ——

Hark!

"Extree! Thoity-sixt' state rat'fies pro'bish'n! Poipah, mistah? Extree! All 'bout 'Nited States goes dry!"

"Goes what, newsy? Why, kid, you've handed us the best laugh we've had this evening"—business of cachinnation. "Here, boy—a copy of your funny little newspaper! 'Sall right, newsy, keep the change. Run along now and take your noise outside."

Ah, here was a rare, rare jest, sublime in its comedy! Hilarity approached the cataclysmic. Even white-clad, pink-cheeked Tommy, jiggling the sixth round on the sober side of the bar, found himself forgetting everything else in his interest in the glaring headlines. One glance and Tommy's cocktail shaker stopped suddenly in mid-air. For a long moment Tommy stood motionless; slowly, thoughtfully he poured out the cocktails then, his face alone a blank amid all the grins and laughter.

Wet winter melted into a wet springtime, and Broadway still was filled with fearless, two-fisted drinkers, gentlemen unafraid.

Ominously but still wetly the first day of July approached apace. What of it? Those poor simps down at Washington would call off the wartime ban of dryness at least long enough to enable a gentleman to stock up. Those Washington fanatics would simply have to, that's all, whether they wanted to or not. Ruin half the banks of the country if they didn't! And now the summer of 1919 is beginning to wane. And Monty, perhaps forced to stay in town overnight, and dining—still wetly—on a Broadway hotel roof, or flannel clad and foot free down Piping Rock way, and reaching for his third as the butler pussyfoots up and down the piazza with a clinking tray—Monty now is absolutely convulsing everyone all summer as wittily he cries: "Here's how! But I wish they'd call off this bone-dry idea, fellahs and girls, so I'd get a chance to sober up."

Broadway, even Broadway, seems unable to prevent the advent of autumn. And next a presumptuous winter, again without consulting Broadway, appears to be bent upon following the autumn months. And Monty is back on Broadway again, bringing with him the first hint of a false note in his boyish laughter.

Something is wrong, disturbing. For one thing it seems impossible to hurry these tallow-topped chumps at Washington toward a realization of the ghastly fact that only weeks are left now in which to return to sanity. Can't the Administration asses see what Broadway, thanks to the New Yorker's unusual and unique clarity of vision, has seen for weeks—that perhaps even now it is too late to prevent half the banks in the nation from blowing right up in the distillers' faces?

December! A gentleman still, of course, can buy a drink, but all the zip, the pep, has gone from the cocktail trail. Thinned, almost gone, are the indoor crowds, cold the lights and scarce the merry chatter. Damme, a gentleman desiring a drink on one of these first cold nights of early winter has to go about it in a—well—you know—er—in an absolutely sneaking manner! Seventy-five cents, next a dollar, for a dash of rye! Three dollars—finally four dollars—in the only sort of place a gentleman cares to bring a lady to luncheon—for each demi-tasse half filled with brandy cordial, brought to the table at the end of the simple meal! Ye gods! Eight dollars for two sips of brandy!

The Birth of January

AND now they have the audacity to tell Monty himself that they do not dare serve any alcoholic drinks over the bar, at least not in the more polite places. Only one barkeep is left in the café of all the jolly white-clad army of yesteryear—and the Christmas holidays almost upon us! He, the sole survivor, might as well be doing solitary at Sing Sing. Even the hand-painted Venus above the silent cash register has taken on a sort of shamed expression in keeping with the all-pervading tawdry sordidness; during all the days and nights during which the lovely lady has shone from the café walls the bally old rep for the first time looks down now in a way that seems to say: "Monty, I ain't got a stitch of clothes on! Dearie, ain't everything just terrible?"

Everything was worse than that. It was about this time, I think, that we city folks began to think about applying for an injunction to prevent the birth of January. Nothing, however, came of the movement. Wherefore absolutely against the express wishes of Broadway a brazen January pulled the cover off the 1920 calendar.

"But they'll call it off before the big crime comes," Monty still was saying, now a bit wistfully, during the last few days. "Maybe it'll be only for a week, or just long enough to permit the great liquor industry to get rid of its stock and save the bankers. And believe me, men, whether the let-up is for a week or a day, I'm going to stock up with case goods until I haven't

(Continued on Page 193)

The Only Reckless Drinking, I Repeat, Which I Met Up With Along the Old Cocktail Trail Was in Full Swing as I Entered the Café

IMPROVING AMERICA

By WALLACE IRWIN

DECORATION BY RALPH CARLYLE PRATHER

IN ONE of his recent simmerings Admiral Sims, according to newspaper report, pointed out a national fault which America has kept superstitiously concealed from herself since the midnight of July 3, 1776. America, according to the admiral, will listen to you just so long as you are saying pleasant things about her, and no longer. If this be so, it is a grievous fault, of which we might cure ourselves by studying the inhabitants of Europe, Asia and Africa, who, I am led to believe, woo the unfriendly critic with wreaths of roses, imploring him to lambaste where he will, speak freely and have no pity for those who sit in high places.

However, we are a young people. And one should make the best of one's faults, now shouldn't one? Weak, amiable folk that we are! There was a time well within the recollection of old men when we had our muckrakers, and quite enjoyed them too. That's a point in our favor. And if the few crude lines I am about to write are reminiscent of the ancient and honorable rake, treat me kindly as one whose only wish is to revive a quaint old-fashioned sport.

Taken as a nation, we are a race of passionate lily gilders. We never see a lily blowing in the wind but we have an urge to do something for it. We are wild to show the world how the lily, with our help, can be improved. Therefore we send little Johnny round to the drug store for a dime's worth of gold paint in order that we may tarry in the garden and touch up those plain white petals the way Aunt Hannah used to brighten the fire shovel ere tying it with a bow of baby-blue ribbon.

In our copy-book days we worked over the motto, Strive to Improve, giving each letter the correct slant and shading. I sometimes think that the useful motto has written itself on the national brain in a scrawl so large that there is room for nothing else.

Ain't Nature Grand!

TAKE New York as a horrid example—it's always good form to take New York like that. There are primitive picture writings extant which lead us to believe that New York was once a pretty good place to live in. I myself possess a woodcut which represents the old town in the halcyon days when Peter Stuyvesant had a fine brick house overlooking the rustic gallows upon which politicians were hanged near the Battery wall. High-pooped Dutch ships used to tie up at the foot of Broadway, and Maiden Lane was a convenient crosscut over which the lowing kine delivered milk without the interference of a middleman. Then in a spirit of modern enterprise they began building two-story-and-basement cottages along Park Row—and from that very day the curse of improvement has been on Manhattan.

There was a time shortly before the Civil War when a cult of Knickerbocker idealists advanced the theory that New York should be let alone and allowed to get old gracefully. Vain hope! She has got old disgracefully instead. Every fine old neighborhood, just as soon as it was well planted and beginning to blossom like a bed of flowers, was discovered and improved out of existence. Progress, like a German army with siege guns, invaded the island from all sides, and the peaceful dwellers, dreary as Belgian refugees, fled to Brooklyn and dragged their possessions with them as they fled.

Most of us have heard the story of the philosophic stranger who went forth to see New York and slipped into one of the excavations where dynamiters had been busy improving Broadway. As soon as the blast went off the stranger was blown right merrily back into the more or less fresh air. He fell into the arms of a reporter, who, recognizing the stranger as a distinguished foreigner, asked the question proper under such circumstances.

"How do you like New York?"

"It will be a beautiful city when it's finished," moaned the sufferer, and fainted again.

Such of my readers as are brides, or have been during the past quarter of a century, have doubtless wakened from their new-found happiness long enough to note the Americanization of Niagara Falls:

Yea, every bride
Should point with pride
As she looks at the falls from the New York side!

Gigantic mills
Among the rills
Draw mighty rapids through their gills.

The whistles shriek,
The flywheels creak;
The falls are flowing rather weak.

But bride and groom
Feel nary gloom
When they behold Niagara's doom.

For in the stark
Old forest dark
There stands a grand amusement park.

With Ferris wheels
And barkers' spiels
And one-price cafeteria meals.

And rows and rows
Of movie shows—
The scenic railway—there she goes!

Stay by my side,
Oh, bonnie bride!
Upon the jigger we will ride.

Or hand in hand
Enjoy the band—
Turn on the jazz—ain't Nature grand!

The above improvements, which I have chosen at random and lightly touched upon, pertain to the Atlantic, or cultured, edge of our continent. The advantages of electric display, subway excavating and amusement parking are less commonly enjoyed by the inhabitants of that western division of America extending from Utah to the Pacific Coast. Great stretches of Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico and even California may still be regarded as unimproved property. But good roads, rapid transit and our national will to power are combining even there to work wonders and give the casual tourist that Coney Island feeling which should hearten every explorer into the trackless wilderness.

And this brings me to Yosemite Valley, which I saw recently for the first time, and—as the saying goes—viewed with alarm.

Such wise old men as John Muir, John Burroughs and Joseph Le Conte have in days gone by approached the subject of the valley in a spirit of reverence hard to understand in these progressive days. They have written much of those Titan spires of rock put there by God, as some still believe, that men should wonder and admire. But the Muirs and the Le Contes were naturalists who had the theory that Nature looks best when she is natural.

An Intriguing Invitation

BEING no naturalist myself, I was surprised as well as pleased one January morning as I sat under my Santa Barbara wistaria vine to receive a telegram from an influential citizen of Los Angeles inviting the Irwins, man and wife, to make one with a merry party of explorers tripping by special car into Yosemite Valley. The message made me childishly happy, because in common with all people residing in California I felt the need of rest and relaxation. Only a week before an eminent surgeon had removed my tonsils, and with them—so I morbidly suspected—had filched away the major portion of my brain. The idea of seeing the Yosemite intrigued me. The idea of riding in a special car intrigued me even more.

As hastily as dignity would permit we accepted the invitation and flivvered along the Coast Highway toward Los Angeles, our point of departure. I was secretly flattered by the thought that I, undeserving as I am, should have been chosen as a guest in so distinguished an expedition. Why had they picked me out as one fitting to be introduced to Nature in her grandest mood? Then it occurred to me that Franklin K. Lane's chair would soon be vacant. Upon reflection I relinquished the idea of a cabinet portfolio and set my good luck down to my prominence in the profession of letters. I voiced this latter self-congratulation to my wife, who, being a practical woman as well as a Southerner, remarked in brief:

"They probably want you to boost something."

(Continued on Page 50)

Gloama, the Beautiful Ticket Agent, or The Strike for Love

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MISS GLOAMA McCALL was the most beautiful ticket agent on the Pennsylvania Central lines, and had been ever since the Government had taken over the railroads and brought so many young lady employees in. She had masses of wonderful black hair, all her own, which she had gone over in the city once a week by a regular hairdresser; wonderful big blue eyes, and a wonderful transparent complexion, as clear as an electric light. She was a great favorite and very popular. All the traveling men were crazy over her, and all the railroad men up and down the line.

On the second of March, the day after the return of the railroads to their private owners, after the morning rush was over, she was giving her face a look-over in her hand mirror and going over it with that very expensive violet-tinted powder which she always used. Clancey the expressman was there; and Bill Maguire, the freight and baggage handler—sitting there the way they did mornings, watching her doing it and discussing the news of the day.

"I thought you said they'd never do it," said Clancey the expressman.

"Do what?" said Bill Maguire, keeping his eye right on him as he usually did when he started up like that.

"Turn us back to those Wall Street sharks again."

Gloama the ticket agent went right on fixing up her face, letting them argue. They were in there all the time, talking about their unions, wanting her to listen to them. She got terribly tired of it.

"What I said," Bill Maguire came back at him, raising his voice and keeping his eye right on him—"what I said was: If they did they wanted to watch their step—if they expect to keep them."

He was a thick, heavy man, with a long upper lip with a thick kind of mossy mustache on it, and a big bright gold chain across his vest. He didn't talk much except when Clancey started him to arguing. When he argued he always yelled.

"You got that right, I guess," said Clancey, letting up a minute. He was a lot younger than Maguire—a red-headed boy, with kind of brass-colored freckles—very handy with his tongue.

"I have!" said Bill Maguire.

And they both stopped and watched Gloama the ticket agent while she put up her hair a little on the edges.

"I have," said Bill Maguire, starting up again, now he saw that Clancey was quitting. He was on the executive board of the freight handlers, and was always talking about it whenever he could get Gloama to himself alone. "I have! And it'll be for a short time only they'll have them," he said, and looked over to where Gloama was—"if you ask my opinion."

"If you ask my opinion," he went on a little louder when she didn't look up at him, "'tis a short time they'll have them too. They've got all their stealings out of them—them big crooked capitalists—that they're ever going to get. We got that fixed now with the Government. And you can talk about your new wages and your cost of living all you want to, but that ain't what's coming finally. The sharks will hand them back in just a few months now to us," he said, and scratched a match, "and very gladly too. And we'll run them ourselves on the Plumb plan."

Then he sat back again and puffed up his pipe and looked at Gloama.

But she went right on and took her lip stick, not noticing either one of them, and when she didn't say anything or do anything Clancey started Bill Maguire up again.

"It couldn't be much worse, that's one thing," he said.

"What couldn't?" said Maguire, setting his eye on him again.

"Wall Street's run them," said Clancey the expressman, "and the Government's run them, and if we could run them any worse we'd be bad."

"We would!" said Maguire, taking his eye off him and puffing at his pipe once more.

And they both stopped, looking back at Gloama to see if she was going to say anything.

"That's the boy," said Maguire the freight handler when she didn't—"that Plumb. I seen him once. There's the boy who's there with the figures. He makes them Wall Street bulls hop the hoops like the trained cats in a circus when he gets after them with the arithmetic."

"That's right too," said Clancey, keeping him going.

"You bet it's right," said Maguire. "I'm telling you so. And I'm telling you now, Miss Gloama," he said, bringing her right into it—"and you'll see! In about six months' time—in about six months from now we'll be taking them over and be running them ourselves. And when we run them we'll run them right."

She didn't say anything. She went right on with her lips, and then all at once that Clancey started up getting after him again, the way he always did sooner or later when she was round.

"Is that right?" he asked him, giving her a wink. But she went on, paying no attention to him either. They were both that way—first one and then the other, trying to get her eye all the time.

"It's right, and you know it's right!" Maguire the freight handler answered him, starting raising his voice again. "We'll take them over—and we'll run them right!"

"Who'll run them?" said Clancey, giving her another side wink.

And she saw she was in for it; he was going to get him hollering again.

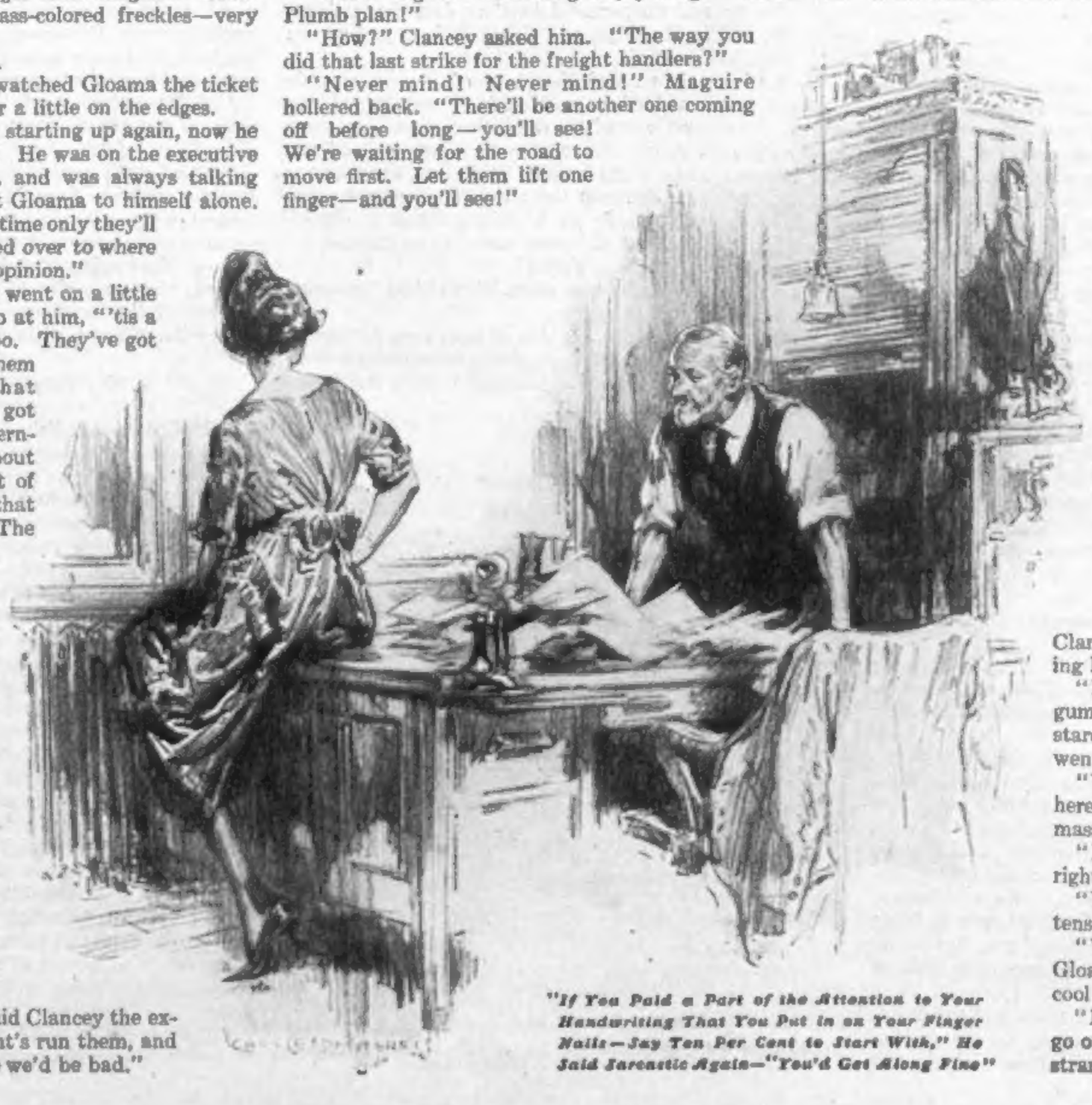
"We will!" said Maguire louder yet. "And we'll run them right!"

"Is that right?" said Clancey.

"That's right!" said Maguire, yelling. "Under the Plumb plan!"

"How?" Clancey asked him. "The way you did that last strike for the freight handlers?"

"Never mind! Never mind!" Maguire hollered back. "There'll be another one coming off before long—you'll see! We're waiting for the road to move first. Let them lift one finger—and you'll see!"



"If You Paid a Part of the Attention to Your Handwriting That You Put in on Your Finger Nails—Say Ten Per Cent to Start With," He Said Sarcastic Again—"You'd Get Along Fine"

"How much of a raise was it you got out of them that last time—two cents an hour, or three?" he asked him. For that was a terribly sore spot.

"Never you mind!" Maguire answered him. "It'll be enough next time. Or—no—more likely it won't be neither. For we'll be taking it over by that time probably ourselves." He was yelling now something terrible. That was the way they did. They were good enough friends generally, but just the minute they got round where she was they started in jawing and fighting.

"We'll take them and we'll run them—and we'll run them right. We'll run them and we'll all have our jobs, and the bonuses—and our good big money that Wall Street's grabbing now, begobs!" said Bill Maguire. "And don't you forget it!"

"Is that right?" said Clancey, smiling that still sort of smile he had when he was going after him, and screwing up the side of his face toward Gloama.

"That's right," said Maguire the freight handler, roaring now. "Begobs—you'll see!"

"Oh, can the conversation!" said Gloama the ticket agent, breaking in finally. "Please!"

She never cared for them very much, either of them. They got on her nerves something terrible.

"What do you think, Gloama?" this fresh red-headed Clancey asked her.

"I'm sure I don't know," she said, going on turning her head, getting the right light on her lips, paying no attention to him. "I don't know, I'm sure."

"You belong to the union now," he said, "like all the station employees." For they had them a hundred per cent organized all up and down the line.

"I've got something else to think about besides strikes and unions," said Gloama the ticket agent, and went on to fix up her eyebrows a little. She had wonderful eyebrows, very high and thin. Ever since the war she had had them shaved by a regular hairdresser.

And just then this stranger—this old grouchy-looking man who had been waiting outside the ticket window—spoke up in a kind of a high sarcastic voice:

"Say, listen!"

And Gloama the ticket agent looked back over her shoulder at him and turned back a second finishing up. It was between trains anyhow—there was all kinds of time. But right away the stranger at the window started in again.

"Say, what is this?" he wanted to know in that intensely high sarcastic voice. "What is this—a beauty parlor or a soviet?"

But Gloama the ticket agent said nothing, just came over to the window saying nothing, giving him a long cool look. That made him crazier yet.

"How long do you think," this old sarcastic man with the gray sawed-off mustache asked her, "the public wants to stand here while you anoint yourself with oil?"

You could see by just looking at him what a grouch he was. Clancey and Maguire started answering him. But Gloama beat them out.

"Is that so?" she said, chewing her gum rather slowly and giving him a stare. But he couldn't stop there; he went right on insulting her.

"What do you think you're doing here," he asked her—"demonstrating massage or selling railroad tickets?"

"Is that so?" said Gloama, coming right back at him.

"Yes, that's so!" he said in that intensely sneering voice he had.

"Who do you think you are?" Gloama asked him with an extremely cool look.

"I'm the new auditor coming in to go over your ticket account," said the stranger.

"Is that so?" said Gloama the ticket agent—right back without waiting. "Why don't you come inside then?"

"I've been trying to the last half hour," he said to her.

So then Clancey and Maguire got up and went out before she let him in.

"Is this the way you keep your books up?" this new auditor asked her after awhile. Jiggs his name was. That's what they called him, Jiggs.

"I certainly do," Gloama answered him back very cool and polite. She was getting pretty tired of him and his questions by this time—and that sharp sarcastic way of his. She had had auditors before of course—all kinds, but nobody like this man. "I certainly do," she answered very cool, looking up from where she was polishing her nails.

"You do, huh?" he asked, looking up at her.

He was a little kind of twitching man. He made her think of a little old black-and-tan terrier dog her cousin used to have when they'd go away Sunday and leave him there in the house alone with the responsibility of the place on him; and he'd stand quivering and barking and trying to get at you through the bay window where the begonias were. But just the same he didn't have any effect on her.

"Why, what of it?" she came right back at him. She was of an intensely proud disposition—very tall and silent usually. But there were some things she wouldn't take from anybody—especially now!

"Could you read them yourself, do you think?" he wanted to know, getting more and more sarcastic.

"I don't know if I could or not—I'm sure," said Gloama, reaching up and touching her back hair with that kind of a languid way she had when she was terribly angry.

And then she went right on manicuring her hands. She was that way always—the more excited she got the cooler she acted—very cold and polite and distant. And besides she saw it was no use anyway. She never could suit this man. He reminded her more and more of that little black-and-tan her cousin had, barking and shivering and trying to get at you through that bay window where the begonias were.

"Don't know!" he said in his high quick voice.

"I don't know as I do—no," she said, very slow and quiet, looking at him and going right on with her manicuring. It made him crazy almost.

"If you paid a part of the attention to your handwriting that you put in on your finger nails—say ten per cent to start with," he said sarcastic again—"you'd get along fine."

"Is that so?" she asked him, very cool still, for she saw she had him going, and besides what difference did it make to her now? "Is that so?"

"Look!" he said, holding himself back. "Wait a minute! Let me ask you this: Are you willing, as a great favor to me," he asked her, talking very slowly now, that way those very sarcastic people have, "to come over and help me translate this laundry-ticket stuff into English so I can read it?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, raising her eyebrows and looking down on him. For he was several inches shorter than she was. "I don't know!"

"You don't know?" he repeated after her.

"No!"

"You don't know!" he said again higher and higher and squeakier—and slamming the book down on the desk. "You don't know! What do you know? Tell me!"

"Several things," she said, just as cool as he was sarcastic.

"Name one!" he said.

"I know this—for one," she said very slowly, looking at him: "I don't have to take this kind of talk from anybody—not unless I wish to."

"Is that so?" he asked her. "Why not?"

She almost told him then—but she didn't. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction. So she switched.

"There's plenty of other places I could walk out to and get more money than I do here to-day," she told him. "Any time!"

"Why don't you?" he asked her.

"Any time," she said, looking right down on him—the top of his head. "Any time! There's plenty of places that would jump at the chance to get good experienced employees."

"Why don't you?" he said. She had him jumping now all over the place. "I should think you would."

"I think I would," she said, giving him a cold smile. "Rather than go through this again," she said very slowly, looking him over, "I would do so!"

She didn't change her tone of voice a particle. She was perfectly polite all the time, and went right on manicuring her nails as if nothing had happened. But the more she did it the more insulting he got.

"I see," he said in that intensely sarcastic voice again. "Well, maybe I could help you to—about the first of next month!"

"Any time! Any time!" she said to him in a very quiet voice.

"Unless," he said then, "you want to turn in now and help me find out the secrets you've got hidden in here—in this," he said, and took up her book and opened it again.

"That will be impossible, I'm afraid—just now," said Gloama. For she just happened to see the time.

"Impossible!" he repeated after her.

"It only wants four minutes now to my dinner time," Gloama told him. "There wouldn't be time for it now anyhow."

"I've Got Something Else to Think About Besides Strikes and Unions," Said Gloama the Ticket Agent, and Went On to Fix Up Her Eyebrows a Little

"Your dinner'll have to wait fifteen minutes," said this Mr. Jiggs the auditor.

But she went right on, putting on her hat, getting ready.

"After that," she told him. "After an hour I'll be here. And maybe I can help you then."

"Is that so?" he said to her. "And what about my getting that next up train?"

"I don't know about that, I'm sure," answered Gloama, fixing her veil.

"I tell you now," he said, "you're not to go—till I get through with you!"

"And I tell you," said Gloama, looking down into his eyes—"I am going!" What did she care for him now?

"You know what this means?" he said, standing very kind of still and gray looking.

"No, what does it?" Gloama asked him.

"It means—you'll be fired," he said, speaking very slowly, "if you go away now—or my name's not Jiggs!"

"Fired!" said Gloama, giving him a very cold smile again. "Fired!" she said. "I should faint."

"All right then," he told her, "you're fired!"

"I should faint and be carried out," said Gloama—and went right out through the baggage room and called to Clancey to come in and take the ticket window. And then she went right on out the door.

"Very well then, you're fired," this traveling agent called after her—"on the first of next month! And you'll receive a letter confirming this from the superintendent's office to-morrow morning."

She didn't even turn round to listen to him. Then Clancey came in from the baggage room.

"Listen!" said Clancey the expressman, coming in and giving this man, this new auditor, a look. "What's going on here? What's this you were saying to her—to Miss McCall?"

"I was just telling her," this Jiggs answered him, still looking at the door where she had gone through—"I was just telling her," he went on after a while, very slow and sarcastic, "I was going to help her!"

"Is that right?" said Clancey, looking down at him with that sad kind of empty look he could put on when he wanted to.

He didn't answer for a minute—working, trying to get control of himself. "Yep," he answered then.

"How?" Clancey the expressman asked him.

"She's out of her sphere here," said this sarcastic Jiggs. "She says so herself. So I told her I'd help her get out into it."

"Is that right?" asked Clancey, looking over him still.

"Yep," he went right along, not noticing Clancey's face at all. "She's out of place here. Where she wants to be is in some good painting and decorating establishment."

And Clancey just looked at him.

"She'd do real well there," he said. "She'd have her heart in the work."

"So that's it," said Clancey, still sizing him up.

"So we'll help out," he went along. "We can't let good talent go to waste like that. We'll fire her. The first of of the month she can go there—to some place like that—give her whole time to her work."

"Fire her, huh?" said Clancey, very quiet.

"That's what I said!" Jiggs came back.

"Look!" said Clancey to him. "Where have you been the last few years?"

"Been—why?" said the old grouch, looking up at him. "I've been over across in the service."

"Since when?" asked Clancey.

"Since 1916," he said.

"I thought so," Clancey told him. "I thought I recognized you. You were one of the old-timers here."

"Why?" Jiggs the auditor asked him.

"I thought so," said Clancey.

"Why?" he asked him again.

"You want to wake up—that's all!" said Clancey the expressman. "Things are different now from when you were on earth."

"You don't mean it!" said Jiggs, getting sarcastic again.

"You've got quite a surprise coming to you—quite an education."

"You don't say so!" said Jiggs.

"Yep," said Clancey in a very cheerful voice. "They don't fire them that way now—off the railroads. The railroad man has got some rights—since the Government stepped in."

"Yeah," said the other man, this Jiggs. "And it's stepped out now—for a minute. Just for a second—on March first. You might not have heard of it."

"That's right too," said Clancey. "It's stopped—but not at the same station it started from. There's no more human slavery on the railroads. We've got some rules now we go by."

And he leaned over this Jiggs and gave him a hard look. He wasn't very big, but he was a lot bigger than Jiggs—and he was hard all over from working on the express. He had a kind of bad eye—a greenish eye like a good many of those red-headed men do.

"Look!" he told him. "Where did you get the idea you could come in here and get that young lady fired? Don't you know she's a member of a union—one of the strongest in the country to-day? And besides," he said, and gave him that green eye again, "she's a friend of mine—and plenty of others! She's the most popular young lady on the road to-day!"

And they stood looking at each other.

"So forget it," said Clancey then, "before it gets you into trouble."

"You watch me forgetting it!" said this sarcastic Jiggs.

"All right then! Maybe I'll watch you remembering it," Clancey came back. "Only remember this: I gave you your tip."

And they both stood there glaring at each other. They were there when the twelve-nineteen came in going west, and this Jiggs had to make a break for it.

(Continued on Page 66)

BOUILLON

By HERSCHEL S. HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"He's After My Scalp! Thinks I'm Gettin' Too Old, I Reckon—Thinks It's Time for Me to Retire!"

OLD Dan Tinling climbed slowly and painfully up the crooked, rocky trail that led to the mills and tunnels and shafts and offices of Argent Group Mines. Argent camp lay far below him in the cañon—a long, straggling, uneven row of black paper-covered huts, crude and unbeautiful. The twisting trail he followed was rough and steep, and the going was particularly bad that morning, for the water from the melting snows, which had been trickling down the path's tortuous course the day before, had changed to ice in the night, and there were places here and there that were slippery and treacherous. Now and then he would reach out and lay hold of a sagebrush bush by the trail's edge to pull himself up and over some icy spot; and now and then he would stop to rest, breathing heavily. For Dan Tinling was taking on years and flesh—he had turned sixty-five and he weighed a hundred and ninety pounds.

It was an unusually early hour for the superintendent of Argent Group Mines to be climbing the trail. It was his custom to quit his boarding house every morning at eight-thirty, to consume half an hour on the trail and to reach his office at nine promptly. Early enough for any mine superintendent to be on the job—if things are going well. But this morning it was barely seven when he gained the top of the saddleback and looked down upon the buildings of Argent Group on the mountain side below. For things were not going well at Argent Group and Dan Tinling was worried. Perhaps it were better to say that Edwin Vance, vice president and general manager of Argent Group Mines, believed that things were not going well at the works and that that fact was the cause of Dan Tinling's worry and early rising this morning.

He paused to rest a moment before taking the downward dip of the trail. His eyes turned toward the east, where twenty miles away lay the great, silent, mysterious Carson Sink. The rays of the rising sun had begun to touch the snowy ridges of the distant Humboldts, and he stood gazing at the gigantic panorama before him as one fascinated; watching the shifting shadows on the white slopes of the mountains; watching the tingeing of the mists that floated over the Sink's rim as they went from gray to purple, to purplish blue, to bluish green; watching where the waters of the Carson and the Humboldt had flattened out in the Sink, the unrolling, as it were, of mile-long ribbons of silver white, of copper red, of turquoise blue. He sighed as he gazed, and a shiver of awe ran over him.

"Cripes!" he muttered. "Think of anybody lookin' at all of that and not bein' able to see it!"

He turned and looked off toward the west. He saw long unbroken ridges of cold, treeless, cheerless mountains rimming the horizon, with a great open expanse of cold, treeless, cheerless plain before them, vegetationless except as it was sparsely sown with sagebrush and rabbit bush and greasewood, desolate and dreary. Again he sighed and again he spoke to himself.

"God-forsaken!" he said with something like a sneer. "A squarehead of a Hoosier like him callin' this country God-forsaken! Why, it's God's kind of a country—big, roomy, vast, clean! God-forsaken! Cripes!"

He was thinking of his talk the day before with Vance, the new vice president and general manager, who had come to be such a disturbing element in his placid life.

Edwin Vance was an unwilling exile from the East. For ten years his business interests had made it necessary for him to reside in Nevada, and for every moment of that long ten years he had hated the West, loathed it, detested it, sneered at it. In the mine superintendent's office the day before he had expressed to Dan Tinling his bitter opinion of the despised land, and the old man had heard him through in silence, but with wrath in his heart and with hot anger surging through his veins.

He was recalling now the slanderous words of Vance as he stood in the early morning light on the saddleback, gazing across the great gray expanses of the country he loved. For Dan Tinling was a true Westerner—he loved the West heart and soul, and particularly he loved the dreary, bleak, desolate regions about Argent. It was home to him. For thirty years he had lived in Argent camp—ever since he had helped to uncover the rich veins of silver ore that streaked the hills thereabout. And he wanted to continue to live there—wanted to end his old days there, to die there.

But could he? Would Vance permit it? For the vice president and general manager had said several things that disturbed him in that conversation of the day before. There had been that covert hint that Argent Group Mines might profit by a new superintendent. Vance was not satisfied with the showing the mines had made the past few months—he had said so anyway. There ought to be an improvement, he thought.

"Cripes!" again muttered the old man as he started on, now slipping and sliding down the trail toward the mill buildings. "Improvement! He's a looby! Does he expect a good mine to stay a good mine forever? Argent Group's gettin' old, same as me; and it's slowly playin' out, same as me. But that strike we've made in 87 Crosscut is a dandy! That ought to help shove this month's shipment of the white stuff up pretty big. But would a big shipment save me?" he whispered. "I know Vance—he's after my scalp! Thinks I'm gettin' too old, I reckon—thinks it's time for me to retire!"

Vance did think it was time for Dan Tinling to retire, but not because he considered him too old. Vance had a nephew in Colorado, a graduate of the State School of Mines there, who would fit in nicely as superintendent of Argent Group. If he could arrange things he would bring him out and give him the position. And while he had been complaining that the mines were not doing so well as they should he was secretly pleased over the gradual falling off in bullion production. He knew the fault lay not with Dan Tinling, but he could make it the excuse he would offer to the board of directors of the company that owned and operated Argent Group for getting rid of the old man.

But he must be very careful how he went about it—the board of directors was made up of a cranky lot. Most of its members were old men. Some of them had prospected with Dan Tinling in the early days, thumped the rumps of burros through the hills with him, starved with him in snow-bound camps, all but died of thirst with him in sandy deserts, slept with him in the sagebrush. He would have to show those old fogies good cause for making the changes he had determined upon—they might object to his plan to oust old Dan.

"If he ditches me I'll have to get out of Argent camp, that's certain," the superintendent told himself as he entered his little dust-incrusted office back of the noisy crusher house. "Yes, sir-ree, I'd have to quit Argent—couldn't stand it to stay on here, hearin' everybody whisperin' 'Old Dan Tinling's been fired!' But where could I go? I couldn't get another job at my age. Cripes! I don't know where I'd go—there isn't any other place I want to go to!"

He remained in his office only long enough to look over the assays. The samples from 87 Crosscut showed big values, and those from the raise in Drift 4 were better too. He chuckled as he studied the figures. What if Argent Group should make a grand comeback just at this time? What if he should uncover a big ledge of the old-time ore? He tossed the assay book upon his desk, left his office and passed through the mill toward the refinery.

He had expected to find the melt completed—he had put his men to work on it the afternoon before—but as he came in sight of the little building of corrugated iron where the melting was done he heard the roar of the forced blast in the furnace and his eye caught the glare of flames shooting out of the glowing top of the vessel.

"Not through yet, Joe?" he asked in surprise, addressing one of the men before the furnace.

"No, not yet. You were way off in your guess when you said there'd be only six melts. There'll be eight, and big ones too. We barely made it to get all the precipitates in this time."

"Cripes, boys, I wouldn't have believed it! How many bars have you got out?"

"Twenty-six."

"Twenty-six? By Jocks, we're goin' to run over ninety thousand ounces this month! Think of that now!"

A grin showed beneath the gray mustache of the old man. The two workmen saw it, and broad smiles broke over their hard, tired, dirty faces. They liked their boss, these two men—all his men liked him—and what pleased him pleased them.

"You're comin' along fast with this batch, boys," said the superintendent, studying the flames shooting from the vessel. "Let's look at it."

He lifted a curved steel rod from a nail on the wall of the shanty, and as one of the men shut off the blast and the other raised the lid of the furnace he thrust the end of the bar into the bubbling pool within, drew it out and looked critically at the molassesalike slag that streamed from it.

"Humpty-dee! Humpty-di! Humpty-dum! Seven!" On the Floor of the Station Near the Shaft He Saw Three Men

"Give it a little more," he ordered.

And as the melting was again resumed he stood before the little furnace watching the yellow flames pouring from the opening in the top; watched them steadily until the oxidation of the zinc in the precipitates had begun and the yellow tongues became pale blue, went a deeper blue, grew shorter and flickered and danced about the glowing opening, now with hints of purple shooting through them. How much were the colors he saw there like the colors he had so often seen lurking in the mists, and floating over the mile-long ribbons of the shallow waters of Carson Sink!

"All right, Joe, that'll do. Set the mold and turn her over," he said after several minutes of observation.

The yellowish-red, viscid slag was poured off and carried away. Then the pure silver bubbling in the bottom of the crucible began to flow out into the set mold. Old Dan watched it with sparkling eyes. This was what it was all for—all that sledging and hammering and drilling and blasting and picking and shoveling and tramming down in the black depths of the mountain; all that crushing and grinding and stamping and mixing and filtering in the mill; all that sweat and toil and worry for this red stuff trickling out of the crucible into the mold.

"More than ninety thousand ounces!" he muttered again and again. "Wonder what that hammer-headed Hoosier will have to say to that?"

The pouring was completed and the workmen began testing the red bars for solidity, tapping them with their long-handled tongs and scraping off the viscous slag that adhered to them.

"All right, boys, dump 'em out and cool 'em, and then throw 'em in the cupboard with the rest of it. Better leave the key in my office with Sampson. Then you fellows beat it out of here and get to bed. I'd 've had somebody here this mornin' to relieve you, but I was sure you'd be through by six. Say, Joe, how do the bars average up—about a hundred and twenty-five?"

"Not so much, Mr. Tinling. I'd say a hundred and ten, or maybe fifteen."

"Too light—altogether too light! A husky lad could tuck one of 'em under his arm beneath his coat and walk off with it. I'm goin' to get bigger molds."

"Them molds is big enough to suit me for wrastlin' round," said the workman, Joe, grinning as he spoke. "Guess I'll go back to muckin' in the mine if you get any bigger ones."

"Dancer's always lookin' for good muckers, Joe," returned old Dan dryly as he walked away. Outside the building he stopped and called back: "We'll clean it up tomorrow and weigh it and get it ready to ship the next day."

He walked up the wagon road past the boiler house and came to the entrance to Tunnel Number One. There he opened an iron cupboard and took out a carbide lamp, which he filled and lighted. Then he went into the tunnel. Four or five hundred feet inside he met Dancer, his mine foreman.

"Well, Dancer, how's everything startin' off to-day?" he asked.

The foreman with his open hand struck at some invisible object in front of his right eye, and a look of disgust appeared in his face.

"Bah!" he snorted. "I wish pay day wouldn't come but once every five years—honest I do, damn me if I don't! Nine men not out to work this mornin' and half of the gang that is out is pickled something scandalous!"

"What's the matter now? How'd that happen?"

"Old hen!"

"That so?"

"You said it! Somebody must've tapped a fresh hogshead of it last night! That old-hen stuff certainly makes 'em flutter and cackle. I peeped in at Tony Gasher's soft-drink boozery last night about midnight and there was sure some hilarity going on there. There was about twenty stretched out on the floor in the back room."

"Makes 'em lay, eh?"

"You said it then, Mr. Tinling! You said it! Ha, ha, ha! By George, you whispered it out loud that time!"

"What do they make this here old hen out of, Dancer?"

"Oh, rice and raisins and molasses and yeast and one thing and another, so I've heard—of course I don't know exactly."

"Who's doin' the dishin' out here in Argent?"

"It's some outsider, I think, but I rather guess Tony Gasher has his hand in it too. I've seen a red-headed feller hangin' round Tony's place the last three or four pay days."

"We ought to bounce him out of camp—and Tony, too, if he's mixed up in it. The state's dry now."

"You said it, Mr. Tinling! And I'd help do the bouncin' too, you bet! I don't like the looks of that red-headed duck, and old hen is givin' me a lot of trouble. Redhead's pretty thick with Gadsen, your night foreman over at the mill."

"That so?"

"You said it! Thick as flies! And say—it's none of my business of course, Mr. Tinling, but between you and I that Gadsen might stand a little watchin'. I knowed him ten years ago up in the Kootenai country. He was nothin' but a tinhorn up there, and crooked as a rail fence. Bad egg—awful bad egg up there."

"That so?"

"You said it!"

"Why didn't you tell me this when I first took him on here a couple of months ago?"

"We-ell, I never like to be a yeeper, Mr. Tinling—never was one—so I never said nothin'. I heard this mornin' that there was some old hen flyin' round loose in the mill last night. I'll bet Gadsen had something to do with it."

"That so? Hum! Is Connie Sugg out this mornin', Dancer?"

"You know he is that all right! Connie wouldn't miss workin' his shift if they was holdin' his own funeral. I put him on nippin' to-day in old man Bowder's place. I guess old Bowder got pickled up, too, last night. Say, Connie had a rippin' run of luck last night shootin' craps. He took Ed Shank's ridin' nag off him with the bones."

"Did, eh? The little tub! First luck I ever knew of him havin' with the dice since he started workin' here about fifteen years ago, and he's been rollin' 'em steady. Won't he cut a swell figure up on top of that horse? Something like a fat fly on a ripe cucumber, eh, Dancer? That's a good animal, that horse of Shank's. Better than mine—faster, better wind and five or six hundred pounds heavier. Wonder what he'll do with it?"

"Oh, he'll shoot it away again in a day or two. Connie's sure nuts on craps. He'd shoot anything he's got except his job."

"Send Connie home at noon, Dancer, and tell him I want him to work a couple of night shifts up at the mill, watching that bullion we've just finished pouring. It's rather risky, lettin' all that stuff lay up there in that old cupboard every melt day—sometimes two or three days. I heard there was a bar disappeared over at the Elephant mine last week. If they don't get me a safe to keep it in I'm going to order bigger molds and run bars that'll take two men to carry."

"That's a good notion, Mr. Tinling."

"Well, I'll mosey on. I want to look at the vein in the crosscut. Showing pretty nice there, isn't it?"

"You said it! Why, that stuff'll run seventy-five ounces or better right now! And they touched some good rock in the raise in Drift Four too."

"Yes, I was lookin' at the assays. Well, you tell Connie if I don't see him."

Old Dan walked on, following the windings of the tunnel, penetrating deeper and deeper into the mountain through which ran the veins of silver ore that had made Argent Group Mines possible. He carried the carbide lamp in front of him, close to his body, the better to throw

(Continued on Page 106)

"I'd Shoot a Thousand Bucks Against a Cent That We'll Get to Rabbit Gully First. We're Off! Gallopin's Good—Come On!"

POLAND FOR PATRIOTISM

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

IF PATRIOTISM could be capitalized, the large, flat and rejuvenated Republic of Poland would have so much money that she could afford to buy all the surrounding countries which are crowding her so annoyingly, and blow them up just to provide fireworks and amusement for the children. If patriotism were edible, the Poles could eat a square meal every half hour, instead of standing in line eight hours for a loaf of bread and then finding out, as they frequently do, that there isn't any bread.

Poland holds the long-distance patriotism championship of the world. Though there are no textbooks in the Polish public schools explaining in twenty lessons how to be patriotic, the small Poles acquire their patriotism with as much vigor and thoroughness as any of the large Poles. It is difficult to say how this is done; for the physical aspects of Poland do not seem to be such as to inspire great enthusiasm in its residents. There is no great abundance of rocks and rills; and as for woods and templed hills, they are as rare as electric fans on the Muir Glacier. Poland is a flat land. Enlarge a pancake many millions of times and tint it appropriately, and one would have a fair working model of Poland. Its very name proves it. Its Latin name, Polonia, from which the English "Poland" comes, means the country of plains. It is not a beautiful land. None the less the acquisition of patriotism on the part of its inhabitants is accomplished with neatness and celerity. Long Poles and short Poles; thin Poles and thick Poles; soldier Poles, musical Poles and barber Poles—each and every one of them is so filled with the fire of patriotism that the pangs of hunger and cold and disease and war and nakedness and disappointment and grinding poverty are deadened by its genial warmth.

Bolshevik Poster With Which Poland Was Flooded. "Whom are You Serving, O Soldiers, Under the Sign of the White Eagle?" Asks a Line Printed Under It. The Text Explains That the English, French, American and German Soldiers Don't Want to Fight Bolshevism, and That the Polish Soldiers are the Only Ones That Do So. "At the Head of the Polish Government," it Says, "is Paderewski, the Emissary of the American Millionaires. You Must Defend Poland Against International Capitalism." Note That the Picture is a Direct Attack on America, the Octopus Being an Orientalized Uncle Sam

Bogged Down in the Flux

IN AMERICA we are somewhat given to mentioning a man's activities when speaking of him. "I'd like to have you meet George Jingle, the greatest ping-pong player in Ossawatomie County," we say; or "I wonder whether you know my friend Will Whiffle, who effected the great consolidation in doughnut-hole machinery?" In this way do we stamp our acquaintance as desirable. In Poland, however, there is only one qualification which is worth advertising. That is patriotism. "Who is this guy Brownski?" asks one Pole. "Why," replies the other Pole, "he's a great patriot." That settles the matter. He's a great patriot, and nobody cares whether he's a dub at golf or the president of the Nowy Swiat Trust Company or a second-rate druggist. When you've said that a man's a great patriot you've said it all, in Poland. You have, as the saying goes, said a mouthful. Nobody presses the matter any further. Nobody asks whether he wears one ounce or twelve pounds of gold braid on his uniform. He's a great patriot. Fine! Bring him round to dinner!

If I were a futurist artist and were attempting to produce a picture which would represent Poland during the first winter of its new lease of life I would give it a background of gold to represent its patriotism. I would throw in a few Bolshevik beasts gnawing at its edges and at its heart, some endless lines of little children and middle-aged people and old people waiting and waiting and waiting for food, the rags of poverty, the wavy lines of indecision, the smoke of battle, a few dilapidated railway coaches bursting with people, the black splashes of countless funerals, some dizzying downward brush strokes to represent the depreciation of its money, scores of helping American hands and a number of politicians milling round in circles. Wherever there was the smallest unoccupied space I would toss in icicles, Bolsheviks, white eagles and food cards. Then I would mount the picture on a wheel, attach the wheel to a dynamo, and start it to spinning at the approximate rate of 470 revolutions per second. The effect would be somewhat messy; but that is the effect of Poland on the casual observer.

That, in fact, is the effect of all Central Europe on everyone. All that one can say about Central Europe as a whole is that it is a mess, and that it will probably be a mess for some time to come. Practically all other statements are dangerous because of the excellent chance that a statement which is true on a given day will probably be untrue on the following day. Things, as the political economists frequently observe with a look of great profundity, are in a state of flux. They are in a state of flux up to their necks, not to say up to their ears. They have large, unsightly pieces of flux in their hair and eyebrows. I would even go so far as to say that they were stuck in the flux, and were making day and night hideous with wild shrieks for someone to come along with a pair of horses and a shovel and get them out. I will also add that their shrieks are justified, and that someone has got to get them out. My reasoning is based on the fairly well-known axiom that a man cannot lift himself by his own boot straps. This operation has frequently been attempted, but has been universally unproductive. People who try hard enough sometimes succeed in pulling their feet out from under them and falling down and breaking their necks. Then somebody has to pay for a funeral.

Food Card for One Week. Sugar, Flour, Lard and Bread Can be Obtained on It. Only There Isn't Any Sugar, and Occasionally the Bread Runs Out

The Ax Grinders

POLAND is in a generous state of flux. Her boundaries are particularly fluxish, especially the boundaries which face Russia and the Bolsheviks. The peace conference has carefully refrained from defining these boundaries, so that nobody is able to come within 300 miles of locating them with any accuracy. They have been left as hazy and indistinct as a kerosene lamp in a London fog, and offer remarkably fine grounds for future wars. The peace conference failed in many notable respects, but it was a complete success at providing every country in Central Europe with boundaries to fight over. I might add that there are very few countries which will fail to take advantage of the opportunities with which the peace conference has so generously provided them. That, at least, is the opinion of every American military man and every American observer that I met in Central Europe—and they are the only disinterested and impartial people to be found in that large and troubled stretch of territory. Everybody else has an ax to grind. Some have only one ax in need of grinding; but most of them have as many axes awaiting the sharpener as a stage magician has rolls of colored paper which he produces to mystify his audience.

And the United States seems to have been unanimously elected to the position of official ax grinder. To change the simile a trifle, if the United States joins with her well-known heartiness in the League of Nations she will be the energetic member who will be expected to remove the chestnuts from the fire. She will have to be the one who will have to endure the curses of those who are impatiently awaiting the chestnuts, as well as the one who will have to apply the salve to the burns on her fingers.

The intensity with which Americans in Central Europe mention the League of Nations is truly passionate. They usually lead off in the same way. "When I came over here," says each one of them, "I was all for the League of Nations. But I've changed now; believe me, I've changed! Let them sign the peace treaty as soon as they can; but for the love of Mike don't let them get mixed up with the League of Nations! If they want to fight, and we tell them not to fight, do you think they'll stop? Not so that you could notice it! Help them, because they need help; but stay out of the league!" And so they run on, from morning to night and through most of the night as well, whenever they can find a warm room in which to sit.

That, however, has little to do with Poland. Poland's boundaries are in a state of flux, and so are her politics and her food supply and her fuel supply and her rate of exchange. The things which I write about Poland were as I found them in the month of January, 1920. They have probably done a conaiderable amount of fluxing since that time. Probably the rate of exchange is much worse, and probably all the political parties

have shifted their allegiance eight or ten or fifty times. Probably the frontier which faces the Bolsheviki has been punched in or pushed out in several places. Probably she has less food and fuel. All these things are bound to change.

There are, however, certain things about Poland which will not be affected by the flux. The people in most parts of the country won't have nearly enough to eat; you may be sure of that. The poor people in the cities will be living on bad potatoes and half-rotten beets and inferior carrots and black bread for which they must stand in line for hours. In the districts which the Russian armies and the German armies devastated thousands of them will make their heartiest meals on grass and thistle soup or on bread made out of pounded roots and vegetables and such-like truck. The Polish money will be worth so little and everything in the stores will be so very expensive that the people will be unable to buy anything except the barest necessities of life; while business men from other countries will be buying everything in sight because the prices seem so ridiculously low to them.

None of these things will change in a hurry; and above all else, the patriotism of the Poles will remain constant. The Poles may be inefficient at governing themselves; almost any people would be if they had been at it for as short a time as the Poles. They may be lazy and averse to settling down to work; they may squabble among themselves over political matters; they may be regarded by their neighbors as hopelessly incompetent to govern themselves. In spite of all this they will continue to rank high among the world's patriots; and patriotism in sufficient quantities has more than once been known to pull nations out of deeper holes than the one which Poland now occupies.

Shifting Boundaries

POLAND, as one is quite unable to discover from most of the maps which purport to represent the new nations of Europe according to the peace treaty, is a large chunk of territory which starts modestly at the Baltic Sea, bulges mildly into Germany in the west and violently into Russia on the east, and rubs against Czechoslovakia and Rumania on the south. According to the maps it is a rather symmetrical cup-shaped country; but due to the praiseworthy and ferocious attacks of the Polish army on the Bolsheviks the Russian side of the cup has developed a massive wen which makes Poland twice as large as the map makers conceived it to be when they drew the post-war maps.

The German side of the cup sticks into Germany in a manner which is highly irritating to the Germans; for a Polish army could leap over to Berlin in about two shakes of a lamb's tail. The distance from the Polish frontier to Berlin is only one-third the distance from Berlin to the Rhine. If Germany is contemplating another intensive war with France in the not distant future the imminence of the Polish frontier is, to put it conservatively, extremely distasteful to her. She is not particularly enthusiastic about Poland. In the argot of the day, Germany hopes that Poland will choke. She not only hopes that Poland will choke but she is willing to do anything in her power to assist the choking. Though she is fearful of Bolshevism within her own gates she is very much in favor of external Bolshevism provided it be directed against Poland. Some people may consider that these are idle ravings, similar to the disordered visions produced by the potent hashish, or Indian hemp. Such, however, is not the case. In the city of Kovno, away up on the outer edge of the northern corner of Poland, there is a German propaganda bureau whose entire activities are devoted to sending out anti-Polish propaganda. Most of the pogrom stories come from the Kovno bureau, being sent from there to Scandinavia and from Scandinavia to America. Germany maintains a complete intelligence organization in Poland.

No, Germany does not regard Poland with deep affection. Her fondest hope is that the Bolsheviks will batter the Polish army to pieces—a task for which the Bolsheviks have so far shown little aptitude—and leave the country lying limp and fainting in the dust. When this occurs she proposes to come into Poland, administer a few well directed kicks to the Bolsheviks, pick Poland up, brush the dirt from her, hold the smelling salts under her nose and start her going again, attached to the German pay roll. All of Poland's neighbors declare loudly and emphatically that Poland cannot continue to exist as an independent state for any length of time. They say she is so inefficient and impractical that she doesn't know enough to raise an umbrella during a cloudburst. Germany is the loudest talker along these lines. The Germans are sufficiently practical and efficient; but it is quite impossible to see where some of the others have any special license to twit Poland about inefficiency and impracticality. If Poland is due for a fall merely because she is inefficient and impractical, all of Central Europe will be echoing with the thuds of falling countries for the next few years.

Polish Anti-Bolshevik Poster Issued to Counteract the Enormous Amount of Bolshevik Propaganda Disseminated in Poland

Warsaw, the capital of Poland, was an easy place to reach from any part of Europe before the war. It was a day-and-a-half journey from almost all the European capitals. One could go in from Paris or across from London or down from St. Petersburg or over from Bukharest or up from Rome in about thirty-six hours. At the present day one has a better chance of making the trip in thirty-six days than he does of making it in thirty-six hours. I went into Warsaw from Berlin—a trip which took eleven hours before the war. It took me thirty-three hours; and it would have taken me forty if I hadn't thrown my baggage out of the window of the so-called express train in which I was traveling, but which was temporarily incapacitated because the bottom had fallen out of the engine, squeezed into a freight car attached to a switching engine, and transferred from that into a crowded local train which appeared to be going in the right direction.

In America we are inclined to speak of a train as crowded when a few people have to stand up in the aisles. In Central Europe a train which has a few people standing in the aisles is regarded as practically empty. There are a few trains de luxe, operated by the Interallied Military Authorities, which carry only as many people as can find seats. But ninety-nine per cent of the trains are so crammed with patient, stolid, foul-smelling, sick and suffering humanity that the windows are crushed out and the very woodwork splintered.

Travel in Poland

THAT sounds somewhat exaggerated, but it isn't. I examined train after train at various spots between Warsaw and the German frontier, to say nothing of riding in a few of them, and I have no hesitation whatever in lifting up my right hand and taking oath that each and every one of them was crowded to the extreme and uttermost limit. Compartments which were constructed to hold eight people would be crammed with eighteen, twenty and sometimes more than twenty people. In some of the cars the windows were simply broken out. In others they were replaced with wooden boards, so that the darkness inside the cars was made more awful by the lack of ventilation. The people who were squeezed into these trains were traveling out into the country in search of food, or traveling back to the homes from which they had been driven by the Russian or the German army, or traveling in search of a place where they might rest their weary heads—for the larger cities of Poland are filled to overflowing with refugees who are coming out of Russia. Persons who ride for half an hour each day in crowded subway or surface cars in America are forced to endure a most unpleasant experience; but not even they can grasp the horrors of travel in Poland, where one cannot ride in a train without being jammed immovably into a tiny compartment for hours on end, and where no train reaches its destination without at least one typhus victim being removed from it.

One catches typhus only after being bitten by the typhus louse, and the typhus louse can bite without leaving any trace; and since American medical officers in Poland have found that practically all of the poorer people of Poland are plentifully supplied with lice one cannot endure the enforced intimacy of a Polish railway journey without enjoying the anticipation of catching a nice case of typhus. This helps to a certain extent to distract the

(Continued on Page 175)

MISTUH MACBETH

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE Montgomery Accommodation groaned its way under the venerable train shed of the L. & N.'s Birmingham station. Once there it gratefully ceased to travel. So did Florian Slappey. That languid, bored little Afro-American fashion plate, looking only slightly the worse for wear, swung grandly through the gates, straw suitcase in hand. He progressed down Morris Avenue to Eighteenth Street, turned southward, crossed the railroad tracks and set his eye on the dingy little frame structure between Avenues B and C which was temporarily favored as his boarding place.

Florian was happy. Not that he had failed to enjoy his sojourn in Montgomery, but after all was said and done Birmingham was his home. The provincialism of his racial brethren in the neighboring cities bored him to extinction. He waved condescendingly to several acquaintances, slowed his pace considerably that he might not appear to be too happy, and ——

His keen eye lighted on the placard. He ceased to locomote, and he continued to cease. He placed his suitcase gently on the sidewalk and looked upon the placard with the eye of a connoisseur. It was a good placard, as such things go; a delicious vermilion decorated with much large black type, out of which a single name stood forth as though blazoned in gold. Florian mumbled to himself:

"L. Jupiter Jones! Hmph! Who this heah L. Jupiter Jones is?"

Florian approached more closely and meticulously spelled out the flamboyant announcement:

UPLIFTING EDUCATIONIL JAZZY

A Monstrous Mammoth Production of
The Griping Drama

MACBETH

By Wm. Shakespeare and
L. JUPITER JONES

Will be Held on Tuesday Evening, the Nineteenth,
Under the Auspices of The Sons and Daughters of
I Will Arise at There Lodge Rooms

Under the Personal Direction of MR. L. JUPITER JONES—
and with MR. L. JUPITER JONES himself personally playing
the roll of MACBETH

Also the following cast of caracters:

MACBETH	MR. L. JUPITER JONES
Mrs. Macbeth	Mrs. Chlorine Gannit
King Duncan	Lawyer Evans Chew
MacDuff	Mr. Simian Gannit
Mrs. MacDuff	Mrs. Delight Sabb
Banquo	Mr. Anopheles Ricketts
His Ghost	Mr. Anopheles Ricketts
Lennox	Dr. Brutus Herring, D.D.S.
Ross	Mr. Cass Driggers
Monteith	Mr. Urias Nesbit
Angus	Mr. March Clisby
Fleance	Mr. Cleophus White
Seward	Mr. Semore Mashby
Witches	Missis Magnolia Morton, Christeen Gethers and Callie Flukers.

—AND ET SETERA—

"What Ain't You Done? Ain't You Done Wrote Me a Puht of Hamlet I Coul'n't Even Remember?"

SEE
- Bloody scrap between MACBETH and Macduff!
- Mrs. Macbeth walking in her sleep!
- Barnum wood moving to Dunsinane!
- Banquo's Ghost Sitting at the Table!
- One half dozen Terrible Murders!

EXCITEMENT THRILLS BLOOD

TICKETS: Including Lady & Gent . . . . . Fifty Cents cash

8:30 p.m. o'clock

COME ONE COME ALL

Florian experienced a feeling of righteous resentment. Before his eyes was mute evidence of treason—the typed history of social usurpation. Florian did not know Mr. L. Jupiter Jones, but he was quite sure that Mr. L. Jupiter Jones had in some manner succeeded in becoming a very important figure in the world of Birmingham's colored élite in an extremely short space of time. Which indicated that Mr. Jones was a personage of considerable presence and no mean ability.

Before Florian's eyes were the names of the worth while in colordom, all meekly subordinated to the glittering Mr. Jones. More; the name of Florian Slappey was glaringly conspicuous by its absence.

He reread the announcement and mentally girded his loins for a fracas. Absent in Montgomery, some stranger had seen fit temporarily to assume his laurels. Very well—from over his right shoulder came a voice; an insinuatingly female voice of extreme nasal qualities:

"Mawnin', Brother Slappey."

Florian whirled to face the angular form and sharp features of Sis Callie Flukers. Florian detested Sis Callie, but he paid due respect to her powers as human storehouse of all the community's gossip. Sis Callie was justly reputed to know more and to take a greater delight in telling it than all the other women of all the sewing circles in Birmingham. Florian hit straight from the shoulder.

"You is a witch, Sis Callie."

"Ise which?"

"Witch. Tha's what the sign says."

"Oh, that! Yassuh, Ise a witch. Though I done tol' Brother Jones I could of played Mis' Macbeth better'n Chlorine Gannit, an' ——"

"I reckon he thunk you fitted the witch paht better, Sis Callie." Florian paused, and then, "Who this heah L. Jupiter Jones is, anyway?"

Sis Callie arched her eyebrows.

"Ain't you hearn?"

"No, but I espec's to right promp'."

Sis Callie heaved a deep and happy sigh. Here was a man actually inviting her to air a wonderful fund of information regarding the stranger who had recently come within Birmingham's gates. It was an opportunity calculated to make Sis Callie happy for many months to come, and she went to it with a vengeance.

"Brother L. Jupiter Jones is a actor. He come heah to the vaudeveel house down on Eighteenth Street with Nick Emerson's Jazz Babies, an' fo' some reason he di'n't go when they did. All along he pertended he gotten some money, but it's my pussonal 'pinion he was broke fum the fust, which is why he went to Simian Gannit."

"Simian?"

"You remember Simian was 'lected the new treasury of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, an' which I is got an idee Brother Jones went to him to borry money. Which is how come him to meet up with Chlorine."

"Simian's wife?"

"Tha's which.

"Now I don't b'lieve in succulatin' no scandal, Brother Slappey, but you know well as me that Chlorine is soht of pretty, an' she is always 'lowed as she'd make a wonderful actress. An' when Brother Jones come along, what with him bein' a actor an' her wantin' to ac'—well, all I is sayin' is that Brother Simian Gannit is been a plumb fool."

"How come?"

"He stayed down to the Gannits' house fo' a couple of days, an' I always is gwine b'lieve it was Chlorine's idee that Brother Jones should git up a play fo' The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise on a fifty-fifty 'greement. That is gwine give Brother Jones a heap of money, an' also 'low Chlorine to show off tryin' to play Mis' Macbeth, which I is said fum the fust she ain't able to do. An' Brother Jones is gwine be sorry, 'countin' Simian Gannit—Chlorine's husban'—ain't ontirely blind, even if'n he is a fool."

"Blin' 'bout which?"

"The way Mistuh Jones is been ca'yin' on with Chlorine. It's sumthin' scand'lous. Reheahsin' private with her all the time an' make a specktickle outen theyse'ves. Anyway"—righteously—"it's a long worm which ain't got no turnin', an' when Simian an' Delight Sabb fin's out what I knows ——"

"What the Widder Sabb is gotten to do with it?"

"Mistuh Jones is boardin' with her now."

"I thought you said ——"

"You thought ain't is. Brother Jones did board with Simian an' Chlorine, but afterward he went an' tuk him a room down to the Widder Sabb's house. Which I says ain't decint, on 'count no matter what anyone says 'bouten Sis' Sabb, she sho' is a pretty woman, an' they is a'ready talk 'bouten her an' Brother Jones bein' engage'."

Florian extended a restraining hand.

"Jes' one minute, Sis Callie! Lemme git this heah thing straight. You means that Brother Jones is gittin' up this

Delight Needed No Further Instructions. She Looked—and as She Looked Her Heart Cracked

Macbeth show fo' the lodge an' is gwine git half the money they takes in?"

"Yeh."

"An' that they is a scandal on account Chlorine Gannit is playin' his wife in the show?"

"Not ontirely on 'count of that, Flo'ian. It's that an' the way they is been actin', which ev'ybody is saw 'ceptin' Simian an' Delight Sabb."

"An' you says fu'ther," persisted Florian, "that Mistuh Jones is got him a boardin' down to Delight Sabb's house?"

"Yeh, an' that Sis' Sabb is done los' her fool head over him. That man is got a way with him, Flo'ian. He says a heap an' he says it frequint. An' he says it so's the wimmin all believes him. You mahk my words"—her voice dropped a tone and she stepped confidentially closer—"they's gwine be trouble heah befo' ve'y long!"

Florian stepped back.

"You is a cheerful soht of pusson, Sis Callie."

"Wait'll Brother Simian gits s'picious," prophesied Callie. "Jes' wait!"

Florian picked up his suitcase and started down the street.

"Ise waitin'," he said briefly. "G'-by, Sis' Callie."

Florian reached his boarding house, changed his clothes, asked information of his landlady and sallied forth again. Two or three times he stopped to inquire as to the whereabouts of Mr. L. Jupiter Jones. He finally located the stranger in the lodge rooms of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. For a few minutes Florian stood in the doorway inspecting the other as he moved vainglorioously about the tiny platform instructing a corps of two amateur electricians in the arrangement of footlights for the impending dramatic spectacle.

In spite of a prepared antagonism, Florian found himself rather attracted to the man he had expected to despise. There was an air about the large, well-proportioned figure of L. Jupiter Jones—an aura of confidence which commanded respect from all those within its hypnotic zone.

L. Jupiter wore no coat, but his soft-collared pink-silk shirt with its flowing bow tie of a deep crimson gave to him an artistic appearance which was, to say the least, fetching. His manner was that of a man who knew what he wanted done and intended having it done just that way. He raised his eyes as Florian entered, glanced briefly and disinterestedly at Florian's sartorial perfections, and went on with his supervisory work.

Florian edged forward. One or two of the men lounging about raised respectful eyes and nodded greetings. L. Jupiter Jones paid him scant heed. Florian insinuated himself before the other, flâneured against a two-by-four upright and tried to appear nonchalant.

"Evenin'," suggested Florian.

"Evenin'," returned Mr. Jones uninterestedly.

"Is you Mistuh L. Jupiter Jones?"

"Folks says I is."

Mr. Jones turned his back on Florian. It was obvious that he neither knew nor cared anything about the gentleman. Florian squirmed.

"I is Florian Slappey," he remarked at length.

The answer came from Mr. Jones in an indifferent tone: "Is you?"

"Yes, I is."

Again the conversation languished. Florian made a final despairing effort:

"Ise secretary of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise."

Mr. Jones turned slowly, surveyed Florian from gray velours hat to patent-leather shoes.

"You is?"

"Yes, I is."

"Hmph! You is sho' secretary of sumthin' anyway."

"Say, lookit heah"—Florian started forward in momentary peevishness. "I wan's to make talk with you."

Jupiter turned.

"Why'n't you say so then? Me—I is the ve'y pink of cuttesy."

"Bein' secretary of the lodge, I wan's to request a few info'mations. Does you git me?"

Jupiter's mellifluous voice came easily in immediate answer:

"Yo' meanin', 'tain't deep like'n to a well, n'r neither 'tain't so wide like'n to a chu'ch do', but 'tis enough. 'Twill serve."

Florian's eyes widened.

"Who said sumthin' 'bouten a chu'ch?"

"Nobody. I was merely quotin' Brother Shakspere."

"Well, I talks English. Now I is gotten a few questions to ast you."

"I reckoned them rhapsody of words might of meant sumthin'." Jupiter met Florian's eyes squarely. "Shoot!"

"You is preducin' a show called Macbeth fo' the lodge, ain't you?"

"Yeh."

"On a fifty-fifty 'greement?"

"You is a knowin' man, Brother Slappey."

Florian's tone became matter-of-fact.

"You ain't got me in it."

"Ain't I?"

"No, you ain't."

"Well then, I ain't."

"But I'm tellin' you you is got to."

"Got to which?"

"Gimme a paht to play."

"Sorry"—L. Jupiter Jones turned away. "All the rôles which I an' Mistuh Shakspere wrote into that show is done been filled. They ain't no job fo' you."

Florian stood stock-still. Here was insurrection which brooked no soft measures. He whirled and made an ignoble exit. Ten minutes later he was closeted with Isaac Gethers, president of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, and Simian Gannit, its mammoth heavily muscled treasurer. Florian told his troubles graphically and profanely.

"An'," he wound up, "I gits me a paht in that they Macbeth show an' I gits it right now."

"'Tis a pity," broke in Simian mournfully, "that you ain't a woman."

"How come so?"

"If'n you was you could take my wife's paht. I was ag'in Chlorine actin' in the fust place."

"What you is sore 'bout?"

Simian shook his big head slowly from side to side.

It was quite plain that the giant husband of the pretty girl who was cast opposite Mr. L. Jupiter Jones was more or less in the grip of the green-eyed monster.

"Nothin' special. But Chlorine is a young gal, an' Mistuh Jones is got a way with him."

"Got a way is right," snapped Mr. Slappey. "But this heah time he ain't gwine git away with his way. Le's go down an' see him, Brother Gethers, an' let him know I is jes' nachelly got to play in his show."

But Brother Gethers was busy, and Brother Simian Gannit volunteered with suspicious willingness. They broke into the lodge rooms like a freight locomotive and a tiny tender. The face of Mr. L. Jupiter Jones remained impassive at sight of Simian. If he was afraid of the husband whose jealous ire he had roused he gave no sign.

But afraid or not, there was no mistaking the fact that in demanding that Mr. Slappey be promptly accorded a rôle in Macbeth Mr. Gannit intended to have his way. Jupiter shrugged.

"They ain't ary paht lef'," he alibied.

"You he'ped write the play," said Simian Gannit. "Chlorine done tol' me same."

"Well ——"

"That bein' the case, you is got to write sumthin' in fo' Mistuh Slappey heah. Ain't it so, Florian?"

"You said it, Brother Gannit!"

It became plain to Mr. L. Jupiter Jones that as these gentlemen were officers of prominence in the lodge under whose auspices the play was to be given they had better be placated.

"It's a hahd job," he said unctuously, "but as me an' Brother Shakspere says, 'Bring me to the test, and I the matter will write over ag'in.' Brother Slappey, I takes the utmostes' pleasuah an' delight in infohmin' you that you is gwine have a paht wrote in fo' you by t'-morry mawnin'. Anythin', I says, to 'blige a frien'."

The following evening two colored youths traveled through the streets upon the fences of which had been posted placards announcing the production of Macbeth. Upon each of the vermilion placards a strip was pasted beneath the cast of characters. The strip read as follows:

HAMLET—MR. FLORIAN SLAPPEY

Thereafter life flowed very smoothly for Mr. L. Jupiter Jones, and if he failed to realize that he had started something which bade fair to finish itself it was because he had entered whole-heartedly into the monster mammoth production which was to gain for him wealth and local fame incalculable.

L. Jupiter Jones knew his Shakspere as he had known his comedy straight in Nick Emerson's Jazz Babies, from which tab show he had abruptly parted company upon their departure from Birmingham for Nashville. The occasion of that parting had involved a young and pretty married woman whose husband played the character comedy rôle. Mr. Jones had been blissfully unconscious

(Continued on Page 98)

"Have Mercy, Macduff, Befo' I Kills You! I Assuahs You 'Tis All Mistaken"

SIC SEMPER

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

IT SEEMED a small thing to make so big a crash. Susie had been taking off Roger for five years in good-humored fashion. She was fond of beginning a family telephone conversation with a deep, rich, resonant "This is Mrs. Deming"—fitting mate for the important "This is Mr. Deming," with which Roger announced himself. When grateful citizens presented a life-sized portrait of Roger to the museum of art, "Roger sitting for his portrait" had been one of Susie's best acts. "Roger laying the corner stone of the library" was another favorite, and "Roger arriving at his office." There was not a trace of malice or ill nature in all Susie's being. She simply had had an overwhelming sense of fun and a perennial hope that Roger would presently find it funny too.

If she had grown up in Bristol and seen the sober, good, troubled young Roger shoulder the family load at fifteen she might have been more reverent, for he had done augustly well. The great mills smoking in the valley, the town's monumental improvements, the young brother and the baby sister given every pleasant advantage that Roger had missed—all these were his achievements, and no one had ever dreamed of laughing at him or teasing him until—a little late—he had brought back from a business trip this reckless Susie, with her red-brown eyes exactly matching the great coil of her red-brown hair, and her wide sweet mouth always curling up at the corners. She could not seem to take in the fact that Roger's person was sacred, his authority a little awful. She had gone into marriage as though he were a great dear who only needed a little shaking up, and five years of it had not cured the humorous twitch about her charming nose. She was the best company in the world, taken alone, but people had grown a little nervous at having them together. There was never an overt clash, but Susie's impious feet skipped perilously near the sacred inclosure of Roger's dignity.

The Old House Was Deathly Still. Suddenly Aunt Tiny Spoke. "Yes, Roger, I Can Hear You. I'm Right Here, Ready"

What happened was no worse than a mild effort to enliven a dull Sunday. Roger's household kept Sunday as his grandfather's had when he began—and in some ways stopped—at fifteen. They had gone duly to church and come home to a heavy two o'clock dinner, and Susie instinctively searching for cheer merely fell into step behind him as they left the dining room. It was no more pronounced than a pressure of the chin on her soft throat, a controlling glance cast right and left, a step of conscious authority—but she had forgotten the hall mirror.

The explosion was terrible. Susie tried to soften, to apologize, to explain how she adored it when they used to take off her making a Liberty Loan speech; but Roger's wrath once released had the force of five years' stored resentment. Everyone but his wife respected him and what he stood for, and he was sickened unto death of her tomfool levity. His handsome face was transformed into a gargoyle of rage, the mouth squared to a red gash between the heavy mustache and the short, close beard, the fine eyes under their jutting brows fixed in a hot glare. He shouted, he bore down any attempt at peace with thunder and lightning; and when at last Susie stood limp and helpless and stricken he announced his verdict.

"I shall go to South America in Will's place—he can take charge here. You may stay on or do what you please. You will be provided for, but I hope never to see you again so long as I live. I have stood all I can—all that Roger Deming ought to stand. We're done!"

For once there was no laughter in Susie. Astonishment seemed to have swallowed up every other emotion.

"But what shall I tell people—the family?" she faltered, grasping for something tangible.

"Whatever you please. The truth is that I have left you," was the fierce answer.

And so he had, from that hour. Will, happily preparing to leave for the Argentine the next day, was ordered by telephone to meet his brother at the mills. Roger came home toward morning and packed a bag, but went away again without a step toward the door behind which his wife lay and listened. She tried to telephone him at the mills, but he would not speak to her. When she went down there he had already gone.

For two weeks Susie's spirit lay prostrate. She was very silent, very gentle and passive. When questioned she answered with her usual candor:

"I was too funny—I drove him crazy."

But she did not volunteer any details. One night, with a pair of baby socks in her hands—all that she had kept of a little trousseau that had not been used—she cried wildly, exhaustingly, with great shattering sobs, but no one ever knew that. The next day she was in bed with a headache and could not be visited, but the day after she came out very much her old self, and went down to the mills to see Will.

He was not in the office, so Susie waited, and presently seeing him coming her smile deepened mischievously, her red-brown eyes curled into gleaming slits of amusement. For Will's step had taken on very faintly a forward thrust of importance; he was casting a glance of authority right and left as he advanced. Only when Roger slammed the outer door and came down between the desks and typewriters the office was galvanized, at attention, doing its earnest best for the firm, while Will's passing made no visible impression. Everyone was reasonably active, but there was no general sense of an event. His slight body and blond head were not very well fitted to the mantle of authority. He conducted Susie into the private office with the formality proper to a magnate, but the door once shut he settled down on his spine and lit a cigarette in open relief at the respite.

"It's no joke, filling old Roger's place," he confided. "I probably know as much about running the business as he does; in fact, I think I'm more progressive. Roger's cautious. But he's got some veterans here, like Corrigan, that look on me as a boy. It will take time to get them where I want them. A firm can't have but one head." And Will straightened up again, swinging one leg over the other and throwing an arm along Roger's sacred desk. "What can I do for you?" he asked.

Susie had come with a plan. She was rattling about in the big old family mansion, while Will and Marjorie and Aunt Tiny were rather straitened in the cottage. Why shouldn't all three spend the autumn and winter with her?

"If Roger stays mad I shall presently have to go out into the wide world," she explained. "Only I sort of feel that spring will bring him round. And we might as well get what we can out of the winter, don't you think? I'm an awfully poor mourner," she added comfortably.

Will was enthusiastic. Bodily ease was dear to him, and there had always been a glamour, a breath of bigger atmospheres, about the sister-in-law who was not afraid of Roger. Will had braved Roger on a few historic occasions, but shrilly, in desperation, with a good deal of tacit apology afterward. Susie's unconsciousness of danger seemed aristocratic, almost royal.

"And you will be very good for Aunt Tiny and Marjorie," he went on. "The lid blew off the day Roger sailed—Aunt Tiny went to a séance and Marjorie ordered riding breeches. I can't do anything with them."

"Well, if Marjorie is going to ride ——" Susie said.

"Ride or no ride, she'll have to can them the day Roger gets back," Will said with emphasis.

Marjorie and Aunt Tiny took the move with a fearful joy. To be living in Roger's house without his sanction was high and lawless adventure, and every day they made fresh experiments in liberty. Aunt Tiny, whose little round face looked like that of a very pretty child prematurely shriveled, made a point of sewing on Sunday and openly boasted a blow on the head from a tambourine flying in ghostly hands. Marjorie spent half her days at a studio learning the dances that Roger had refused to countenance.

"Oh, isn't it fun to have him gone!" she said passionately more than once.

"He adores you," Susie said at last, not reproachfully but as a simple statement of fact.

"Yes; and he always knows immediately, irrevocably, just what is best for me." Marjorie was angry every time she thought of it. "I'm twenty-three, and he won't let me decide how long my own skirts shall be! I have no use for that kind of affection. You're glad to have him gone yourself, Susie, and you know it!"

Susie, smiling whimsically, neither assented nor denied.

"I suppose he is getting his little sic semper, poor old fellow," she said. "I don't see why you rage about the length of your skirts—you so seldom wear any."

Marjorie looked down with defiant satisfaction at her gaiters and breeches. She was on a horse just enough to sanction their daily appearance.

"Wearing these makes life fun every single minute," she declared. "And I'm going to have all the fun I can this winter, for there may never be any more."

She was telling Susie that there was no use trying to prevent it, but Susie brewing the tea had no such intention.

"It's a simple way to get a daily thrill," she said mildly. "I wonder if men find their trousers thrilling? There is Will—let's ask him."

"Oh, Will is trying to act like Roger now," Marjorie said with scorn. "There is no use asking him anything. Nobody cares what he thinks. It is only because Roger supports us that we are such slaves. You can't defy him and expect a good fat allowance just the same. I am going to earn my own living after he comes back."

"How will you earn it?" Will asked from the doorway. He came in from the golf course every day at this hour, well pleased with life. Poor old Roger did not know one golf stick from another and never left the works until long after the closing hour, but Will could get in his game now in the blessed freedom of being his own master.

Marjorie took a stagy posture before the long mirror.

"Dance for it," she declared.

Will, though loving his own emancipation, was not enthusiastic about Marjorie's.

"You ought to have got over all that at eighteen," he said critically. "You act like a freshman when it's time to be a senior. And you ought not to go riding with Ferdy Holliday—I saw you. Roger booted him out of the works for a very good reason, let me tell you. If he knew you were going about with him ——"

"Oh, Roger, Roger!" Marjorie was furious. "I'm so sick of what Roger wants and what Roger ——"

A door slammed and a male step coming strongly spread a curious panic. Marjorie sprang behind a big chair as though trying to draw it about her, Will kicked his golf clubs out of sight, Aunt Tiny flung her shawl over the ouija board, and strained faces turned to the door as it swung back to admit the furnace man with an armful of wood. The others would have glossed over the incident—pretended that they were moving about anyway, but Susie's peals of laughter left them no concealment. Will—a little flushed and swelled—nevertheless managed a note of echo, but Marjorie haughtily left the room.

"Do you know, for a moment I thought that was Roger," Aunt Tiny explained with innocent earnestness.

The shock had left her so nervous that she carried ouija up to her room.

"I don't deny that I'm afraid of Roger," Will spoke impatiently. "If you want to make a funny stunt of it go ahead. It's true."

Susie's amusement was wiped out, and she shivered.

"Oh, I don't! Oh, I never want to be funny again," she murmured.

"It isn't because I think him so blamed wise and all that," Will went on, frowning into the fire as he worked it out. "I don't—in business or anything else. If I could have a free hand for a couple of years I could treble our profits. And his ideas about life and conduct belong to the days of Sanford and Merton. I suppose it is his will, his absolutely cast-iron will. He has got to have things his way—there is no alternative. Pretty conceited, I call it, to suppose you can think for everybody else."

And Will maltreated the logs with the poker.

"It's a poor season for czars," Susie admitted. "Of course he has a good deal to be conceited about."

"All the more reason for not being. Oh, well, he didn't have advantages," Will conceded. "Roger's self-made. Sports and college and all that give a man something that he can't get for himself." He relaxed to the surrounding pleasantness, turning to smile at her. "Sweet to be here, Susie," he confided. "You are so comfortable. I never had a comfortable family before." He put out his hand for hers, but changed the offer to a sweeping, illustrative gesture before the suspicion of a good-humored gleam in her eyes. "You make fun of Roger yourself," he said irritably, as though she had accused him of something.

"Well, he is a little pompous"—merely by pronouncing it "pawmpus" she contrived to look like Roger for an instant. "But I always liked him." It was spoken serenely, contentedly. Susie could look out through her strange, opaque eyes, but no one could look in at Susie. Will tried to break through with a rough question.

"How in the world did you come to marry him?"

Her words were always candid.

"You know how I met him. There was my mother down with diphtheria, and the hotel manager wanting to put us out into a blizzard before we had found a place to take her. Well, he'd see only his own side, of course. But Roger—a stranger in the next room—how he did take charge of that situation!" Susie could smile over the memory. "Oh, I thought he was about the noblest work of God! There is no one like Roger when you are in trouble," she concluded.

Will had to grant that.

"But most of the time we aren't in trouble," he reminded her.

"Oh, I don't know—one kind or another ——"

Again a step sounded in the hall—a heavy, hesitating step. This time it was Susie who sprang up. Mr. Corrigan was there from the mills, his good face white and drawn, a dispatch in his hand. A small South American coasting

(Continued on Page 57)

A Cry Brought Them to Their Feet. Aunt Tiny Stood Frozen in the Doorway, Parcels and Library Books Strewn About Her

PINK KNICKERS AND THE DESPERATE SHIP

By Lingard Loud

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"You're a Confident Gentleman," She Replied With Considerable Spirit. "Who Told You That I Love You?"

"FATHER!"

"Yes, dear."

"Why do men fall in love with—sappy women?"

Frances threw her cigarette into a pool of lubricating oil and Major Bowker crawled out from under the fuselage of his lame aeroplane and drew a hand across his perspiring face, streaking it with axle grease.

"Men are like rubber cable," said the major, brandishing the loose end of the shock absorber, which had let his right wing skid down onto the black soil. "They should be kept firmly attached."

"I can't fasten George to me with steel clamps," his daughter fumed.

Amusement underlay the major's seriousness.

"My dear," he said, "you are on the whole an excellent offspring, but you have one lamentable fault."

"Father," she mocked him, "is it possible you have found a flaw in your perfect jewel? What can it be?"

"Sportsmanship."

"Muscles? Tan?"

"No, fighter's decency."

"Marquis of Queensberry rules?"

He nodded.

"A sense of honor," said he, "ruins a woman's chances against other women."

Frances laughed merrily and flung her arms about his neck.

"You dear romantic simpleton!" she exclaimed. "How you misjudge me!"

He smiled tenderly at her and shook his head.

"Do you think," she continued, "that I won't stoop to brass knuckles and shaved dice and knifery in the dark to keep George? Little do you know me!"

The major gestured to express mystification.

"Then why do you allow Estelle to charm him away?"

Frances was annoyed.

"She hasn't charmed him away, though I admit her apparent progress. That's not what irritates me. I'm hopping because he prefers her languishing blandishments to—to—please don't think me so conceited as this will sound—to my more mental methods."

The major pulled off his helmet and scratched his head.

"Grades of technic," he ruminated sententiously, "are commonly imperceptible to the male eye. I'm stumped," he confessed. "I have searched my think cupboard for a poultice of consoling wisdom, and I can find only Bernard Shaw's nauseating comment on a man's spongy heart—'It soaks up dirty water as well as clean.'"

His daughter shrugged distastefully.

"Estelle," she protested, "is not dirty water. That's one of the difficulties. My problem is to convince George that she is a blonde—Angora—without becoming cattish myself."

The major shook his head and crawled back under the fuselage.

"Estelle," he muttered, "is my charmingest niece. I approve of her."

"You would," his daughter agreed enigmatically, and added: "So do I."

"She's cuddlesome," he murmured defensively.

"It's her specialty."

"She's adorable," the major insisted.

"Of course she is," Frances snorted. "She's adorable—semiprofessionally."

"She rouses a man's protective instincts," he retorted obstinately.

Frances burst into laughter.

"You cute old darling," she shouted, "come away from that undercarriage and let me hug you!"

"By this time," the major continued, "they have put our sister ship in the hangar and are holding hands on the front porch."

"They're not holding hands," she rejoined indignantly, "because if they are home, so are Long Jim and Buddy with the other two ships."

However, she seized the pliers and crawled under the wing to speed the repairs.

"If you will take the weight off this side of the axle," said the major, "by arching your back under the wing like a scared kitten we shall be able to fly home in about five minutes."

Rather more than an hour elapsed as it turned out before they alighted on the velvety field set apart by the major for his newly purchased quartet of planes. Four inches of alfalfa are no blemish on a landing field. Their ship settled on that soft green carpet as delicately as the butterflies on the crimson ramblers rioting over the broad veranda a quarter of a mile away. The repaired cable held up its wing unsaggingly as the ship taxied over to the hangar. There they found George and the major's two sons anxiously awaiting them. Long Jim dashed round to the rear cockpit and stretched out his arms to Frances.

"Bless you, little sister," he said, his voice shaking, "we were frightened."

As he lifted her to the ground she kissed him and giggled at his serious face.

"You haven't much confidence," she said reproachfully, "in father's flying."

"We were quite safe," the major commented somewhat crisply, "but you were right to worry. I broke a shock absorber in a rough field beyond the river where the power line crosses."

"Long Jim and I," Buddy grinned, "were about to wheel out our ships and search the state of Texas for your mangled remains."

The major tugged at his mustache and his eyes sparkled. "Leaving George here unchaperoned with Estelle?" he asked, correcting his question immediately—"I mean, Estelle unchaperoned with George?"

George was shaking the major's hand by way of expressing his relief at their safe arrival.

"Thank you, sir," he remarked with mock formality, "for making it unnecessary that I should undertake to chaperon your niece."

"By the way," Frances asked, "where is Estelle?"

A slight pause followed.

"She didn't care to wait," said Buddy carelessly.

"I reckon she was tired after her first flight," Long Jim hastened to add.

The brothers glanced at George as if expecting him to complete the explanation.

"She's up at the house climbing out of her riding habit and dressing for dinner," he said, turning away. "She felt sure you would arrive in a few minutes."

"That was very sensible of her," Frances opined heartily, and George winced a little.

"I'm glad somebody had some faith in me," said the major, and added by way of creating a diversion: "Let's trundle in my bus and go home."

George hoisted the tail skid to his shoulder, Long Jim and Buddy pulled at opposite wings, Frances suspended herself as a counterweight from the motionless propeller, the major cleared the path of gasoline cans and all shouted directions.

The housing of the belated ship accomplished, George and Frances set out for the ranch house in the sunset, swinging their goggles and helmets and leaving the others to close the big hangar doors and follow them.

"I wonder," Frances mused half aloud, "if that creature has another latest Paris fashion to shame me with to-night."

George blew out a deep breath.

"Estelle sure do clothe herself in raiment!"

He put an indescribable amplitude into the final word.

"She do," Frances echoed with a sniff, and kicked a clod out of her path.

He flashed a sidelong glance at her.

"Dear old Frances," he said, "you've some mighty smart riding togs. Why don't you fly in them?"

"Because it's too hot," she snapped. "Weather like this is too hot even for a skirt."

They turned into the path that led through a cotton patch to the house, and Frances faced him squarely. There was a note of genuine concern in her voice.

"George!"

"Yes, dear." His bronzed face seemed to have grown inches longer.

"Have you fallen in love with Estelle, or with her riding clothes and her perfumed hair and her beautifully manicured finger nails?"

A slow flush deepened the color above his cheek bones, but his eyes twinkled.

"I ain't said as how I'd fallen in love of her, did I?"

"George, stop talking like a native son!"

He smiled. "I am a native son—and Estelle approves of my Texas drawl."

"She would." Again the enigmatic accent.

He chuckled.

"Estelle claims my backwoods speech sounds primitive and elemental—like me." He had the grace to grin sheepishly as he added, "Cave-man stuff!"

Derisive laughter greeted this admission, and Frances danced round him improvising a chant in mockery:

My dear, you are so big and strong
And different from the rest!
I long to lay my fuzzy locks
Upon your manly chest;
I fear you are a big brute beast
Although you look so kind;
You terrify me, darling,
Almost out of my mind!

And then she went off into peals of laughter.

"I suppose," he lamented, "you will devil me about this forever after."

Frances had become serious once more.

"Estelle is a darling girl. Father says she rouses the protective instincts of the male. If you've fallen in love with her it's no more than might have been expected."

"You do jump to conclusions," he growled.

She waved this aside.

"To think," she laughed, "that this is the man whom I considered taking unto myself in marriage! I hope," she continued after a pause, "that you will forget any foolish or enthusiastic things we may have said to one another. I shall!"

He opened his mouth to protest, but she cut him short with a giggle.

"I relinquish all claim upon you. Estelle is welcome to her cave man."

They walked on rather uncomfortably, and after several moments of glum silence he muttered, "I told her about having proposed to you."

She looked puzzled and frowned at him.

"Proposed to me?" she queried vaguely.

He gave her a startled glance.

"Don't you remember the day I took you up for your first acrobatics?"

"When we did wingovers and Immelmanns and whipstalls and almost ended our lives with an outside loop? Do I remember? Heavens!"

His expression did not relax. "Don't you remember my proposing to you?"

"Certainly not!"

"You accepted me—or I thought you did."

"What?"

"I shut off the motor at six thousand feet and spiraled and side-slipped and spun down to six hundred, shouting over my shoulder about—my—how I wanted you to marry me."

She shook her head.

"I remember that drop, but I didn't hear a word you said."

In spite of an obvious effort at control of his features his face revealed that he was enormously relieved.

"Well," he said at last, "you smiled and nodded and I thought it was all settled."

Frances flung her arms about him in a swift embrace.

"You poor thing," she commiserated, laughing. "How your shackles must have galled you! If I had only known! My gallant troglodyte!"

He pursued his theme with dogged determination.

"Estelle assured me that you wouldn't take such a proposal seriously."

"Is that it!" she exclaimed sharply.

"Is what it?" He bent a puzzled pair of brows at her.

"Is that the way she took it," Frances explained.

"Yes, she claims you have more sense than any other woman she knows."

He regarded her with the triumphant air of the heaver of coals of fire.

"She does me too much honor."

"She can't understand why you should be without a throng of admirers, even out here on the ranch."

"I'm flattered to the ground."

"You don't sound pleased."

"No?"

"No!"

"Would you be pleased if I told you that you were the most cautious pilot in the air service and that I couldn't understand why you were not sent to France?"

"Hell, no!" he burst out, stung to the quick. "You know very well that they kept me in this country because I had flown longer than the other boys and knew enough about ships to do flight testing. You know very well that testing is often as dangerous as combat flying. Confound it, what do you mean by saying I was the most cautious pilot in the service?"

"Evidently it doesn't please you to hear that."

"Heavens above, Frankie, that isn't the same thing as telling you you've a world of sense!"

"George, would you like to think of Estelle as a sensible woman?"

"No," he admitted in a tone that revealed his amazement. "No, maybe there is something wrong with me, but if you'll pardon my rudeness to your cousin I admire her for being so helpless and such a fool!"

"From the pinnacle of your masculine perfection you look tenderly down upon that clever, witty, scheming minx and you imagine that she is a fool. What a man!"

He sighed.

"Frankie, I can't keep up with you. You're out of my class. A prairie dog has no business trying to run with a jack rabbit."

"Your humility is overdone, my dear," she replied as they mounted the steps of the veranda. "I'm going upstairs to dress and I'll tell Estelle that she has a clear field and welcome. That was what you wanted me to do, wasn't it?"

He became very much embarrassed.

"No, Frankie, of course not! What earthly difference does it make? I mean—she doesn't care one way or another whether I'm engaged or not."

"Of course she doesn't," Frances replied with a sly grin, and went on into the house.

(Continued on Page 138)

"You Arranged and Encouraged Our Teasing. Think of the Shameless Way You Shunted Us Out Into the Moonlight To-Night!"

Great Men Who Have Met Me

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THAT fragment of current literature that is not devoted to sex has three interesting trends. The first of these may be termed the literature of exalted association, and deals in detail with the reflexes of the mighty when the boon of contact with the writer was conferred on them. The second is the literature of retrospective illumination and is descriptive of and sheds light on the complexes of the past as known and influenced by the author.

The third is the literature of analytical celebration, and has to do with the career of the genius who is analyzing and celebrating himself from the point of introspection marked by a decade of his famous life—at thirty or forty or fifty—and delineates the great gifts he has and how he uses them for the instruction and edification of the thousands and thousands who marvel how he does it.

One may as well be out of the literary world as out of the literary fashion, if you grasp what is meant; and when in the midst of a busy life one sees one's contemporaries getting away with it—and getting paid for it, which is the high objective—one should not neglect the opportunity to do thus and likewise, especially when a hurried review of one's past shows that past to be speckled with incidents and intimacies, so to speak, that furnish material not only for exaltation but for illumination and analysis as well, as shall be shown.

Never shall I forget the first king I ever met. His identity need not be disclosed, for he isn't a king now, and is a deuce; and according to the precedents of the trends it would confer small kudos to admit in print at this stage that he once took me by the hand and looked understandingly into my steely blue eyes—eyes indeed—both of them. Admitting association with a dead one isn't done. There is a divinity that doth hedge a king, and not much but a stone wall hedges an ex-king. So with the statement that he was a real king at the time—a bit of an emperor, so far as that goes—I proceed.

Getting the Imperial Once-Over

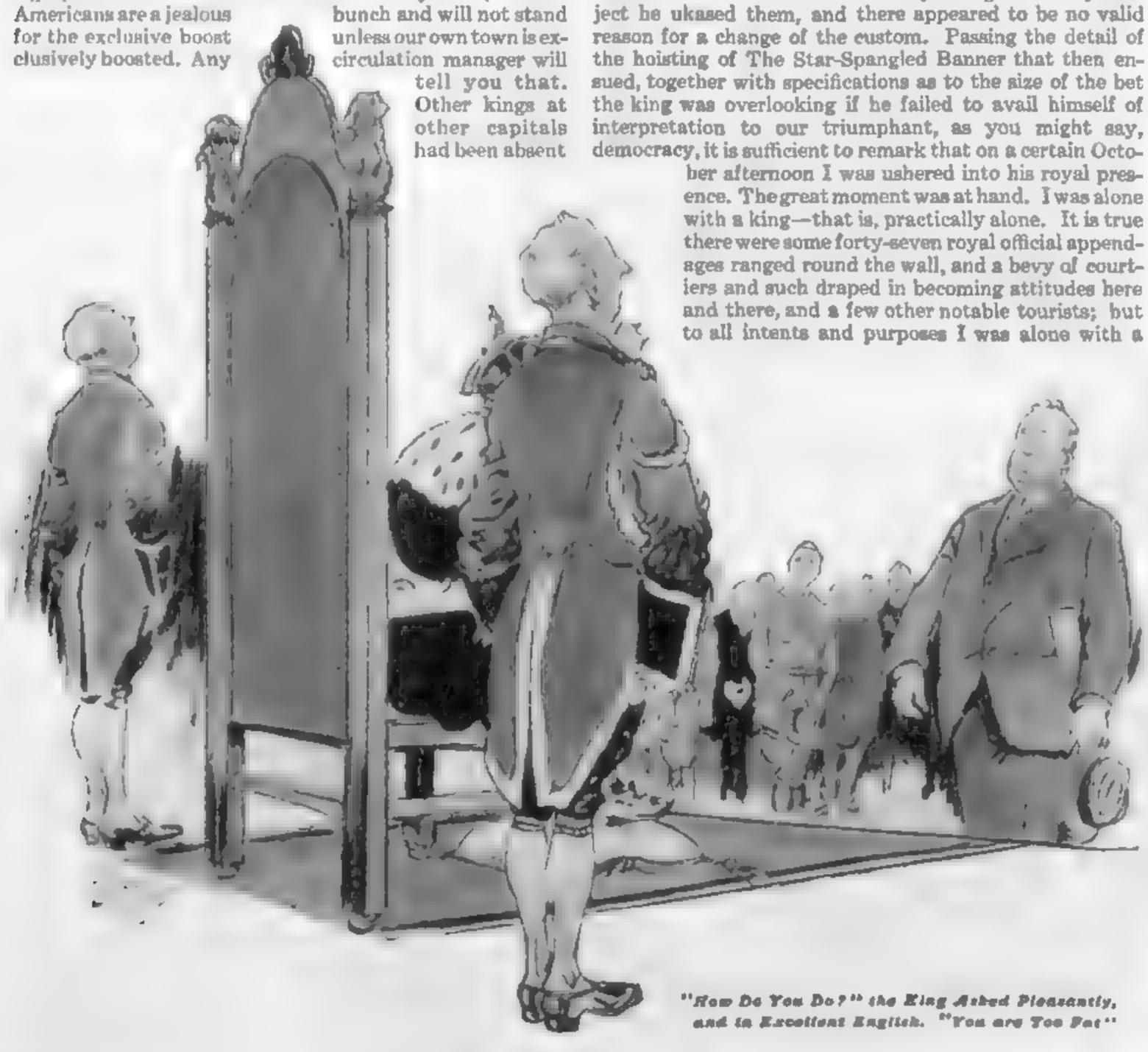
NEVER shall I forget the first king I ever met. It so fell out that I was in a European capital, engaged in the patriotic business of comparing that capital unfavorably with New York, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco and other American metropolises to the number of forty-eight, because we had subscribers in every state, and we Americans are a jealous bunch and will not stand for the exclusive boost unless our own town is exclusively boosted. Any circulation manager will tell you that. Other kings at other capitals had been absent when I appraised their bases of operations, but this king was at home—right there on the job. Therefore I let it be known in proper quarters that the king might confer with me on any afternoon between two and four save a certain Tuesday, when I was going to the races. It was my purpose, as I informed those in touch with His Majesty, to interview and interpret the king on various topics of international interest at the moment and embalm his matured conclusions thereupon in the great American medium of public information for which at the time I was one of the journeymen embalmers.

"The Russian Army," He Said, Not Without Emotion, "Fights to the Last Ditch"

Much to my surprise, a curious and inexplicable—for I had made myself quite clear—hesitancy developed among the officials before whom I had laid my plan. This amounted almost to incredulity that they had heard me aright. The king, it seems, had never been interviewed, and had early in his reign formed the habit of communicating with his subjects and with the other peoples of the world by means of the harsh and grating ukase, or decree. Indeed he was wedded to the ukase idea. Whenever he had any thoughts on any subject he ukased them, and there appeared to be no valid reason for a change of the custom. Passing the detail of the hoisting of The Star-Spangled Banner that then ensued, together with specifications as to the size of the bet the king was overlooking if he failed to avail himself of interpretation to our triumphant, as you might say, democracy, it is sufficient to remark that on a certain October afternoon I was ushered into his royal presence. The great moment was at hand. I was alone with a king—that is, practically alone. It is true there were some forty-seven royal official appendages ranged round the wall, and a bevy of courtiers and such draped in becoming attitudes here and there, and a few other notable tourists; but to all intents and purposes I was alone with a king, for these functionaries kept discreetly to the rear, except that four or five strong-armed gentlemen in waiting stood close to make sure that I did not commit assault and battery on the royal person. The presentation was made in due form. I had been told that I must not consume more than ten of the royal minutes, and had reflected that even a king might say a good deal in that space of time if he set his mind to it and talked fast. Wherefore as I did what I had been told to do in the way of obeisance, I concentrated my alert and well-trained mind to attend to the kingly conversation. A certain American diplomatist whose spats were the envy of the entire embassy was sponsor.

"How do you do?" the king asked pleasantly, and in excellent English. "You are too fat."

The royal observation was true. At the moment I was too fat, but that truth, even when enunciated by a king, did not impress me as one with which I could more than moderately thrill the American people. I knew instinctively that the American people might wish for another and less personal line of thought from His Majesty. Unaccustomed as I then was to interviewing kings—others have met me since—I knew that this was the place to hand him a diplomatic exchange and then proceed skillfully to lead him to a consideration of international politics and problems. So I parried with the observation that His Majesty's physique was open to no such indictment, but was Apollonian, which was a diplomatic exchange indeed, for he was no perfect specimen of manly beauty; quite ordinary in fact, and common-looking, inasmuch as he was not wearing his crown and scepter at the time.



"How Do You Do?" the King Asked Pleasantly, and in Excellent English. "You are Too Fat"

A Royal Recipe for a Girlish Figure

"AND what," I continued casually, "is Your Majesty's opinion of that little affair in Mesopotamia?"

"Yes," he answered, surveying me with his kingly eye, "you are too fat. That is interesting to me because it is my observation of such gentlemen of the press as I have seen at a distance that they are not so well nourished; not in my country at any rate. However, I will tell you how to relieve yourself of that excess baggage."

Of course he did not say "excess baggage," but used a phrase in his own language which I later discovered meant practically that. Excess baggage was the idea he intended to convey.

"I shall be highly pleased," I remarked. "But first let me ask you what will be the result if the *status quo ante* is allowed to overwhelm the *sine qua non* in this pressing matter of the readjustment of the balance of power?"

"It is a simple cure," the king answered with grave dignity, "and it is this: Stand for forty-five minutes after each meal. Sitting or reclining after partaking of food is the great conducive to increase of girth. Stand for three-quarters of an hour. I always do, and you can see for yourself what the results have been."

He looked down at his paunchless paunch with considerable satisfaction.

"But," I protested in a clear ringing voice, "that is far more simple for Your Majesty than for a citizen of the greatest republic the world has ever known."

As I concluded with this patriotic boost for my own country two of the notable tourists waved small American flags.

"How so?" asked the king, who had observed this spontaneous outburst of *amor patriæ* with interest.

"Because when Your Majesty stands royal etiquette, as I have been informed, rigidly demands that everybody present must stand also. But no such prerogative goes with my democratic status; and standing round after dinner with everybody comfortably sitting is my idea of the zero of occupations."

The king laughed heartily.

"There may be something in that," he commented. "However ——"

He then went into detail as to just why standing after meals is effective as a fat preventer, and told of notable cures of court obesity he had made by inviting fat courtiers and statesmen to royal banquets and forcing them to stand afterward by the kingly expedient of standing himself, meantime being the life of the party, as was his wont. He never did let those ponderous ministers sit down apparently after he had fed them. As he was concluding I framed a question about the prospective effect of the plainly discernible war clouds in the Balkans on the hegemony of his country, and was about to propound it when the court chamberlain or somebody touched me on the shoulder and hissed in my ear that my portion of the entertainment was concluded, and later I backed out as gracefully as the circumstances permitted.

"You have been highly honored," said my sponsors to me. "His Majesty talked to you nine minutes by the imperial clock. What did he say?"

"What he said must remain forever locked within my breast," I replied with a finality that precluded further inquiry; and never until this day have I revealed the secrets of that conference. However, if this should by chance meet the eye of the editor who was paying my expenses on that trip he will know why he didn't get that kingly interview I feverishly informed him—before I had it—would come red-hot and tumultuously over the cable for the perusal of his readers.

The next king who met me made no such comment—for two reasons. He looked like the rear end of a hack himself; and personally I had revised my figure downward some forty pounds or so, and I didn't do it by standing after meals either, whatever royal warrant I had for such procedure. I did it by sheer force of—but that is analytical stuff, and the trend at present is exaltation, so I forbear until I get to trending analytically.

I Suggested That it Would be a Great Thing for Him if He Told Me What He Intended to Say in His Inaugural Address

Breaking a Record of 4000 Years

SPEAKING about emperors, not the least interesting of those with whom I have been on terms of intimacy was Yuan Shi-kai, who was the first president of China when we met but who afterward contrived to have himself made emperor, albeit he never did have the actual glory of sitting on the peacock throne except when he looked it over and ordered new upholstery for the triumphant moment of his installation. A revolution and his death prevented the ceremony, but in his later weeks he was emperor *per se*, and it is as emperor that I prefer to remember him. "Emperor" sounds better to our democratic ears.

It chanced that I was in Peking when the merry little Japs were secretly planning, by means of the twenty-one demands, to take over for their own use and usufruct such remaining portions of China as they had previously overlooked. My part of the proceedings was to tell the world what the Japs were up to, which was done from time to time, much to their disgust and to the disgust of the pro-Japanese Americans, of whom there are more than one would naturally suppose, for reasons best known to themselves, but not unassociated in some instances with the well-known financial truth that the yen is worth approximately fifty cents in American money. During this period I obtained and printed the first interview given for publication by a Chinese ruler since the Hsia dynasty, a period of some four thousand interviewless years; which entirely casual statement, it may be remarked, is the real thing in exaltation literary swank.

A country like China, ruled by dictators for thousands of years, may become a republic in a short space of time, as China did, but it takes a much longer time for it to become republican in all its aspects. Besides, what is the use? Take this matter of decorations, for example. The astute Chinese had observed the passionate eagerness and the vast contriving of the citizens of the great republic of the West—the leading democracy of all the world—to obtain for themselves titles and orders and buttons and ribbons and cordons and decorations from foreign potentates, and they concluded it would be just as well to retain the Manchu system of decorations and save the Chinese the usual democratic trouble of trying to garner medals for themselves from Belgium and Montenegro and Patagonia, and so on. So they retained it, and one of the orders that remained was the Order of the Excellent Crop, an order of much value in cases where something—but not much—is to be done for worthy seekers after ribbons.

It is, of course, superfluous to say that Yuan Shi-kai and I became fast friends. One always becomes a fast friend of a potential emperor, you know, especially when writing about it. What a man he was! I can see him now, with his globular close-cropped head; his soulful, heavy-lidded, oblique brown eyes; his sturdy, rounded body; and can hear his dulcet voice. One would never think to look at him that he had separated more Chinese from their heads by means of the trusty sword in the hands of his executioners than he could tally in a week should he set himself about the task; nor to observe his genial smile and his placid manner that he had thirty-six wives. He told me so himself, speaking of the circumstance quite casually, as if it were a mere matter of domestic organization.

This highly polygamous situation gave occasion for a flash of wit on my part such as must always embellish a record of this nature. One day while discussing with me various phases of multitudinous domesticity he said, not without a certain pride, that on a certain day three of his wives had presented him with sons—one each, but all on the same day. That, in his opinion, was going some.

"Mister President," I said, "you should decorate those wives."

He looked at me in a puzzled manner, not getting the drift of my remark, for in those days the emancipation of Chinese women had not become a matter of governmental concern, and wives were just wives and naught else.

"Decorate them?" he repeated. "I do not understand. Decorate them with what and for what?"

"Why," I answered, prolonging the suspense so it would be good when I brought my thought to its witty and brilliant point, "you say that three of your wives presented you with sons on the same day, and as I understand it the great desire of all Chinese is to have as many sons as possible."

"It is," he assented. "But that is what wives are for in China—to have sons. Why decorate them?"

Everything was set then, and I leaned forward and sprung it on him.

"Don't you think," I asked him with one of those literary twinkles in my eyes, "that in the circumstances these wives of yours could be fittingly rewarded with the Order of the Excellent Crop?"

A Wheeze for the Cabinet

AS THE full purport of my bon mot dawned on him he began to rock with laughter.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Excellent! I must tell that at the next meeting of the Cheng Shih T'ang. Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha!"

Note: Inasmuch as the use of the bracket is not allowed in this periodical I cannot give the full literary flavor to that sentence. It is the custom, when showing one's great familiarity with the nomenclature of a foreign country, as is always done in such instances as this, to print the phrase thus: "Cheng Shih T'ang bracket the cabinet bracket," and proceed with full assurance that the reader will appreciate how steeped in your subject you are. As brackets are not used I need only remark in an explanatory manner that the Cheng Shih T'ang is the cabinet, which is where Yuan Shi-kai naturally would relate this quip, and add that that isn't all the Chinese I know either. Before I get through I shall probably throw in a few more specimens of the language. We travelers in the Orient always do. Later he sent me his photograph, autographed by his own brush and with a long inscription, which in one section referred to my remark about his wives. When I returned to China a year

(Continued on Page 152)

"What a Fine Place This Would Have Been to Drive the German Army Into," I Remarked, With That Disregard for Precise Diction That Comes in Casual Talk

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

The Passing of Caput Magnus

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Kotow! Kotow! To the great Yen-How,
And wish him the longest of lives!
With his one-little, two-little, three-little, four-little
Five-little, six-little wives!"

"THE fact is I've been arrested for bigamy," said Mr. Higgleby in a pained and slightly resentful manner. He was an ample flabby person, built like an isosceles triangle with a smallish head for the apex, slightly expanded in the gangliar region just above the nape of the neck—medical students and phrenologists please note—and habitually wearing an expression of helpless pathos. Instinctively you felt that you wanted to do something for Mr. Higgleby—to mother him maybe.

"Then you should see my partner, Mr. Tutt," said Mr. Tutt severely. "He's the matrimonial specialist."

"I want to see Mr. Tutt, the celebrated divorce lawyer," explained Mr. Higgleby.

"You mean my partner, Mr. Tutt," said Mr. Tutt. "Willie, show the gentleman in to Mr. Tutt."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Higgleby, and followed Willie.

"Is this Mr. Higgleby?" chirped Tutt as Higgleby entered the adjoining office. "Delighted to see you, sir! What can we—I—do for you?"

"The fact is, I've been arrested for bigamy."

Now the Tutt system—demonstrated effective by years of experience—for putting a client in a properly grateful and hence liberal frame of mind was, like the method of some physicians, first to scare said client, or patient, out of his seven senses; second, to admit reluctantly, upon reflection, that in view of the fact that he had wisely come to Tutt & Tutt there might still be some hope for him; and third, to exculpate him with such a flourish of congratulation upon his escape that he was glad to pay the modest little fee of which he was then and there relieved. Tutt & Tutt had only two classes of clients: Those who paid as they came in, and those who paid as they went out.

Therefore upon hearing Mr. Higgleby's announcement as to the nature of his trouble Tutt registered horror.

"What? What did you say?" he demanded.

"I said," repeated Mr. Higgleby with a shade of annoyance, "'the fact is, I've been arrested for bigamy.' I don't see any reason for making such a touse about it," he added plaintively.

"Who's making a—a—a touse about it?" inquired Tutt, perceiving that he had taken the wrong tack. "I'm not. I was just a little surprised at a man of your genteel appearance ——"

"Oh, rot!" expostulated Mr. Higgleby weakly. "You're just like all of 'em! I suppose you were going to say I didn't look like a bigamist—and all that. Well, cut it! Let's start fair. I *am* a bigamist!"

Tutt regarded him with obvious curiosity. "You don't say!" he ejaculated, much as if he wished to add: "How does it feel?"

"I do say!" retorted Mr. Higgleby.

"Well," exclaimed Tutt cheerily, passing into the second phase of the Tutt-Tutt treatment, "after all, bigamy isn't so bad! It's only five years at the worst. Generally it's not more than six months."

"Get wise!" snapped Mr. Higgleby. "I didn't come here to have you throw cold chills into me. I came here to find out how to beat it!"

"Why, certainly! Of course!" protested Tutt hastily.

"I was ——"

"And I expect you to get me off!"

"Yes, yes!" murmured Tutt, his usual style completely cramped.

"No matter what!"

"Yes," faintly uttered Tutt.

"Well," continued Higgleby, taking out a cigar that in shape and looseness of wrapping closely resembled its owner, "now that's settled, let's get down to brass tacks. Here's a copy of the indictment."

He produced a document bearing a large gold seal.

"Those robbers made me pay a dollar-sixty for certification!" he remarked peevishly, indicating the ornament. "What good is certification to me? As if I wanted to pay to make sure I was accused in exact language! Anybody can draw an indictment for bigamy!"

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS OF THE PEACE IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK

The People of the State of New York
against
THEOPHILUS HIGGLEBY

The Grand Jury of the County of New York, by this indictment, accuse Theophilus Higgleby of the crime of bigamy, committed as follows:

The said Theophilus Higgleby, late of the borough of Manhattan of the city of New York in the county of New York, aforesaid, on the eleventh day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen, at Cook County and the city of Chicago in the state of Illinois, did marry one Tomascene Startup, and her, the said Tomascene Startup, did then and there have for his wife;

And afterward, to wit, on the seventeenth day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen, at the borough of Manhattan of the city of New York in the county of New York aforesaid, did feloniously marry and take as his wife one Alvina Woodcock, and to the said Alvina Woodcock was then and there married, the said Tomascene Startup being then and there living and in full life, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of the people of the state of New York and their dignity.

JEREMIAH PECKHAM,
District Attorney.

Such was the precise accusation against the isosceles-triangular client, who now sat so limply and disjointedly on the opposite side of Tutt's desk with a certain peculiar air of assurance all his own, as if, though surprised and somewhat annoyed at the grand jury's interference with his private affairs, he was nevertheless—being captain of his own soul—not particularly disturbed about the matter.

"And—er—did you marry these two ladies?" inquired Tutt apologetically.

"Sure!" responded Higgleby without hesitation.

"May I ask why?"

"Why not?" returned Higgleby. "I'm a traveling man."

"Look here," suddenly demanded Tutt. "Were you ever a lawyer?"

"Sure I was!" responded Mr. Higgleby. "I was a member of the bar of Osceola County, Florida."

"You don't say!" gasped Tutt. "And what, may I ask, are you now?"

"Now I'm a bigamist!" answered Mr. Higgleby.

We forget precisely who it was that so observantly said to another, "Much learning doth make thee mad." At any rate the point to be noted is that overindulgence in erudition has always been known to have an unfortunate effect upon the intellectual faculty. Too much wine—though it must have required an inordinate quantity in certain mendacious periods—was regarded as provocative of truth; too many books as clearly put bats in a man's belfry. The explanation is of course simple enough. If one overweights the head the whole structure is apt to become unbalanced. This is the reason why we hold scholars in such light esteem. They are an unbalanced lot. And after all, why should they get paid more than half the wage of plumbers or locomotive firemen? What is easier than sitting before a comfortable steam radiator and reading an etymological dictionary or the Laws of Hammurabi? They toil not even if their heads spin. Only in Germany has the pedagogue ever received full meed of gold and of honor—and look at Germany!

Pedants have never been much considered by men of action. They never will be. Experience is the only teacher, which, in the language of Amos Eno, who left two millions to the Institute of Mechanics and Tradesmen, is "worth a damn." We Americans abhor any affectation of learning; hence our weakness for slang. I should apologize for the word "weakness." On the contrary it is a token of our virile independence, our scorn for the delicatessen of education, mere dilettanteism. And this has its practical side, for if we don't know how to pronounce the words "evanescent persiflage" we can call it "bunk" or "rot." We suspect all college graduates. We don't want them in our business. They slink through our lives like pickpockets fearful of detection.

What has all this to do with anything? It has to do, dear reader, with Mr. Caput Magnus, the assistant of the district attorney of the county of New York, whose duty it was to present the evidence in all criminal cases to the grand jury and make ready the instruments of torture known as bills of indictment for its action thereon.

For by all the lights of the Five Points, Chinatown—Mulberry, Canal, Franklin, Lafayette and Centre streets—Pontin's Restaurant, and Moe Levy's One Price Tailoring Establishment, and even by those of the glorious days of Howe & Hummel, by the nine gods of law—and more—Caput Magnus was a learned savant. He and he alone of all the members of the bar on the pay roll of the prosecutor's office, housed in their smoke-hung cubicles in the Criminal Courts Building, knew how to draw up one of those complicated and awful things with their barbed-wire entanglements of "saids," "then and there beings," "with intents," "dids," "to wits," and "aforesaids" in all the verbal chaos with which the law

"Well," Exclaimed Tutt Cheerily, "After All, Bigamy Isn't So Bad! It's Only Five Years at the Worst"

requires those accused of crime to be "simply, clearly and directly" informed of the nature of the offense charged against them, in order that they may know what to do about it and prepare their defense.

And while we are on it—and in order that the reader may be fully instructed and qualified to pursue Tutt & Tutt through their various adventures—we may as well add that herein lies one of the pitfalls of crime; for the simple-minded burglar or embezzler may blithely make way with a silver service or bundle of bank notes only to find himself floundering, horse, foot and dragoons, in a quagmire of phraseology from which he cannot escape, wriggle as he will. Many such a one has thrown up his hands—and with them silver service, bank notes and all—in horror at what the grand jury has alleged against him.

Indeed there is a well-authenticated tradition that a certain gentleman of color who had inadvertently acquired some poultry belonging to another, when brought to the bar and informed that he theretofore, to wit, in a specified year of our Lord in the night time of the day aforesaid, the outhouse of one Jones then and there situate, feloniously, burglariously did break into and enter with intent to commit a crime therein, to wit, the goods, chattels and personal property of the said Jones then and there being found, then and there feloniously and burglariously by force of arms and against the peace of the people to seize, appropriate and carry away, raised his voice in anguish and cried:

"Fo de Lawd sake, jedge, Ah didn't do none ob dem tings—all Ah done was to take a couple ob chickens!"

Thus to annihilate a man by pad and pencil is indeed an art worthy of admiration. The pen of an indictment clerk is oft mightier than the sword of a Lionheart, the brain behind the quill far defter than said swordsman's skill. Moreover, the ingenuity necessary to draft one of these documents is not confined to its mere successful composition, for having achieved the miraculous feat of alleging in fourteen ways without punctuation that the defendant did something, and with a final fanfare of "saids" and "to wits" inserted his verb where no one will ever find it, the indicter must then be able to unwind himself, rolling in and out among the "dids" and "thens" and "theres" until he is once more safely upon the terra firma of foolscap at the head of the first page.

Mr. Caput Magnus could do it—with the aid of a volume of printed forms devised in the days of Jeremy Bentham. In fact, like a camel who smells water afar off, he could in a desert of verbal sand unerringly find an oasis of meaning. Therefore was Caput Magnus held in high honor among the pack of human hounds who bayed at the call of Huntsman Peckham's horn. Others might lose the scent of what it was all about in the tropical jungle of an indictment eleven pages long, but not he. Like the old dog in Masefield's Reynard the Fox, Mr. Magnus would work through ditches full of legal slime, nose through thorn thickets of confusion, dash through copses and spinneys of words and phrases, until he snapped close at the heels of intelligibility. The Honorable Peckham couldn't have drawn an indictment to save his legal life. Neither could any of the rest. Neither could Caput without his book of ancient forms—though he didn't let anybody know it.

Shrouded in mystery on a salary of five thousand dollars a year, Caput sat in the shrine of his inner office producing literature of a clarity equaled only by that of George Meredith or Mr. Henry James. He was the great accuser. He could call a man a thief in more different ways than any deputy assistant district attorney known to memory—with the aid of his little book. He could lasso and throw any galloping criminal, however fierce, with a gracefully uncoiling rope of deadly adjectives. On all of which he properly prided himself until he became unendurable to his fellows and insufferable to Peckham, who would have cheerfully fired him months gone by had he had a reason or had there been any other legal esoteric to take his place.

Yet pride goeth before a fall. And I am glad of it, for Magnus was a conceited little ass. This yarn is about the fall of Caput Magnus almost as much as it is about the uxorious Higgleby, though the two are inextricably entwined together.

"Mr. Tutt," remarked Tutt after Higgleby's departure, "that new client of ours is certainly *sui generis*."

"That's no crime," smiled the senior partner, reaching for the malt-extract bottle.

"His knowledge of matrimony and the laws governing the domestic relations is certainly exhaustive—not to say exhausting. I look like a piker beside him."

"For which," replied Mr. Tutt, his mind reverting to Tutt's erstwhile experience the preceding spring with Mrs. Georgie Allison, "you may well be thankful."

"I am," replied Tutt devoutly. "But you could put what I know about bigamy in that malt-extract bottle."

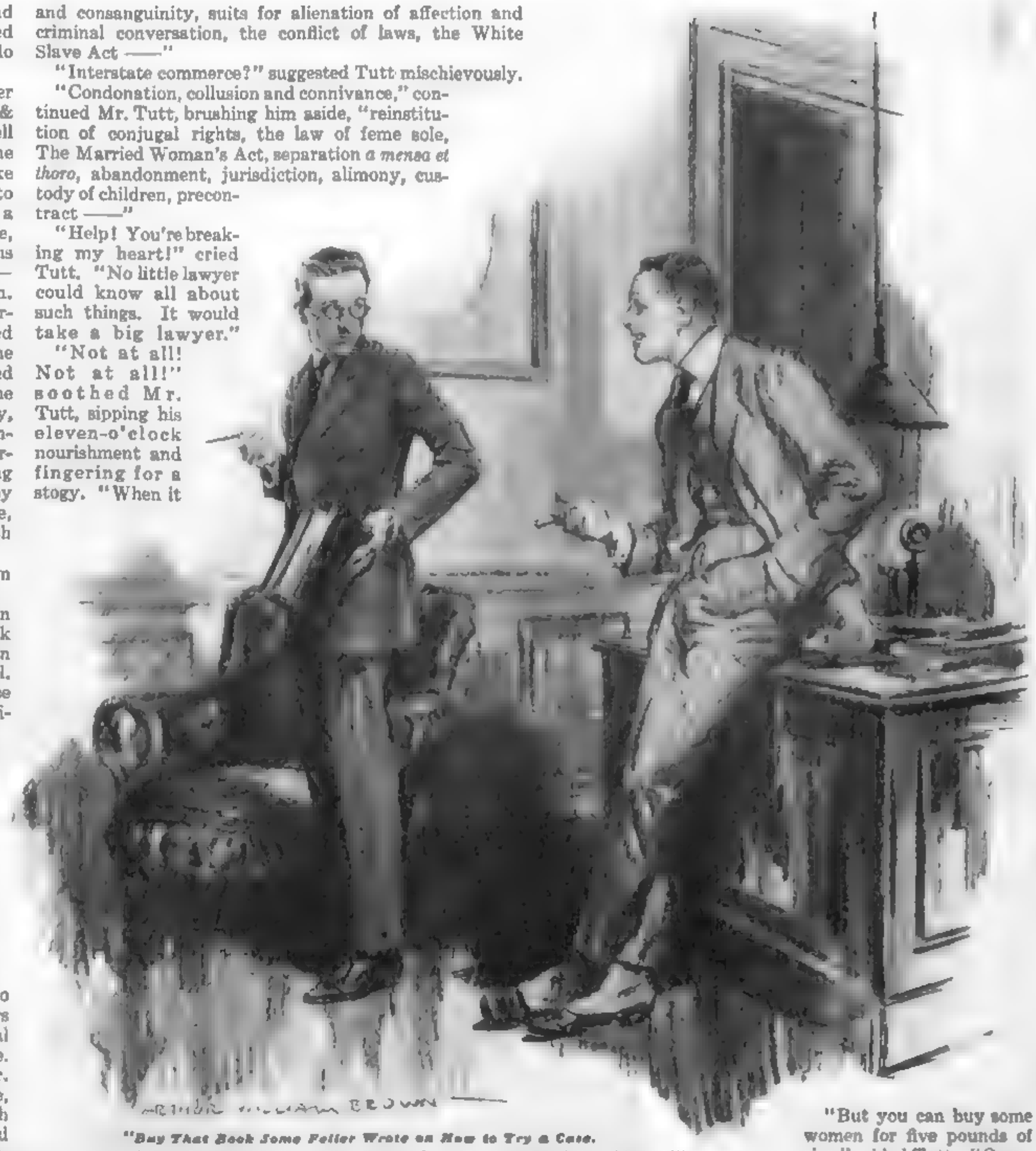
"I prefer the present contents!" retorted Mr. Tutt. "Bigamy is a fascinating crime, involving as it does such complicated subjects as the history of the institution of marriage, the ecclesiastical or canonical law governing divorce and annulment, the interesting doctrines of affinity and consanguinity, suits for alienation of affection and criminal conversation, the conflict of laws, the White Slave Act ——"

"Interstate commerce?" suggested Tutt mischievously.

"Condonation, collusion and connivance," continued Mr. Tutt, brushing him aside, "reinstitution of conjugal rights, the law of feme sole, The Married Woman's Act, separation *a mensa et thoro*, abandonment, jurisdiction, alimony, custody of children, precontract ——"

"Help! You're breaking my heart!" cried Tutt. "No little lawyer could know all about such things. It would take a big lawyer."

"Not at all! Not at all!" soothed Mr. Tutt, sipping his eleven-o'clock nourishment and fingering for a stogy. "When it comes to divorce one lawyer knows as much about the law as another. Not even the Supreme Court is able to tell whether a man and woman are really married or not without calling in outside assistance."



"Buy That Book Some Feller Wrote on How to Try a Case. It's a Cinch! He Wrote It Without Ever Having Tried One Himself"

"Well, who can?" asked Tutt anxiously.

"Nobody," replied his partner with gravity, biting off the end of a last year's stogy salvaged from the bottom of the letter basket. "Once a man's married his troubles not only begin but never end."

"By the way," said Tutt, "speaking of that sort of thing, I see that that Frenchman whom we referred to our Paris correspondent has just been granted a divorce from his American wife."

"You mean the French diplomat who married the Yankee vaudeville artist in China?"

"Yes," answered Tutt. "You recall they met in Shanghai and took a flying trip to Mongolia, where they were married by a Belgian missionary. The court held that the marriage was invalid, as the French statutes require a native of that country marrying abroad to have the ceremony performed either before a French diplomatic official or 'according to the usages of the country in which the marriage is performed.'"

"Wasn't the Belgian missionary diplomatic?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"Evidently not sufficiently so," replied his partner. "Anyhow, in Mongolia there are only two methods sanctified by tradition by which a man may secure a wife—capture or purchase."

"Well, didn't our client capture the actress?"

"Only with her consent—which I assume would be collusion under the French law," said Tutt. "And he certainly didn't buy her—though he might have. It appears that in that happy land a wife costs from five camels up; five camels for a flapper and so on up to thirty or forty camels for an old widow, who invariably brings the highest quotation."

"In Mongolia age evidently ripens and mellows women as it does wine in other countries," reflected Mr. Tutt. "But you can buy some women for five pounds of rice," added Tutt. "Queer country, isn't it?"

"Not at all!" declared his senior. "Even in America every man pays and pays and pays for his wife—through the nose!"

Tutt grinned appreciatively.

"However that may be," he ventured, "a man who enters into a marriage contract ——"

"Marriage isn't a contract," interrupted Mr. Tutt.

"What is it?"

"It's a status—something entirely different—like slavery."

"It's like slavery all right!" agreed Tutt. "But we always speak of a contract of marriage, don't we?"

"Quite inaccurately. The only contract in a marriage is what we commonly refer to as the engagement; that is a real contract and is governed by the laws of contracts. The marriage itself is an entirely different thing. When a marriage is performed and consummated the parties have changed their condition; they bear an entirely new relationship to society, which as represented by the state acquires an interest in the transaction, and all you can say about it is that whereas they were both single before, they are married now, and that in the eyes of the law their status has been altered to one as distinct and clearly defined as that which exists between father and son, guardian and ward or master and slave."

"Hear! Hear!" remarked Tutt. "But I don't see why it isn't a contract—or very much like one," he persisted.

"It is like one in that its validity, like that of civil contracts generally, is determined by the law governing the place where it was entered into," went on Mr. Tutt oracularly, as if addressing the court of appeals. "But it differs from a contract for the reason that the parties are not free to fix its terms, which are determined for them by the state; that they cannot modify or rescind it by mutual consent; that the nature of the marriage status changes with the state and the laws of the state where the parties happen to be domiciled; and that damages cannot be recovered for a breach of marital duty."

(Continued on Page 145)

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

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Harvesting in Russia. Above—Farm Land as it Was on the Outskirts of Moscow

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

XXVIII

UNDETERRED by terroristic threats and the abominable crime to which so many visitors in his house had fallen victims and from which two of his children, gravely injured, had barely escaped with their lives, Stolypin went to work without delay at the important tasks he had set himself. Among them the most important and the one that needed to be taken in hand first of all was the difficult task of finding a satisfactory solution of the agrarian question.

Before proceeding I must request my American readers to keep in mind that conditions as they existed from the beginning in this favored land—where such a class as a peasantry in the European sense has never existed and where the first settlers and their successors, even to within recent times, found awaiting them an almost illimited expanse of unoccupied virgin soil—are so fundamentally different as to be totally unfit to serve as a point of comparison in judging of the difficulties to be overcome in dealing with the agrarian problem in Russia.

These difficulties are the outgrowth of historical developments dating back many centuries. They are not to be lightly brushed aside. The temptation is apparently great to attribute these difficulties mainly to a reluctance to sacrifice the vested interests of the small minority of estate owners to the necessity of appeasing the land hunger of the overwhelming majority of the peasantry, and to seek the solution of the problem in a simple proposition somewhat like this: The gradual impoverishment of the peasantry is a fact; its cause is the insufficiency of their land holdings; the estate owners are in possession of vast tracts of land which should belong to the actual tillers of the soil; the expropriation of these lands and their distribution among the peasantry would remove the cause of the latter's impoverishment.

It is easy to see how such a proposition, seemingly logical, though based—as will be shown later—on erroneous premises, could enlist the approval of even friendly outside observers, ignorant of the real condition of things in Russia, not to mention its general attractiveness from the nowadays not uncommon point of view of those who look upon individual property and the property-owning classes as obstacles to the advancement of mankind. The high priests of that new faith are now demonstrating to a still half-incredulous world to what abject state of chaos, ruin and desolation a once great and prosperous country can be reduced by the abolition of individual property and the spoliation, scattering and to some extent even bodily extirpation of the property-owning classes.

I must further request the indulgent reader to give me credit for being free from the influence of personal interest or class feeling in endeavoring to shed the light of what I conceive to be the truth on the agrarian question in Russia, in regard to which much misapprehension prevails abroad and which has been greatly obscured by partisanship on behalf of both the interested sides as well as of believers in the respective merits of rival economic and sociological doctrines.

In support of my claim to independence of judgment and personal disinterestedness in this matter I beg leave to explain that it is now just a few years more than a century since the last landed estate belonging to my branch of the family, of which I am the last male descendant, was engulfed in the ruin consequent upon Napoleon's invasion in 1812, and that therefore I am in no way connected with any aspect of the agrarian question in the past, nor can I expect any personal benefit from its ultimate solution in this or that sense in the future.

Stolypin undoubtedly realized the urgent necessity of finding such a solution of the all-important agrarian problem as would give a fair promise of cutting the ground from under the feet of the revolutionary agitation, inasmuch as it was playing not only on the greed but also on the real distress of the peasantry.

In judging of the importance and the urgency of such a solution being found it is necessary not to lose sight of the conditions which have been determining the historical development of the revolutionary movement in Russia from its very inception in the years following the Napoleonic Wars to within recent times. In the first quarter of the last century Russia was still an almost exclusively agricultural country, and the nation consisted mainly of the immense, illiterate and totally inarticulate mass of the peasantry, held in the bondage of serfdom, and on top an infinitesimally thin layer of the highest-grade culture, represented by the numerically quite insignificant aristocracy heading the more numerous and still fairly cultivated landed gentry, owners of medium-sized and small estates, from whose ranks were recruited the bureaucracy and the corps of officers of the army and navy.

Of a middle class, or bourgeoisie in the Western sense, there was none. The intermediate class between the gentry and the peasantry comprised the merchants, tradespeople and other city dwellers, who culturally were not far removed from the peasantry.

Such was the rather primitive structure of Russian society in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and such were the conditions of Russian life of that epoch of which Tolstoy's genius has drawn such a fascinating pen picture in his celebrated novel, War and Peace. They did not present a favorable soil for planting the seeds of revolution brought back from the Napoleonic Wars by the officers who had come in contact, during the occupation by our troops of parts of France, with a higher plane of civilization, and who had become imbued with the ideals of the French Revolution.

The revolutionary movement was necessarily confined to a narrow circle of higher officers of the guards and the army and of the aristocratic youths of the capital. It culminated in December, 1825, in an attempt at a military revolt in St. Petersburg. Its aim was the proclamation of a constitution on the occasion of the accession to the throne of Nicholas I, whose elder brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, had renounced his rights to the crown.

The attempted revolt was easily put down by regiments of the guards who had remained faithful to their oath; and the hopelessness of the undertaking was best illustrated by the fact that when the mutinous troops were ordered by their officers to shout "Long live the Constitution!" they were said to have done so with great enthusiasm in the conviction that "Constitution" was the name of the consort of the Grand Duke Constantine, in whose cause, as the legitimate sovereign, they imagined they had revolted. Five or six of the ringleaders paid with

their lives for their self-sacrificing devotion to their noble ideal of liberty and progress; the rest, whose list read like an extract from the almanac of the Russian nobility, were deported to the mines in Siberia, where most of them remained, respected even by their jailers, until pardoned by the Emperor Alexander II on his accession to the throne.

The nation had lost in this manner the priceless services of some of the best and noblest of her sons, but on the placid surface of her stagnant life their heroic self-sacrifice caused hardly a ripple.

The long and reactionary reign of Nicholas I kept the lid firmly down on whatever elements of unrest the nation harbored, and it was not until the reformatory epoch of the first half of Alexander II's reign that a revolutionary movement began to show signs of activity. But it originated in quite a different stratum of Russian society and was confined mainly, almost exclusively, to that part of the educated classes to which the term "Intelligentzia" would more specifically apply—that is to say the intellectual proletariat—to the causes of whose birth and growth I have referred at some length in one of the preceding chapters of these reminiscences. It aimed, moreover, no longer at a political revolution, or rather it worked for such a revolution merely as a stepping-stone to the realization of its real aim—the destruction of the social fabric of the state and the erection on its ruins of the Utopian edifice of the revolutionists' socialistic dream.

The coincidence of the reappearance of a revolutionary movement with the inauguration by the government of far-reaching reforms may be explained by the same conditions that determined the attitude of the socialistic parties forty years later, when the grant of a limited constitution seemed to have given liberal opinion sufficient satisfaction to alienate entirely its sympathy from any attempt at a violent overthrow of the existing political régime, to the gradual and peaceful development of which along progressive lines all liberal-minded and truly patriotic elements of Russian society were justified in looking forward with confidence.

The writer of these pages was then a mere youth, but even now, in his declining years, in mourning the ruin and destruction of his country he feels deeply moved in reviving the imperishable memories of those stirring times, when, after a long period of reactionary stagnation culminating in the inglorious collapse of the governmental régime in the disastrous issue of the Crimean War, a high-souled, enlightened sovereign, with the ardent support of all the best in the land, had broken the chains of serfdom that held in bondage tens of millions of his people and had inaugurated such far-reaching measures as the reform of the judiciary and the introduction of the self-governing institutions of the Zemstvo—measures profoundly affecting the life of the nation and creating an all-pervading atmosphere of inspiring hopefulness and joyous faith in the country's future.

Curfew in a Village Near Kieff

He had been a witness also of the effect of the stunning shock to the people's feelings caused by the sound of the first shot aimed by a would-be assassin at the person of the sovereign, and of the outburst of patriotic rage which, had it not been restrained by the overawing prestige of the yet unquestioned power of the government, would have sought and found its vent in savage outrages against the Intelligentzia, whom the people seemed to feel instinctively to be their true enemy and the enemy of the country.

This opening gun of the battle waged with blind fanaticism against the country's welfare by an infinitesimally small group of her deluded sons was followed by a series of dastardly attempts on the hunted sovereign's life, until the final catastrophe, when the revolutionary conspiracy on the very day he had signed a manifesto opening the door to the ardently desired constitutional reforms, celebrated with fiendish satisfaction, over the shattered body of the liberator of his people, its victory, which meant the shattering of the nation's hope of a peaceful development of her future.

It can never be sufficiently deplored that, instead of persisting in the line of progressive policy determined upon in the last days of Alexander II's reign and indorsed by him on the very morning of the day when he met death, lack of true statesmanship should have been the cause that the new sovereign was advised that salvation was to be found solely in a redoubled severity of repressive measures and a return to the reactionary policy of the second half of his predecessor's reign. But on the other hand it cannot be gainsaid that Alexander III's firm resolve to maintain intact the principle of autocracy responded fully to the feelings of the overwhelming majority of the nation, whose psychology, inclined to extremes, hesitates only between unquestioning submissiveness to a master, and anarchy.

Nor can it be denied that the thirteen years of the reign of Alexander III, thanks solely to the unshakable firmness of his will, resulted in a complete restoration of confidence in the stability of the political and social fabric of the state, in a material prosperity such as the country had never known before, and in securing for Russia an international position unequaled in all her history. It is no exaggeration to say that at the bier of the departed monarch all Europe stood mourning the loss of him who had come to be considered the mainstay of European peace.

Such was the splendid heritage left by Alexander III to his son and successor on the throne. What seemed to be needed to keep it intact was an autocrat—that is to

(Continued on Page 125)

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Tolstoi's Estate

DECLASSED

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

"His Old Bank Job Pays Fifteen Hundred a Year. We Can't Marry on That"

THE FUTURE of Cyrilla Sheldon hung upon two decisions. She made the first of them one bright Saturday afternoon in October. The instrument of this decision was one Fritz Schmidt, a squat, dark, road man, who walked down the street ahead of her. He turned in at the side of her house, showing a morose profile.

"Puh! Undertaker's Delight!" said Cyrilla, who was a young person of occasional vivid speech. "Just sit in our kitchen a half an hour and hand out your growling talk to Kate and she'll serve us with another spoiled dinner."

Cyrilla slackened her pace so as not to be on Schmidt's heels. As he advanced his hand to ring, the door opened and Morris, the best tailor of the town, came out. He acted as if Schmidt were not there, and his method was to walk straight through Schmidt. As both men were strong there ensued a determined if momentary struggle. If Cyrilla had but known it that struggle was symbolic; it was concerned in a way with her future fate. She gave it, however, merely the innocent bystander's natural interest in a subdued scrap.

"It's a tie," she decided as the door slammed behind Schmidt, and Morris, breathless and a little ruffled, came down the walk.

"Good afternoon, Miss Sheldon," Morris said. "I brought home your suit with my own hands to make a personal apology because it's two days late. It's the first time I ever broke a promise to a customer, but I couldn't help it.

"For eighteen years I've had a shop in this town, and I've been the master of it. But I'm not master any more. My workmen do as they please, loaf as they please. I am nothing in my own shop."

To Cyrilla the tailor was merely making an apology. If her head had not been so full of romance she might have seen that Morris felt that he was facing tragedy. Supposing Morris had been suffering from a disappointment in love Cyrilla would have known how to sympathize with him. But there was a faithful Mrs. Morris and several exacting Morris young.

Cyrilla saw in Morris a tailor who charged a good deal for her suit and who had not full control over his workmen. There had been nothing in her experience that gave her the gift to know that he was suffering at seeing the breaking of the reputation for good work and promptness that he had built up during so many years.

"Don't worry about my suit, Mr. Morris," Cyrilla said. "I know you couldn't help it."

"What's come over the labor people, I don't know," the tailor said gloomily. "It's grab, grab, grab all the time, and threats behind the grabbing. That Schmidt that just went into your house—he's sweet on your hired girl. I guess he's the worst agitator in the town, an anarchist—a firebrand."

"Yes, I know he is," Cyrilla replied. "After he has been in our kitchen five minutes I always expect it to burst into flames. But a girl has to have followers, you know, Mr. Morris, even if they are only anarchists."

She nodded him a bright good-by. She was in a hurry to pass through the side door, because her mother always put the mail on the table in the back hall, and perhaps there would be a letter from Peter. She stood on the doorstep for a moment, the wind whipping color into her cheeks, her eyes lustrous with anticipation. She looked almost pretty, though as a rule the convenient term "nice looking" would cover Cyrilla's most auspicious appearance. As she opened the door she vowed she would not try to see if the letter had come until she had taken off her outdoor things.

While she was unpinning her hat she heard Schmidt's voice from the kitchen talking to the maid:

"Aw, go on! What do you care what she thinks? She'll be so dead scared you'll want another raise that she'll do anything you ask. Good girls are scarce; you've got her just where you want her. All the working people are going to have the whiphand now. I tell you, my girl, the day is coming when the working people will be the rulers of this country. It's up to you and me to help. Every little helps. Go 'n' get your hat, see!"

Cyrilla's face was pink with indignation, but then she saw Peter's letter—there it was in the Y. M. C. A. envelope, with the overseas stamp. And pretty soon the armistice would be signed and Peter would come back; and here Cyrilla's face turned a softer pink as she seized the letter and flew to her room, locking the door after her.

"Now look here," she said to herself fiercely, "why get so excited? You and Peter aren't engaged yet, you know."

Peter and she were on the understanding plane of their emotional career, a useful lazy term for that state of being where young people are not really engaged, but are trying each other out, may go on to the state of ecstatic belonging or may retreat without the sense of jilting or being jilted.

Cyrilla's mother tapped on her door.

"Oh, darn!" thought Cyrilla. Aloud she said sweetly: "Yes, mother?"

"Did you get Peter's letter, dear?"

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Sheldon's footsteps retreated, and Cyrilla said, half aloud: "I wish mother weren't as obvious as a rock in the matter of getting me married off! I believe she'd like to propose for Peter. I do wish that in the critical stage of a girl's love affair she could be temporarily bereft of family and friends. Then she could save her pride if things went wrong. But, oh, Peter, ours won't go wrong!"

Cyrilla looked at her letter, frowning a little. She could hear her mother saying: "I'll be so glad when the boys come back from overseas, especially Peter Barnes. Peter was so responsible, and he had begun to earn his own living. He was a man, not a boy dependent on his father. Making such a success of his teaching too. Who knows but he might be president of the university some day?"

Ever since Cyrilla had been of sweetheart age she had been too busy with college work and war work to think seriously of marriage. But every influence in her life was pushing her thoughts that way. The war was about over; it was time to settle down. She had not needed her mother's crystal-clear intentions to turn her thoughts to Peter. She had missed him, and looked eagerly for his letters, welcomed shyly, yet eagerly, their increasing warmth.

With swift hands she opened Peter's letter and read:

BASE HOSPITAL
NO. 26, FRANCE,
October first.

Dear Cyrilla: Students are registering in the old univ. to-day, and maybe you are walking across the campus, looking at the hordes of them. And here sit I in the hospital having just said good-by to a lot of buddies. For to-morrow I go to a replacement camp, and from there—where? The boys think not back to the Front. The armistice might be signed any day now. Most of the fellows said they would be ready to sail toot sweet for home, but one fellow said he would rather be one of those left over to police Germany till the spring or summer because he didn't want to be set back for a winter overcoat.

That made me think. I haven't thought much about money till lately, Cyrilla. You know, of course, that I was in my first year of teaching at the university. I was so happy with my classes of design that I didn't mind the small salary. Then there was you. I have seen of late how much there was you! But my salary was only a thousand a year. Just that. And the cost of living, they tell me, has doubled since I enlisted. So that means five hundred.

"I have to get away from the thought. The only way I can do it is to remember how you looked down at the station the day we went away. You wore a rose. I don't know that I noticed it there. I wish I had that rose now, Cyrilla.

PETER.

The first time Cyrilla read the letter she skimmed it hurriedly to get to the end, where the significant part, the tender part, was most likely to be. Then she went over it again to read between the lines. She read it the third time—just to read it again. After the third reading the delightful pink in her cheeks faded.

"It's an encouraging letter," she said to herself. "That is, it's encouraging to the hopes of a ladylike girl who isn't supposed to have any hopes. Only it's so grave, so unlike the boy Professor Peter had turned into. He didn't once say, 'I'll tell the world that,' and he didn't quote any of Mike Kerrigan's sayings or doings. He's bothered!"

So was Cyrilla. A thousand dollars! Impossible for Peter to marry on that. The suit the tailor had brought home that afternoon had cost sixty-five dollars; a plain suit at that. But of course the president would advance his salary—oh, most certainly! Wasn't Peter a D. S. C. man? Also, couples had to be engaged for a time. Then, of course, Cyrilla's mother had money of her own which her husband had not allowed her to use for family expenses. Perhaps she would give some to Cyrilla. Only, what if Peter refused to let Cyrilla use it? And after all what was the use of daydreaming? Peter and she were not even engaged.

When Cyrilla went downstairs she found her mother getting supper.

"Why, where is Kate?" she said.

"She asked for the afternoon and evening off," Mrs. Sheldon replied, "and I agreed, for what else could I do? I'm so terrified that she'll demand another raise or leave."

"Let her leave, then!" said Cyrilla. "First she refuses to do the washing; then you give her two raises ——"

Mrs. Sheldon had the good nature that frequently goes with blond plumpness, but she occasionally liked to point out to her child that she had much to learn.

"It's all very well for you," she said, "with nothing to do and no responsibilities. You wouldn't have to look for the new girl or break her in. Oh, yes—and as if Kate wasn't enough to stand, the washerwoman telephoned this morning that she couldn't work any longer at the old price. She must have two dollars and a half a day if she is to keep coming here Mondays and Tuesdays. And poor

old Miss Archer was in this afternoon, crying. With that houseful of students she only makes just a little each year. And now her cook demands such a raise that Miss Archer won't come out even if she pays it. I tell you, Cyrilla, it's a good thing I have that two thousand a year of my own. Your father doesn't know it, but for months I've had to add more and more of it to the housekeeping allowance. Really if the cost of living goes up much more ——"

It was the old old story which millions of people have been telling the world of late. Cyrilla listened silently as she helped her mother get supper, but all the time she was thinking, "Peter has only a thousand a year."

There was a shuffling of paternal house slippers in the library, the sound of noisy brogans on the side porch and high-heeled shoes in the front hall, and the Sheldon family entered the dining room; father, mother, Cyrilla, beautiful young Elsie—no need for Mrs. Sheldon to worry about a husband for her—and young Ned. Cyrilla found herself looking at them all for the first time in the terms of expense. Her father had six thousand a year as superintendent of county schools, and she knew that he saved very little, after keeping up his endowment policy.

When the meal was over and Cyrilla had helped her mother wash the dishes she went upstairs and changed into a blue dress. It deepened the color of her eyes. She hoped Peter would like it.

When she went downstairs again her mother said: "Why don't you go to the piano and practice that new music, dear? There is nothing to my mind more attractive than a nice-looking girl at a piano, even if she hasn't much of a voice."

Cyrilla smiled, her fingers on the keys. Then she blushed a painful red. The music was a lure, whether she had thought of it consciously or not. Night after night her mother had sent her to the piano, and night after night just as some youth rang she would be singing The Sunshine of Your Smiles or I Love You Truly or Madelon. Then the youth would come in and ask her to please go back to the piano.

She would sing for half an hour, at the end of which time a certain sentimental atmosphere would be induced.

Cyrilla rose abruptly and picked up a book. What good would a light pleasant singing voice be to Peter, who had only a thousand dollars a year? If she could earn money with it —— She tried to lose herself in reading. Presently the door opened and a pretty, rather weary-looking girl entered.

"'Lo, Cyrill," she said. "I thought I would come in, as you are alone, unless you are expecting —"

"Do come in, Julia. I'm not expecting a soul. I've just been reading. We'll go into the library with the others."

"Oh, for pity's sake, don't let's go in there! My sister May's telling your mother her tale of woe. I'm sick of hearing it. She wants to see if your mother will buy her electric washing machine, but your mother doesn't seem to want it. May and Jim are going to give up their house and live in three rooms. Fine life, with two children! But what can they do on eighteen hundred a year? He's taught in the university for four years, and that's all he gets. Well, it'll be easier for May—only I don't call it living."

"After All, What are We But Pioneers? We're Not Afraid"

They sat down again and Cyrilla asked: "Where have you been? I've not seen you for a day or two."

"I've been in bed for three days," Julia said.

"Sick, my dear?"

"Oh, heartsick!" said Julia. It's about Will. He and I have the example of May and Jim before us. We've about concluded that we'll have to give it up. We've been engaged four years, and we're no nearer marrying than we were."

"Oh, Julia Starrett! Can't you wait?"

"What's the good of waiting? First his mother was sick and he had all those bills to pay, and this summer the funeral bills. Then the cost of living soared. His old bank job pays fifteen hundred a year. We can't marry on that and heaven only knows when he'll get a raise."

"Poor Julie! I don't see how you can break off with him."

"I can't if I stay in town. It isn't as if I had a home of my own. Aunt Minnie either wants me to get married or go to work. But what work can I do that I'm fit for without losing face? The only thing that I do well is baking and embroidering. I am thinking of going West to visit my cousins. Maybe I'll pick up a man there."

"Oh, Julia!" Cyrilla protested.

"Sounds vulgar, I know, but I'm pretty hopeless."

Cyrilla had a quick vision of Julia coming back from the West still unmarried. She could see her doing some sort of pinched ladylike work, living in a boarding house or perhaps living with May and Jim to help make their ends meet, going out less and less, becoming at last a dull old maid. She could see Will living in another boarding house, at first a handy bachelor for each new set of young people, and at last cast aside as a funny little old man. It wasn't a very alluring picture.

"After all, Julie," Cyrilla said, "fifteen hundred isn't nothing. It's a good deal more than a thousand, for instance. It's only three hundred dollars less than Jim and May have, and they support two children."

"And look at poor May—ailing, a drudge ——"

Cyrilla reflected that if poor May in her girlhood had taken proper exercises and kept sensible hours and eaten sensibly she would be strong enough to do the work of her family without calling herself a drudge.

"Will has too much chivalry," went on Julia, "to let me live like a workman's wife. He says he owes that much to me. He won't allow us to be declassed."

Cyrilla murmured something sympathetic. It all sounded false somewhere. Honest love ought to bring with itself some means of realization. There ought to be a way, if people were ready to find it. Julia Starrett and Will Brownell couldn't deeply care if they gave up so easily.

(Continued on Page 90)

"Some Day We Can Build a House Here. We Could Cut This Land Into Three or Maybe Four Lots!"

THE DEAR ECCENTRIC

IV

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

ALL the same, I'm afraid that poor Jeannot hasn't a ghost of a chance," I said to Martha as we walked back to the house in our peignors. "It would be hard enough for an obscure person with a face like that to get away, but when it's been thrown on the screen before millions and millions of people for two or three years with close-ups and then advertised in every paper in the country and a reward offered I should say that he might just as well have drowned and been done with it."

"He might have if anybody but Mr. Malluc had taken him in charge," she answered.

"Well, but what can Malluc do?" I asked.

"He'll manage it somehow," she answered. "I don't believe that anybody knows what Mr. Malluc can't do."

"What makes you think him such a miracle man?"

"Because he is," she answered. "We mustn't say a word about this, Dick—not even to Len."

"Of course not," I answered. "We are all three of us guilty of giving aid and comfort to a fugitive from military justice—and I'm glad of it.

"Malluc's taking a bit of a chance," I went on. "If they should happen to meet anybody there's almost sure to be talk, especially as Jeannot's in just such a rig as he usually appears in on the screen—long wet hair and a sort of half-drowned, half-scared aspect. Nobody who ever goes to the movies at all could possibly fail to spot him."

"You didn't."

"Well, I would have in a minute. One scarcely looks to see a million-dollar movie star dragged out of the sea in real life."

"What would they do to Mr. Malluc for helping him escape?" she asked.

"Jail him, I suppose. They probably would not, though. Everybody loves Jeannot and would be glad to see him get away. I wish for Malluc's sake he hadn't landed right here."

Martha clasped her hands suddenly against her bosom and looked at me with so wild a face I was startled.

"I wish that he'd—that I'd ——" She checked herself, biting her lip.

Her face was white, her gray eyes blazing. Her swimming cap had been knocked off by the surf, and her heavy chestnut hair, which was the sort made wavy by the water, was tumbled about her ears and cascading down over her shoulders. Her sheer beauty nearly took my breath away. I could never have conceived that this prim, well-ordered Puritan girl could possibly look like that. Then I wondered why she should. What difference could it possibly make to her if this mysterious, self-confident neighbor, who after all was acting only from the best motives of human kindliness, should see fit to run a risk of helping a poor devil of a convicted soldier whom he had just hauled out of the sea at what would have been to most people a frightful risk? It was impossible to believe that Martha, with all her tremendous reserve, natural and hereditary, could so quickly have formed such a powerful infatuation as to make her look like a Brunhild who had just said good-by to a Wotan.

She awed me a little, so that I changed the subject and babbled along unheard.

"You'd better wind up your hair," I said as we neared the house. "You look as if something tragic had happened yourself."

Martha shot me a suspicious look.

"Well, it was all pretty dreadful," she said. "And as I told you, I'm a very well-ordered person and try to avoid emotional things."

"I don't believe you," I answered with a smile. "I think I'm beginning to find you out."

Again Martha checked some sudden burst of speech. We went on in silence to the house and I padded up to my room, much puzzled and inclined to wonder what she could be hiding from me. An hour later when I met her at the breakfast table she was the same serene, unruffled Puritan maid that she had always been, without a lock awry, and I wondered still more.

The day passed pleasantly enough. Some neighbors came for luncheon, young people much of the Hobarts' sort, and we played tennis, then came up on the terrace for tea. There was a dance that evening at the country club, but none of Malluc's household was there. I asked Len if he was a member.

"No," he answered. "I wanted him to join, but he declined, saying that he knew nothing about golf and was too old to learn and horribly busy and Suzy shy and their guests invariably quiet people who came to them to rest and talk highbrow stuff. It was plain enough he didn't want to be bothered, and it's a pity, as a lot of people want to meet him, partly out of curiosity and partly because he looks so deuced interesting and attractive. I must say I've never met a man to whom I felt so drawn at first sight—and then afterward."

"How about Suzy?" I asked.

He drew down the corners of his mouth.

"The attraction's all one-sided there," he said. "She's not like her father in that respect. Sometimes I think she's madly jealous of him—never takes her eyes off him when he's round—but then she's just a kid."

I danced several times with Martha, who was easily the belle of the party but seemed nervous and distrait. We had a jolly evening, but somehow even while dancing I could not seem to forget the striking pictures of that morning; Malluc going out through the surf like a Whitehead torpedo, then standing on the beach with his big glistening arms folded on his deep chest and his kindly smiling face turned to us with a sort of godlike benignity as he asked our favor for the poor hounded fellow he had just rescued from the wrath of Oceanus and now declined to tender to the lesser mercy of his fellows.

We Reached the Spot Where the Slinking Fellow Had Disappeared and Found Footmarks in the Sandy Loam

Just as I had expected, the morning papers were filled with the escape of Jeannot, or Johnny Jones as he was known to the American public. He had been under guard in the ship's brig and had escaped by the simple means of making a sudden break for liberty and getting to the main deck and whipping over the rail before anybody could stop him. It was about midnight, with the ship rolling heavily. They had hove to and lowered a boat to look for him. But it was still blowing pretty hard and no trouble for a good swimmer to give them the slip.

Though admitting that he might have been drowned, few doubted but that he had managed to fetch the shore, and everybody hoped that he had. Knowing about when he might be expected to fetch up if he succeeded in making it—and there seemed no reason to suppose that a trained athlete in good condition whose specialty was swimming should not at that season—the whole region was to be closely combed. His portraits were published, of course, and there was not the slightest doubt expressed that so well-known a face could not long escape the apprehension of its owner.

Martha listened to our discussion with no hint of any personal interest. Len, rather to my surprise, took the attitude that anyone who had committed the offense of sleeping on outpost with such disastrous results should get full punishment.

He seemed in fact rather inclined to join in the man hunt.

Why is it, I wonder, that in a story or a play, unless the fugitive is an utter brute, everybody wants to see him get away, while in real life they get down the gun and loose the dogs—and his own neighbors lead the pursuit?

Len took Martha and a girl friend and myself out to troll for mackerel in his yawl. The fishing was good, but this scarcely seemed to me enough to account for Martha's sudden gayety. She acted like a person whose mind has been suddenly relieved of great anxiety, and for the first time since I had been there she seemed actually inclined to romp. Then as we were bowling along with a fresh breeze and our lines humming through the water we saw coming up astern in a shower of spray Malluc's converted chaser, or at least we saw the bale of snowy foam behind which was the yacht, for the wind was in the north and there was a tide rip just astern with the set of the current against the breeze. She passed close to us, running nearly at full speed, I should say, and Malluc and Suzy gave us a wave. None of his guests was visible, from which I concluded that there was only one of them aboard—and he a motion-picture comedian conspicuous for a prominent nose, the ears of an angry elephant and a squint in the left eye. I had not the slightest doubt but that Malluc was transporting him to some place of safety—Nova Scotia, perhaps.

The same idea had apparently occurred to Martha, for her exuberance of spirits increased. In fact I suspected her of having already known that Malluc was going to get Jeannot out of the place and that this accounted for her behavior all day long. My pretty Puritan unquestionably knew her neighbor better than anybody supposed, and this opinion was clamped on the inside when presently I went below and found her examining the chart.

"Tell me, Dick," said she, "would a military prisoner be extraditable?"

"Not from a neutral country in time of war," I answered, "but I'm afraid that an Allied colony would give him up if asked. It might take a lot of doing, though.

"In any case I shouldn't worry. Malluc probably knows what he is about."

She seemed satisfied with this, and I was inclined to believe that her anxiety was less for Jeannot than for Malluc's possibly getting mixed up in the affair.

That night after dinner as Len and I were smoking on the terrace he suggested that we stroll over to Malluc's for a little call.

"I'd like to have you get acquainted with him, Dick," said he.

"Please Don't Think I'm Trying to Show Off. I Don't Consider This a Test of Strength or a Trick"

"But he's gone off in his boat," I answered.

"He's back. I saw the chaser coming in just after dark. I can always tell her by her lights. They're more intense than those of other vessels. Have to be on account of her high speed. It's pretty dark in the scrub. We'd better take a couple of blinkers."

He stepped into the coat closet and took two of the electric torches kept there for general use, pocketing one while I did the same. We were not far from the house when the butler came after us to tell Len that a Mr. Parker had called up on the telephone to say that he was running over and wanted to see him on business.

"Oh, bother!" said Len. "I'll have to see him, Dick. It's about some more land we are taking on for the country club. You go on over and I'll follow later. Malluc will be all alone, as everybody turns in early, and you'll have a chance for a real buzz."

I was rather glad of this opportunity, being intensely curious to know what Malluc had done with Jeannot, in whom I felt the affectionate interest which most of us have for an actor or writer or singer-humorist who has given us many good laughs when we are feeling let down. So I agreed and set off alone, having no difficulty in finding my way.

Reaching the house, I was shown into the library, a big comfortable room with quaint colonial furniture. The butler returned presently to say that Mr. Malluc was occupied at that moment but begged me to wait for half an hour as he desired to see me. So I assented and when the man had gone stepped through the long French window onto a sort of rounded portico with big wooden columns, and was standing in the shadow of one of these enjoying the soft night air when I heard a faint rustle on the gravel path beneath and saw a dark figure, that of a woman, passing to the rear of the house. Her head was just above the level of the flooring and at that moment she passed the window, when the light of the tall reading lamp struck for an instant on her face and I saw to my astonishment that it was Martha.

The shock of amazement was about the most disagreeable I have ever received. My esteem for Malluc, his forceful charm, fell with a sodden thud and with it my tremendous admiration for Martha. Here seemed to be a clandestine intrigue unworthy of all the girl's traditions. With this came a sense of responsibility to her brother and their parents, misplaced perhaps on my part, but one of those imperative instincts which one sometimes acts upon without reflection. If this smooth and fascinating stranger was in a way to take advantage of the infatuation with which I already suspected he had inspired the girl I wanted to know about it and if possible put a spike through the affair before serious damage was done. This explanation I offer as an honest reason for what must sound like an ungentlemanly proceeding on my part. As Martha turned the corner of the rotunda I slipped softly down the steps, my rubber-soled shoes making no sound. Then to my astonishment I found that she had not passed on to the rear of the house, but had stopped within a corner of the lattice just under the porch. She was not ten feet away as I peered round wondering what on earth she could be doing there, and at that moment what seemed to be a door in the lattice swung open, then closed behind her.

"Worse and worse," I groaned inwardly. "Martha, of all persons, to do a thing like this! She must be out of her mind. She must not be let."

I waited a moment, then tried the lattice door, which was secured by a button inside and opened without difficulty, letting me into a roomy space under a projecting part of the house which was apparently an addition built out from the main structure. At the end of this I saw a glow of light which came through a small square basement window in the stone foundation. Making my way silently to this, I looked in upon an astonishing spectacle.

Below me was a basement room such as might be used for servants' quarters. The walls were freshly kalsomined and the floor covered with new linoleum. In the middle under a strong electric luster was a long kitchen table on which a leather boat cushion had been laid, and on this Jeannot was stretched out.

Beside him stood a young man in a white gown. Malluc similarly clad was taking some instruments from a sterilizer—an asparagus cooker it looked to be—on an oil stove and placing them in a basin of solution, and standing beside a night table by the patient's head Martha was adjusting a chloroform inhaler.

The solution of this outrageous tableau flashed immediately upon my mind. They were going to change Jeannot's face. The operator was probably a plastic surgeon who might have done such work in military hospitals. Martha I knew to be a graduate nurse of the Massachusetts General Hospital, and she also had rendered professional service during the war. Malluc must have told her that morning what he proposed to do and asked her to lend a hand. No doubt he had let her in under the portico.

They all seemed amazingly cheerful about it, even Jeannot, who wore a slightly frightened grin. Their voices were distinctly audible through the loose window.

"I'm not only going to alter your phiz, my boy," said the surgeon, "but I intend to make a handsome man of you. One snip of the tendon will straighten that squint and by incising an ellipse behind your ears I can set them back as snug as those of a cat in a fight."

"That beak will need a lot of fixing, though," said Jeannot. "How about the scar?"

"There's not going to be any scar. I shall take off a strip of bridge through the nostril. You will have a moderately short and absolutely straight nose. Of course all this is going to put you out of business as a funny man."

"I'm glad of it," said Jeannot. "I've always hated clown stuff anyhow, and I've got the goods to put the romantic-hero rôles across. Believe me, this thing of being a human caricature gets mighty tedious!"

"Well," said the doctor, "I'll guarantee that when we get through with you your own mother not only won't know you but you couldn't even persuade her that you are you. By Jove, though, how about your property?"

"Oh, that's all right, doctor," Jeannot answered. "The real estate's in my wife's name and the rest a joint account. She'd never double-cross me, and if she did I wouldn't want to live anyhow."

"What you'll have to do, Jeannot," said Malluc, "is to have her get a divorce, then meet you somewhere and marry you over again as somebody else."

Jeannot chuckled.

"Say, that'll be some party for her, won't it? She always said: 'Oh, Johnny, what a husband you'd be if it wasn't for that face!' I'll say she didn't marry me for my looks, folks. It took her a solid year to get used to my beak, and even then I was never quite sure. Don't think that this is any hardship for me. I may have a million-dollar face, but take it from me it ain't good enough."

"Oh, look here," said Malluc, "they didn't finger-print you, did they?"

"No, they probably counted on doing that when they put me away in Leavenworth."

"Because even if they did," said Malluc, "we could fool 'em. I've got stamps—brands that change the whorls."

I pricked up my ears. So this was not the first time that Malluc had done this sort of thing! Could it be possible, I wondered, that he made a profession of assisting criminals to escape the law? Was that the secret of his mysterious establishment?

"Well," said Malluc, "I think we're all ready, doctor."

Martha in a quite businesslike way anointed Jeannot's nose and lips with some vaseline, then moistened the inhaler. I turned and went silently away, my head in a whirl. I scarcely knew what to think. From one point of view Malluc's whole proceeding was very wrong, though from another it seemed infinitely generous and humane.

It was even more difficult to pass judgment on his involving Martha with the affair. To be sure, she was no inexperienced young girl, and she had taken an active part in Jeannot's rescue, while as a trained nurse her skilled assistance was of great advantage. The danger of any legal difficulty rising was practically nil, though on the

(Continued on Page 82)

LET THAT PASS

By Grace H. Flandrau

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE young Duke of Worretsdown was not worried; he was merely put about. There were things about which he might well have worried; so, characteristically, he did not do so. On the other hand there was really no reason why he should have been put about; but he was. So much so that when he turned away from the Corinthian marble pillars of the Dillingsby Potts' front door after learning that Sylvia could not—would not, he told himself—receive him he boarded a Fifth Avenue bus in a spirit of sheer self-martyrdom. Ordinarily he would have dropped into one of Dickie Bateman's clubs for a game of squash. He hated grinding along in a public vehicle doing nothing, and with nothing to think about—it always seemed to Terry there never was any beastly thing to think about. But pique flung him to the top of the bus as when a child pique had flung him from the candlelit gayety of a children's party into outer darkness because he was not permitted to eat all of the frosted cake and none of the rice pudding.

It was a horrid day—one of those spring days that make you wish winter lasted all the year round. A dry hurricane tore at legs and hats and drove fine dust and pieces of straw into weeping eyes. A derisive sun shed a bright cold glare upon the gay attire it had falsely lured out of winter seclusion. The top of the bus was not densely populated. A woman in a prehistoric bead wrap and plumed toque, with a face like a shriveled turnip and a straw-colored wig—one of those inexplicable relics New York occasionally exhumes—occupied one front seat and Terry took the other.

Moroseness sat upon his blithe pink countenance. Sylvia had spoiled his day. In the first place because he was deprived of the poignant ecstasy he experienced when in her presence, and in the second place because when a chap has had his mind made up to do a certain thing a chap cannot at a moment's notice turn round and think up something entirely different. She had distinctly told him to come that afternoon and to come early, and he had had every reason to believe that from three-thirty on he would be seated on a divan of ivory-colored brocade beside an exquisite being who, besides looking and smelling like a garden of pink lilies, would also do all the talking, discoursing, he found, in a manner at once diverting and easy to follow. Terry was monosyllabic himself, nor was he a very good listener when the conversation took—as it often seemed to—the form of saying, "My dear Mr. Selwyn"—he did not yet make use of the title which had come to him so recently—"just what is the spiritual effect of the war in England?"

Sylvia's conversation did not follow these lines. Sylvia would turn a flawless face to his—after minute study he had been able to pronounce it flawless—unveil her radiant eyes, tilt an ivory chin, and from wickedly sweet lips the request would reach him not to be an idiot about the way she looked in blue.

Terry sighed deeply. He wondered why Simpkins had dared to tell him Sylvia was ill. No one who looked like her ever had been or would be ill. If he had known that the Hornaday Potts—who had two plain daughters—had succeeded, though keeping well within the limits of verbal propriety, in conveying to the Dillingsby Potts—who had Sylvia; of course she was only a niece—that they were sorry to see the vulgar comedy of an American heiress buying an impoverished English nobleman repeat itself in their family, he would have supposed that perhaps this innuendo had closed the Pott portals that afternoon. If so he would have been wrong. The Dillingsby Potts were quite impervious to the slings and arrows of the Hornaday Potts. They enjoyed them. They were buoyed and inspired by them as the pack is inspired by the winding of the horn. No; it was entirely a maneuver of Sylvia's. She liked Terry, liked dukes and liked proposals. Not that she always accepted the proposals—she did so very seldom, in fact. But Terry, it seemed to her, was not coming up to the scratch. She was an impatient minx and liked things to move along. So she began to take steps.

Now, contrary to the great American creed that to be a poor nobleman is to be a fortune-hunting crook, Terry in some cloudy region where instinct did his thinking for him felt that the depressing reports about his heritage constituted some sort of barrier between himself and Sylvia. He had inherited several expensive titles, a set of castles, town houses and shooting boxes, which it was thought would not sell for as much as their mortgages, and five thousand pounds. Five thousand pounds a few weeks before would have seemed as good as a feast to Terry, but matched with the Sylvian millions it was emphatically not enough. Yet it was all he had or would ever have—indeed it was a great deal more than he soon would have at the rate with which New York knocked the daylights out of a letter of credit.

However, let it not be supposed that Terry was turning all this over in his mind as he rumbled along in the April wind above the heads of Fifth Avenue. He was turning nothing over in his mind. He was merely sulking.

Just then the bus started with a jerk, and a young man tumbled onto the seat and more or less onto the lap of Terry. The various displeasures of the day concentrated upon the newcomer.

"What the devil—I say, did you just fall into my seat or do you expect to sit here? There are plenty of vacant seats, you know."

"I don't like vacant seats," said the other.

"I do!" snapped Terry.

"I should say," replied the strange young man earnestly, studying Terry's face, "that they were almost vacant when you were in 'em."

"Now what the deuce do you mean by that?" said Terry, much puzzled.

An unexpectedly agreeable smile swept the countenance of the young man. "How extraordinarily delightful! Look here, don't let's quarrel."

Sylvia Liked Terry, Liked Dukes and Liked Proposals

"I don't intend to quarrel with you," said Terry. "I don't intend to have anything to do with you. Why should I? I don't know you or anything about you. I want you to get out of my seat."

"Aren't you bored?"

"I will be if you don't ——"

"Oh, no. You will be if I do. Of course you're bored. Everyone is bored on top of Fifth Avenue busses except school-teachers and brides and grooms. And as you are single and in love ——"

"How do you know?" said Terry in spite of himself.

"That you are in love? Because you're young, healthy and thoughtless—but wait. I am none of those things"—being so very young he would naturally say this—"and yet I am in love, too, so let us say you are male and unmarried, and consequently you are in love. And being handsome, English and upper class, of course, you have only the *embarras de choix* to trouble you."

"Are you mad?" inquired Terry in some bewilderment.

"I am a poet," the other replied with a lofty gesture.

He tore off his cap, and his longish dark hair, which was slicked back from a Shaksperean brow, rose as one man and streamed along the wind.

"Put your hat on," said Terry. "You look no end of a rotter with that awful hair. Why don't you cut it off?"

"I shall not surrender my liberty to the Delilah of convention!" cried the poet. "However"—more moderately—"I will put on my hat. Only the English aristocrat," he added, regarding Terry appreciatively, "can retain, in spite of barbers, bowler hats and long pants, the allure of a pagan god. It is the centuries of physical selection, they tell us. However, let that pass. The point is that it rests with you whether I have a destination or do not have one."

"My good fellow, I have already told you that I have nothing whatever to do with you. In fact I don't like you, so why ——"

"You will like me in time. Everyone comes to it—except, indeed, Yolanda. But pardon me if I insist on returning to the point at issue. I never drink alone. We are approaching Ninety-first Street. There is near by a small Italian shop kept by a Swede. The front of the shop is devoted to the sale of ravioli and Parmesan cheese. But there is a little back room where, illicitly and to a chosen few, he dispenses a small stock of Swedish gin and a few flagons of old, old port. Now, owing to the behavior of a mindless wench whom I adore I am low—very low. I—in short, I want a drink."

Terry had been amply supplied with cocktails and Scotches in club bedrooms, with sauternes and champagne at smart dinner tables, but at the mention of port many centuries of lordly two-bottle forbears awakened and called aloud. He descended from the roof of the bus in the wake of the thirsty poet.

"My name," said the young man, filling Terry's glass, "is Simonetti—the 'i' pronounced 'e' as in 'beef.' I am remotely an Italian. I should not have ventured, otherwise, to become a poet. Her odious parent," he added, frowning, "persists in calling me Simon—'i' as in 'pike'—and omitting the penultimate and ultimate syllables."

"Mine is Selwyn," said Terry, raising the glass to his nose. "By Jove, this is a bit of all right, what?"

They drank.

"Yes," the poet admitted; "it is a sound wine." He refilled his glass and drained it again. "If Yolanda could be with me only when the radiance of this bottled Spanish sunshine first illumines my soul—I say first and repeat first—that is important. 'There is a tide in the affairs of drink which taken at the flood'—you know; a high golden moment when the fluid matter of the spirit becomes free, triumphant, irresistible! If she could know me at such moments, and only at such moments, I could charm even that pygmy soul."

"Don't you like her what d'ye-call-it?" inquired Terry, inclined to graciousness by the third glass, but avoiding the word "soul," whose use, except as an expletive, was offensive to him.

Simonetti ran his slender fingers through his mop of hair, gazing at Terry admiringly.

"You have said it! Her 'what-do-you-call-it!' You are right, she has no soul. She has no mind. She can scarcely read or write. She has no heart. She wouldn't give ten cents to a starving child. And," he groaned,

"I haven't seen her for three days! She torments me. She is the daughter of a Borgian pope and a Medici queen—and she talks through her nose!"

Terry laughed loudly. He felt as if he were at the play. This was an amusing fellow.

"You know you're uncommonly like a chap I met once in London—no end of a clever beggar, he was. I don't recall his name just now or where it was I met him, but I assure you he was deucedly amusing. More amusing than you are, you know, but rather like you. You really must look him up next time you cross over."

"I shall have no trouble in finding him, I'm sure," said the other sardonically, "from what you tell me. Especially if he's funnier than I am."

"Not so queer, perhaps," said Terry earnestly, "but funnier, I should say. Oh, distinctly."

"Your frankness," Simonetti observed, "is only equaled by your capacity for getting things wrong. I am not a clown. I'm a poet. I have no traffic with humor. My blank-verse tragedy in five acts has just gone through its twelfth refusal. But let that pass. As I said at the beginning, do not let us quarrel. I have a favor to ask of you."

"Right-o!" exclaimed Terry heartily. With the eighth glass of port an immense affection for Simonetti had smitten him. "With the greatest pleasure, old bean, I assure you. With more than pleasure, old son, but, I say, with—with pleasure, old ——"

"Let that pass," Simonetti said hastily. "What I am asking is a small thing. As I told you, I haven't seen her for three days. Indeed she expressed when we parted the earnest hope that I should never see her again. She could not, she remarked, bear me. And her temper is such that I have hesitated to disregard her wishes. Now this is where you come in. She is crazy about swells. I suspect that you are a lord. Please don't tell me whether you are or not, for I shall introduce you as Lord Selwyn anyway. A delightful name, by the way. Smacks of Boswell days and White's. You see if you will consent to go with me I shall be admitted to the presence and can spend at least one more hideous half hour watching her eat French pastry without getting lip salve on the whipped cream." He looked at Terry's watch. "This is her hour for French pastry."

"Isn't it a bit late?" suggested Terry hopefully.

"It is not. She will just about have got back from the movies. They live at the Balldorf."

"Who are they?" inquired Terry, clutching for the remains of the port.

"Miss Yolanda Spangle and father, of Horn Hollow, Idaho. She looks like Duse in mourning for an emperor or something."

All this was not reassuring to Terry. In a confused way he was aware of not being especially anxious to undertake the acquaintance of the Borgian Duse of Horn Hollow. He had understood nothing of what had been said about her, but it had intimidated him. He felt, in spite of the port that he had drunk, that it was all confoundedly odd. But because of the port he was in a yielding mood and in the course of time he found himself seated with Simonetti in the lobby of the Balldorf.

"She's sure to be in the tea room under a palm drinking tea, which she hates," said Simonetti nervously. "We could have walked right in and found her, but it was distinctly preferable for us to be announced—Mr. Arthur Simonetti and Lord Selwyn."

"I've told you," Terry remarked irritably, "that I am not Lord Selwyn!"

"I didn't hear you," said the poet; "and now it's too late."

"Look here, I think I'll just be off ——"

"No, no!" Simonetti grabbed him. "Not now, after you've been announced. It would ruin me! Besides, you should meet the Spangles." He talked rapidly, vehemently, as one would frantically shake a rattle to divert a child who threatened to cry. "Did you ever know a Western promoter, mining promoter—gold-brick artist, two-gun man, horse thief, millionaire? Sell you anything from the Lord's Prayer written on a poppy seed to a rubber plantation in Java?"

Out of the deluge Terry distinguished only the last phrase.

"Do you mean India rubber, my dear fellow? D'you mean the chap's got an India-rubber place? Because I knew a chap who'd got one and he got no end of money out of it—but heaps and ——"

"Charlie Spangle has India-rubber places and silver places and gold places and any kind of a place that decayed gentlewomen will bury the last nickel of their husbands' life insurance in."

But Terry was not listening.

Besides Yolanda There Were Her Father, the Poet and Terry, With His Blond Good Looks and Unmistakable Air

"And this chap, you know," he went on, "had such a deuce of a lot of money—all out of India rubber, you understand—that when he'd got his leg shot off the chaps all said ——"

Then the arrival of the page, and what the chaps had said was never disclosed. Miss Spangle, he reported, was having tea in the Palm Room, and they were to step that way. They did so, and under a group of palms in a corner they came upon Yolanda. There was a small tea table set for one, and back of it on a low reclining chair reposed a sinuous black-clad figure. A long delicately rounded arm terminating in a hand of startling whiteness lay supinely along the arm of the chair, and a smoldering cigarette dangled from between two white fingers. The dress was cut rather low, revealing a perfect neck, about which hung a necklace of heavy pearls. White and black. White and black. Her hair was as black, blacker than her dress, a lustrous blue black; and her skin was white and thick like a camelia. In the midst of this desolation blossomed a beautiful red mouth like a peony in a snowdrift. Slowly she raised her eyes.

"My eye!" exclaimed Terry to himself, suddenly glad he came; "she has eyes like a blooming wildcat. If she looks at me like that I'll choke her, I'll elope with her, I'll lose my mind!"

Then she spoke. "Aren't you going to introduce your friend, Arthur?"

At the sound of her voice Terry was quite certain he would never elope with her.

Simonetti introduced them. "Yolanda, Lord Selwyn; Miss Spangle."

"Charmed to meet you Lord Selwyn," she drawled "Sit down over here, right near me. I don't care where you sit, Arthur. I wish you'd go way."

"I shall sit where I can look at you, and if possible not hear you," he replied crossly, pulling a chair round to the opposite side of the table.

Miss Spangle returned to Terry. "I'm just crazy," she observed, "about William A. Poole; aren't you?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"William A. Poole. He's playing in Back From Hell at the Garrick. I've just come from there. It is"—she lifted the cigarette to her lips, half closing her eyes—"it is one of the most somber screen dramas I have ever seen. I like somber things. My temperament is such that I crave it—them. I mean to say the somber ——"

"You don't like my tragedy," interpolated the poet.

Her great golden eyes hedged with black revolved to Simonetti.

"I don't like anything about you. You are never serious. You are a buffoon. No"—she lay back, turning a splendid shoulder upon Simonetti, half closing her eyes and addressing herself to Terry—"smiles annoy me, laughter bores me, jokes infuriate me. Do you know, you remind me of William A. Poole?"

"Bah!" snarled the poet.

While this inexplicable dialogue was going on Terry decided that her nose was a classic poem, and her lashes as thick and drooping as pine branches, though he did not put it to himself in quite those words. Meanwhile Miss Spangle continued to speak of William A. Poole, and her monologue threatened to be eternal. She addressed herself exclusively to Terry, ignoring Simonetti. The former, whose blue gaze wandered idly about the room, had not the

(Continued on Page 162)

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 17, 1920

Call for a Leader

THE God-sakers of this country—those numerous people who view the present and every other situation with tearful alarm, wringing their hands and with sobbing emotion exhorting their neighbors "For God's sake do something!" which is the limit of their corrective endeavor—are of the opinion, as may be gathered, that what we really need is a man on horseback to lead us to political and economic stability; a man on horseback; some gallant and inspiring and eloquent chevalier who can rouse us to resultful action.

It is time to herd these febrile foozlers into the large room to the left and tap them for the simples. What this country does not need is a man on horseback. What this country does need is a man on foot.

It is true enough that a real leader could, overnight, gather in his train and support a great number of Americans who have let go the political adherences they formerly had because they have found there is no health in either of the existing political parties; but no man on horseback, galloping into the national arena with trumpet blaring and banner flying, is fitted to lead them to the place they must go to secure consideration for their political needs and benefits for their crying wants.

What is demanded by the situation is a man on foot; a man sturdily and steadily walking down the middle of the road, with his feet on the ground, his eye clear, his vision unimpaired and forward-looking, his mind unencumbered with theory and his thought unclouded with a mushy utopianism or an alien radicalism—an American who understands, feels, knows the needs of America and America's vast people as they exist to-day, who understands European conditions and can pilot America safely through new channels, and who has the courage and ability to enforce necessary remedies.

Is there such a man? Not among these fustian favorite sons who are deafening the ears of the people with their self-asserted claims for consideration; not among the purely political candidates who clamor of their own virtues and seek to secure support on what they say rather than on what they do; not in the lists of those the bosses are setting forth as able for the job.

The right man must have the courage to cut loose; the determination to walk with the people and refuse the obsequious offer of the bosses to give him rides on the old machines; the vision to see clearly into the future and the nerve to shake off the entangling alliances of the past. Judging by his past performances and present utterances, Herbert Hoover seems to fit the specifications and the specifications seem to fit Herbert Hoover.

What Makes a College?

EVERY man who is interested in higher education has his own ideas as to what goes to make a good college. President Garfield, a loyal son of Williams, thought that a boy at one end of a plank and Mark Hopkins at the other comprised all the essentials of an institution of higher learning.

Other persons who have given thought to the matter have usually drafted more elaborate specifications. Most of them have included the boy. Nearly all have had a deal to say about the plank, so far as it typifies lecture halls, laboratories, dormitories, libraries and gymnasiums; but not infrequently they have laid but very little stress upon the Mark Hopkins, or teaching, element.

This is demonstrated by the liberality with which rich men supply funds for athletic fields and college buildings and the reluctance with which they give money to be spent for professors' salaries. Nor are these feelings unnatural. If a man settles a hundred thousand dollars upon his old college for the purpose of endowing a chair of history it will be named after him in the college catalogue; but in most cases he will feel less satisfaction than as if he had spent the same amount of money to build a library which has his name neatly chiseled in the granite architrave over the entrance. A sturdy building seems far more substantial than two lines in a college catalogue.

Yet architecture is by no means the most enduring of monuments. What college dormitory, for example, will be standing when the names and teachings of Plato and Aristotle are forgotten? These men were professors, teachers of the young; but after twenty-odd centuries their voices are still heard and their philosophies still mold the minds of men. Theirs were such academies as Mr. Garfield had in mind when he uttered his whimsical epigram—teacher, pupils and a place in a quiet garden or not too noisy market place; immortal truths in simple settings.

College buildings have had their day as memorials to munificent and successful men, and a fruitful, needful day it has been; presently the professors will have their day, and givers of great gifts will think as much about the souls of colleges as an earlier generation thought about their bodies. Not all the beauty of classical architecture, be it never so chaste, nor all the splendor of Gothic arch and vault and tracery can make a veritable college; for colleges are not inanimate things of brick and mortar, stone and glass, but are, in their essence, made of the spirit of those who teach and of those who learn within their walls.

Defects of Enterprise

WITHIN the last couple of years nearly four thousand new oil companies have been organized in this country, and no doubt many of them already represent only blasted hopes and worthless paper. The bright aspiration and fine enthusiasm which led to the promotion of many of these concerns and induced the contribution of money from investors have already, in too many cases, gone a-glimmering. In another year the mortality rate will be even greater.

Such is one of the admitted evils of free, unrestricted private enterprise. There is loss, waste and often an element of downright fraud. New industries and new processes are given a black eye by piratical pioneers. The inventor, the scientist and the organizer have an enormous prejudice to overcome because of the many previous failures of what look, to the cautious banker and investor, like similar ill-fated schemes. But the world is in dire need of oil and the four thousand new companies have sprung up in response to an urgent necessity. Better the loss and waste of enterprise than no ventures at all. Better a free play of initiative with all its faults than deadening inertia.

So far as the elements of actual fraud, crass ignorance and unpardonably poor judgment enter in, the free play of enterprise requires amendment. But we need it badly in a world whose wants have multiplied so rapidly. Until some other driving force equally powerful can be found to take its place we cannot get along without the spirit of business adventure. Certainly government has not yet developed any substitute if Franklin K. Lane, the retiring Secretary of the Interior, can be believed. According to him "trust, confidence, enthusiasm—these simple virtues of all great businesses—are the ones most lacking in government organization. The self-productive sense is developed abnormally, the creative sense atrophies."

Business should be cleaned up. The investor should be educated against taking foolish risks. Most small investors should steer clear entirely of new and untried schemes and schemers. But there are tens, indeed hundreds, of thousands of business operators equipped to assume risks. It will be a gloomy day for the country when people become so cautious and their actions so standardized that no one is willing to build a new machine or devise a new process or drill a new oil well—on a chance.

Providing for the Future

WE ARE all paying the price of the war in lessened convenience and comfort. The services which had come to be such an unnoticed but essential and integral part of our life are crippled. Central no longer answers promptly, hotel rooms are often unobtainable, the food in most of the expensive restaurants and clubs is poor, passenger trains are crowded and often slow, and freight sometimes arrives after our need for it has passed away. We are put to daily, almost hourly annoyance. But why?

If we follow this breakdown in service and comfort through to its cause we shall find a failure to provide for the future. Our material civilization has come to depend to an extent which few realize upon far-sighted provision for future needs on the part of industrial and technical leaders. Telephone companies studied the needs of communities fifteen years in advance, and were there ready with the capacity when the need arose. The more progressive railroads had building and improvement plans often ten years in advance. Every business enterprise with far-seeing leadership looks to the future, but the consumer blandly accepts instant telephone communication and a luxuriously appointed express train running on the dot as his natural rights, like air and sunshine.

To speak plainly, the war put a crimp into provision for future needs. Both materials and labor became scarce, almost unobtainable. The war itself absorbed much of them. New construction became prohibitive in price, and skilled mechanics to operate new machinery were put on ships and munitions instead. The effect was not felt at once, but we are right up against it now, just as a higher price for wool does not hit the buyer of a new suit of clothes until after it has passed through a manufacturing process occupying months.

Comfort and service are the end of a long, continuous chain which keeps dropping them into our laps for a little while after the chain has been broken. In the same way a city can live for a few days after a blizzard has cut off its supplies, but not for long. We have all seen water come out of a bathroom faucet for a moment or two after the master cut-off in the cellar has been shut. But the flow soon stops. The gap, the void is always farther back in the process.

But the comforts and the smooth service of to-morrow are what ought to concern us now. Spilt milk has long been considered poor cause for a grown man's grief. Here is more than a question of mere convenience and service. The very physical existence of a population as great and congested as that of western Europe and this country depends upon wise provision. Are we enlarging our railroad system so that coal and milk will continue to be delivered at our back door ten years from now? Will the postal and telephone systems of ten years hence take care of the needs of an increased population? There are a hundred such questions which anyone can ask. But who can answer them?

It takes energy, intelligence, training, experience and superlative courage—not to mention the command over

large funds and large organizations, in which loyalty and teamwork are unquestioned—to provide and anticipate future needs. Small men cannot do it. The rewards are never immediate. Popular applause and votes do not go to the man who sinks two million dollars of his own or other investors' money in a new warehouse. The organization of industry that fails to give us the courage, nerve and wisdom which look far ahead means the breakdown of most of what the western peoples of the world hold dear.

The Man and the Job

IT MAY be taken for granted that a man who has a lively interest in keeping his job—no matter what his motive may be—is far more useful to his employer and to himself than the worker who regards possible dismissal by a fair-minded boss with utter indifference.

For some time American industry has been manned to an unwholesome degree by workers of the latter sort. Labor of every sort has experienced all the exhilarating sensations of a seller in a seller's market. When demand exceeds supply sellers are not apt to be particular about giving full value either in quantity or in quality, whether of labor or merchandise. Underproduction and high labor cost have been the results. Manufacturers have unobtrusively passed the buck and have concealed in the same package a still larger buck designed to take care of the excess-profits tax. Hence the tears of consumers.

Employers everywhere and in every industry bemoan their unexampled labor turnover with the attendant expense and lost motion involved in breaking in green hands. The bond between man and job is as brittle as the marriage tie would be if any hot-tempered husband or overwrought wife could become instantly and lawfully divorced by the simple act of jumping over a broomstick or of throwing a pinch of salt on the floor. Neither industry nor society is in its best estate when the alliance between man and job or the partnership between man and woman is so readily severed.

If there were the slightest likelihood that the supply of life partners would be materially decreased in the near future the divorce courts would be far less busy than they are. There is no chance that such a calamity will befall us; but there is a decided probability that the day is not far off when there will be a slowing down in the demand for many lines of goods.

In the rosy flush of boom times the demand for labor seems as permanent as the Pyramids; but let the demand for it be reduced by one-tenth part and, almost overnight, boom times have become hard times, and a job is a thing to be nursed.

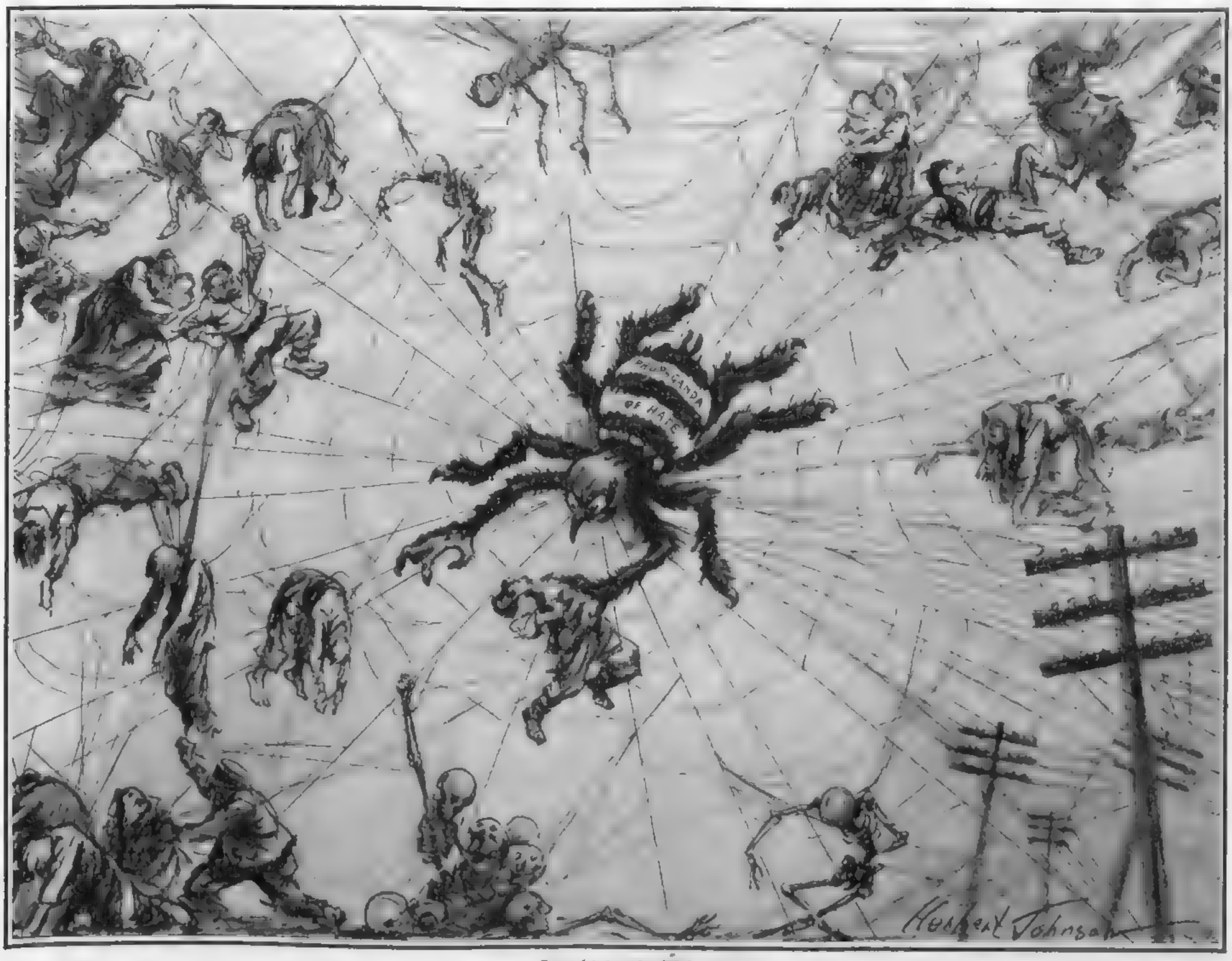
This is not a brief for the tyrannical employer, but for a square deal for the job itself, on the part of both him who works and him who pays. It is as much worth while for the man who works for himself as for him who works for another. A case in point is that of a successful scientist who is one of the sternest taskmasters in the country. There is one elderly man in his plant whom he has worked without mercy eighteen hours a day, year in and year out. No doubt he could make trouble for his employer if he chose to hold him up to execration; but he has never done so, perhaps for the reason that this veteran eighteen-hour man is Mr. Edison himself.

American Goods for Americans

MANY persons have read with concern the gloomy predictions of financial writers that low rates of foreign exchange—or, to view it from the European angle, the high cost of dollar exchange—would have an inevitable tendency to diminish our exports to Europe. This prediction has already been verified.

When quotations for dollar exchange become so high that they are lifted out of their appointed place in the financial column and are displayed upon the first page of the newspaper it is an infallible sign that our world trade is about to slow down.

That indeed is what is happening; but it does not follow that the country will suffer, in the long run, from an easing off of our abnormally swollen export trade. According to Dr. Edward S. Mead, who is a recognized authority on such subjects, ninety per cent of the people in the United States have not enough to eat and not enough clothes to wear because of the lavish manner in which this country has exported goods to Europe. Decreased exports from this country will have an irresistible tendency to lower commodity prices and thus to assist in an orderly deflation by making living cheaper. Europe, too, will benefit by the process, for it will act as a stimulus to the resumption of her own normal production.



Caught in the Web

B-FLAT BARTO

By Helen Topping Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

AT THE beginning of an uneasy winter he drifted into Clausenville looking for a job. He was the longest, leanest, saddest looking person that old Schimkofer, the superintendent of the Clausen Cutlery Company, had ever seen. His name was Barto Mumm. Schimkofer, who had bossed the big factory since old Henri Clausen I had ground blades on a little hand-powered wheel, looked at Barto Mumm, at his gangling hands and feet, at his long face shaped like the sole of a foot, with a pair of hollow brown eyes at the ball of the foot and a sad grin slashed across the heel.

A bristling, bullet-shaped little man, Schimkofer knew blades from the sooty lip of the welder's forge up through the water grinding and the emery grinding until they were honed and tested, each one a tinging steel bell of perfection. And just as surely as he knew blades did he know men. He sized up Barto Mumm as being neither an agitator nor a kicker and decided that he would take what was handed him meekly. So Schimkofer hired Barto and put him in the outside grinding.

The outside grinding was a hell in winter, always dripping above and standing wet below. The chill of it was the chill of a grave and the breath of it was the breath of a grave. Men went out of it, year after year, coughing, fevered, shaken, bitten to death by the clammy lip of it. No man who knew the works would take a job in it.

But Barto Mumm made no objection. He buckled on a leather apron, sodden and white with the gritty spittle of the wheel, sat down on a little stool in front of the huge looming stone that turned constantly in its bath of cold, dirty water, kicked a box of six-inch shear blades within reach and began to grind.

The great wheel flung water on him whenever a pitted or roughened area of it came round. The blades rasping on the white stone that fell and fell and fell continually between his knees sprayed his wrists and arms and face with a grayish gritty froth. His feet turned to ice on the cold stone floor. His arms ached with the relentless downward push of the wheel, which was always trying to thrust the little steel blade down with the weight of its seventeen tons of solid rock.

But Barto was undismayed. He brought two bricks and kept one heating in the toolmaker's furnace while he sat with his feet on the other. And as he ground he talked. He talked to everybody. He talked to those who waited to listen and to those who hurried on, heedless. He talked above the rumble and rasp of the stones to the Poles and Letts who manned the other wheels, and they flashed their eyes and teeth at him and said: "Ja—you bet!" When there was no one to listen Barto talked to himself. He even talked to Schimkofer, who grunted morosely. Never since the first blade had borne a Clausen brand had the factory known such a happy, high-powered conversationalist as Barto Mumm.

The shipping room promptly made a jest of Barto's surname, but the dark, sooted multitudes who swarmed down the outside iron stairway when the whistles blew did not laugh. A joke drifted innocuously over their swarthy heads, and it is doubtful if they would have laughed had they understood. For the sodden, rather sullen crew from the grim entrails of the plant, who smelled of rank grease and plating acids or were linted with the gray clinging tresses of the buffing wheels, liked Barto Mumm.

Thannie Frieseke, the hard-working assistant to the pay-roll clerk, found this out before Barto had been grinding outsides a week.

"Old Extra Dry Mumm over in the outside grinding—that long, hungry-looking guy with the twin-six vocal attachment—is making a hit with the bohunks," he remarked to Patsy Keoghn, the pay-roll clerk. "They like his gab. That surly Swanitz at the inside wheel actually grins. And Meri Vlad—you know that hunk woman that washes shears outside the inside polishing—the one with all her front teeth out? She takes him her time checks to figure. I been figuring them for two months—every pay day. Have to argue with her that eight hours is two-forty, with her cackling at me in Polack and spitting in my face every word. It sure is a relief. If Old Extra Dry can keep them piecework ers in the oil-tempering off of me I'll buy him a new record for his talking machine. He'll need it, too, the way he grinds the one he's got."

"What does he talk about?" inquired the pay clerk indifferently. He had thirteen days' time to figure for seventeen hundred pieceworkers. That meant working nights, and he hated working nights, especially on Tuesday night, when there was vaudeville at the Strand.

"Oh, he don't need anything to talk about!" commented Thannie. "He just picks subjects out of the atmosphere. Talking about his wheel when I was over there. Talking about a slick, wet, old grinding stone that has walloped round in that slime for about forty years. Asked me if I knew where they quarried 'em out, and wondering what shape it was before they cut it, and how they got it true, and what they used to put the grinding surface on it. Talking about how many thousand years that old rock had laid out in the sun some place, and all the dead-and-gone people that had walked on it. And the Polacks, they sit and grin and say 'Yah' like he was Angel Gabriel or General Pershing or somebody.

"He's got 'em all making coffee at noon now, on their tool fire, and they warm up that goolashy stuff they eat. Smells like little Hungary over there. If he makes 'em think that eight hours at forty-eight is three eighty-four instead of four dollars I'll buy him a hat. About a six and an eighth I guess would fit him!"

"He'll be checking time instead of you if you keep on bragging about him and Henri hears you," warned the melancholy Patsy Keoghn.

But there was small chance that Henri Clausen III, heir to the Clausen works, would concern himself about Barto Mumm. A pasty faced, Semitic young man in owlish tortoise-shell spectacles, Henri III was a shimmering example of the advantages of evolution. Old Henri I, the founder of the Clausen Cutlery Company, had kept all his papers in a pasteboard box on Schimkofer's littered desk. He had never written anything if he could help it, and when his signature was required he plastered the document up against the wall and signed it with a greasy stub of a pencil, moistened laboriously.

Henri III had a private office, finished in burled redwood, and two haughty secretaries. The first Clausen razor, gold handled and plated, reposed on Henri's desk under a dome of glass. When blunt old Schimkofer entered this room the razor was the only thing he condescended to look at.

Old Henri I had picked his men—his edgers and grinders—from the expatriates of his own land—tradition holding that no American-born owned the patience and application necessary to learn the tedious science of making blades. Schimkofer, who had learned his trade as a starved apprentice to a Bavarian razor maker, had been the fellow of old Henri. They had emigrated together to escape the relentless conscription of 'Seventy. Now Henri I was dead and Schimkofer was old. And the men upon whom the Clausen works had depended were old. Their eyes were failing. One by one they were dropping away, and in their places Schimkofer was obliged to put swart aliens of Middle Europe, forgers and helpers. "Blunderers! *Dummkopfs!*" the old man assailed them. Henri III knew little about blades and less about men.

Old Henri I had stalked through the plant, stopping to show a clumsy concave worker how better to hold his tool, bawling orders to Schimkofer across a whirring rank of polishing wheels. Henri III sat behind his redwood desk and pressed a button which operated a tooting little whistle on top of the boiler house when he wanted to consult the superintendent.

Schimkofer answering the "Poeet! poeet!" of this summons one morning strode across the Oriental rug, heedless of the muck from the water-tempering that adhered to his broad feet. Henri III looked up with a frown from a penciled letter he was scanning.

"Who's this Mumm we've got, Schimkofer?" he inquired abruptly. "Fellow signs himself Barto Mumm?"

Schimkofer pulled off his hat and scratched his bullet head, his fading mustache working like a cat's.

"Dot feller Mumm?" he inquired. "He works by the grinding—outdside grinding. Vot did he do yet?"

"How much does he get?" asked Henri III.

"I start him at forty," stated Schimkofer. "He grinds goot. I get no returns on him yet. Tall feller, talky feller; you seen him, I guess."

"He wants to buy a piece of ground next to the company store," said Clausen. "Says he can pay twenty dollars down and five dollars a week. What sort of ground is that, Schimkofer? How much is it worth?"

"It iss no ground," declared the old superintendent. "It's a hole!"

"A hole?" (Continued on Page 34)

Then He Saw Scuttling Past Him a Little, Stooping, Terrified Man in Owlish Glasses, Whose Face Wore the Ghastly Gray of the Terror of Death

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

The mainstay of the meal

Campbell's are the best, selected beans the market affords. They are slow-cooked until thoroughly digestible and wholesome. They are delightfully flavored with Campbell's famous tomato sauce. Choice lean bacon pork gives added pleasure. So nutritious and palatable that they are frequently served as the principal dish of the meal—and everybody satisfied!

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 32)

"Yust a damn dirty hole with water in him all the time, and the people throw garbage in it at night! Twice already I like to have him filled with cinders. Dot feller Mumm he fill him up maybe?"

On his stool in the grinding room Barto Mumm sat with his head thrown back and his fleshless arms extended, deftly smoothing the backs of a box of ten-and-a-half-inch banker's upon the moving blur of the wet stone. He was talking as usual, and this time his audience was Thannie Frieseke, the assistant pay clerk.

"Possession—that's the power that rules the world!" Barto was orating. "Let a man own something, possess something, and you've tamed him, anchored him, given him the clew to ambition, the key to the world! Look at me now! Forty-four years old, and them shoes"—he pointed to a pair carefully laid upon a dry shelf out of the corroding damp—"was the only thing I stood on that was mine. I drifted everywheres, worked everywheres. Bunk house in a lumber shanty. That wasn't mine. Move on! Move on! Back bedroom in a steel town, with two wop kids in another bed and garlic like a pillar of cloud by night. Move on, Barto! Move on! But now—I'm done movin'! It's the greatest thing in the world, ownin' something. If you owned the Clausen cutlery works now you wouldn't be leanin' on that water pipe wastin' the company's time ——"

"Say, Patsy, what do you think?" demanded Thannie. "Old Extra Dry has bought that stink hole over next to the store off of Henri, and he's going to build a house!"

"Henri soaked him four prices for it, I'll bet," commented Patsy Keoghn sourly. There was a two per cent cut on piecework in the welding, owing to a grade of steel being employed which the office maintained reduced the time of welding operations. It was the deuce and all to figure, and Patsy Keoghn knew that on pay day a number of untutored foreigners with minds more or less radically bent were going to raise merry hell about that cut. He would be the goat, of course. He was always the goat.

"I don't know how Henri happened to sell it at all," mused Thannie. "He must have thought it was absolutely worthless and that he had a good joke on Barto. Barto's going to bum ashes off of Charley and fill it up. Then he's going to build a house. I'll bet it's some house! I wonder what the maintenance will do now for a place to dump all the worn-out polishing grease and busted razor handles? And most of the mosquitoes in the world are going to be turned out of a good quiet home. What about that welding cut, hey? Going to be some homemade anarchy busting loose round here when those wops count their change, or I'm a Dutchman!"

Winter drifted into Clausenville like a sinister cloud. Winds whipped along the muddy ways which were intended for streets and thrust bold frosty fingers into the pinched, paintless little shanties which housed most of the Clausen employees. The mud froze into bleak gray ice, and from the chimneys of the rambling old two-story wrecks about the store, which old Henri I had built for boarding houses for his young expatriate edgers and grinders and which had deteriorated until now they housed from six to fourteen Slavish families each, there tapered faint gray wisps of smoke, cold-looking smoke that somehow made the rickety old houses appear more friendless and forlorn.

Smoke from the two great stacks twisted gustily over the mouths of them and fell to the ground, where it lay sullenly. Dirty children scuttled out of the little houses and darted into other houses, slamming doors swiftly behind them. Steam pipes in the factory hissed feebly and gave forth little warmth. All-steel blades, brittle with cold, snapped in the concaving machines. Honers cut their cold fingers and, being girls, wept, while the polishers, battling with congealed grease, swore in varied tongues.

And in the outside grinding room a film of ice which the steam pipes could not defeat lay constantly over the wet stone floor. But of all the Clausen forces the grinders murmured least. They sat with their feet on hot bricks and they poured hot water into the troughs of their stones. Taught by Barto Mumm, they hung their blades on strings over the warm pipes so that they ground easily. The snarling discontent which was seeping like gas through the rest of the factory, turning old Schimkofer's bristling hair whiter and lining his ruddy face, had not yet touched the water grinders.

And though night came early and the long buildings with endless windows twinkled with linked lights long before the closing whistle blew, there were many who came out after dark and stood about hump-shouldered and shivering to watch Barto Mumm fill up the hole beside the store where he was going to build his house.

Patient Polish women, their bodies misshapen from much child bearing, their arms huge and muscular from hard work in the forge and shear washing, dared pneumonia long enough to stand and laugh good-humoredly at Barto as he wheeled ashes from the boilers in a little iron wheelbarrow.

Besides the pay-roll clerks it is likely that Barto Mumm was the only American who knew these women, with their dark, dogged eyes and flashing teeth, by name. Perhaps Barto knew better than anyone, unless it were the postal employees, how many money orders went back on pay day to desolate remembered places in the homeland—how many of these women, unable to forget the black, bitter panic of such poverty as America has never seen, scrimped their own children to send money to old mothers and to cripples and weak ones left behind.

The scrimping was worse that winter. Henri III, deciding that he inherited a certain quality of astuteness from his grandfather, extended the cut in piece prices to the forges and emery grinding. To justify this reduction he speeded up the machines, whereupon the maintenance department tore its hair and swore bitterly. The plant was still steam driven, the belts and shafting old and worn. There were endless breakdowns. Men sulked about idle in every part of the shop; and the grumbling undertone of wrath moved like the timbre of a subdued bell through the plant. Even the honers and packers—the cleanest, warmest, least oppressed of any of the three thousand odd—took up the murmur and added a shrill treble to it.

Only from the outside grinding room was there no audible complaint. Henri III, unaware that the still content of these workers was the work of a gaunt philosopher with a sad grin who sat with his feet on a hot brick and talked to the stolid Letts and Czechs and Slavs, promptly decided that the water grinders must be opulently overpaid since no misspelled petition, veiling a threat, had reached his office from this department.

"What do you know about this cut in the grinding, hey?" inquired Thannie Frieseke. "Getting under the hide, hey, cutting the day workers like that? It'll take more than Old Extra Dry's chatter and hot coffee to keep those bohunks from sitting on their hind legs and howling now! Poor old Mumm will have to leave the pergola off his house too. He's got some lumber piled on his lot—about seven dollars' worth, I'd say. I saw that Meri Vlad—that hunk woman that washes shears—going by there last night and she stopped and patted that pile of plank like it was a pet dog or something. She's got another kid now. That's why she lost three days last week. Three times two-forty is seven-twenty. Kids come high in this village, don't they? That big sulky Nick Vlad in the rough grinding is her husband."

"I know him," said Patsy Keoghn. "Kicks about his money every time. Gave him a five-dollar gold piece once. He spent it for beer—it was when there was beer—thought it was a nickel. Came back raising hell."

"Old Barto Extra Dry lives down there; did you know that?" continued Thannie blithely. "Lives with the hunks! Do you know how they live—them people like Meri Vlad? It's fierce, I can tell you. About nine of 'em sleep in a room, and they put the kids to bed first, and then when they're sound asleep they wrap 'em in coats and things and cord 'em up round the stove. Then the rest of

(Continued on Page 63)

Here, So He Explained to Meri Vlad and Some Polish Women, Was Room for a Bed and a Stove, a Chair, a Table and Shelves. What More Did a Solitary Bachelor Want?

Bon Ami

"Hasn't scratched yet"

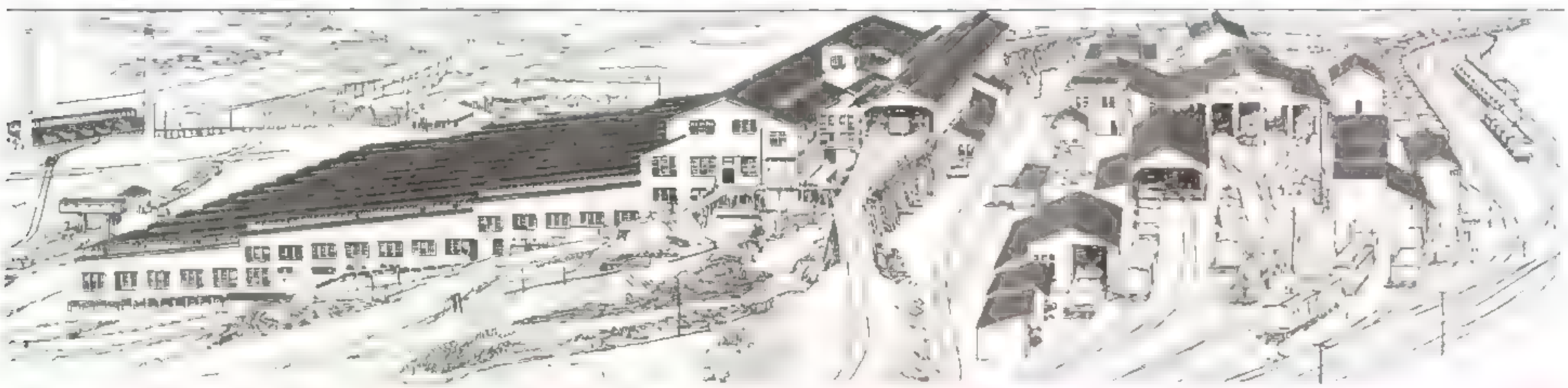
THERE'S nothing like Bon Ami Powder to remove the tidal-mark from a bathtub.

A little of the fine, soft powder on a damp cloth, a few brisk rubs—and the tub is snowy white and *glistening* clean.

Bon Ami is good for *everything* in the bathroom.

Made in both cake and powder form

The area of roofs yearly covered with Certain-teed is greater than that covered by any other kind of prepared roofing. Certain-teed comes in rolls—both in the staple gray kind and the mineral-surfaced green or red, and also in green or red mineral-surfaced shingles for residences. Light, medium and heavy Certain-teed Roofings are guaranteed for five, ten or fifteen years respectively. The mineral-surfaced Certain-teed is guaranteed for ten years.



CERTAINTY OF QUALITY AND GUARANTEED SATISFACTION - CERTAIN-TEED

THE great distributing system that enables everyone to buy Certain-teed on the same fair-price basis has much to do with the very moderate cost of Certain-teed.

Certain-teed Roofing is shipped in carload lots to numerous Certain-teed warehouses and hundreds of distributing centers close to the ultimate purchaser.

Besides saving freight charges, this system saves money in other ways.

Any dealer can get from a nearby Certain-teed distributing center any quantity of Certain-teed—a score of rolls or a thousand—at the same fair price per roll.

He does not have to carry large stocks and add the interest on his investment in them to the price of Certain-teed.

In this and many other ways, the distributing system of the Certain-teed organization effects such decided economies that the selling price of roll roofing today is generally lower than it was a few years ago. In the few places where it is not lower the increase is very much less, proportionally, than the increased cost of labor and materials.

Certain-teed Products Corporation
General Offices Saint Louis
Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

Certain-teed

PAINT · VARNISH · ROOFING & RELATED · BUILDING · PRODUCTS

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

From Papyrus to Paper

OF ALL the things that have come to us from the Orient, none has equaled paper in importance or value. The Chinaman who made the first sheet of paper by covering a lattice of willow switches with the wet fibers of silk started an industry that has been the foundation of civilization ever since. Without paper there would be very little communication of thought between individuals and between nations except by word of mouth. The medium of education since the commencement of the Christian Era has been paper, and without it, or a substitute for it, the world would cease to progress.

Centuries ago, while Europe was a seething caldron of war and when the rulers of the contentious nations were unable even to sign their own names, the peaceful inhabitants of China were manufacturing paper from vegetable fibers and rags, and the emperor of this highly civilized oriental race was the proud possessor of a library containing more than fifty thousand books. As early as the sixth century the Chinese made a good quality of paper from the mixed pulp of various fibers and rags and gave this paper a smooth writing surface by either coating it with gypsum or sizing it with starch or gelatin procured by boiling lichens or other plants. Only a little while later the Arabs gathered a knowledge of paper manufacture from the Chinese and by 900 A. D. the Mohammedan people had become leaders in the art. Two centuries later paper was made by the Moors in Spain, after which the industry was introduced into France and into Germany.

England and Holland, though destined to become great paper-manufacturing nations, were slow in taking hold and developing the art. The total production of paper in England at the end of the seventeenth century had not reached a yearly total that would now be sufficient to print a single Sunday edition of one of our big dailies.

Here in the United States newspapers did not exist until after the commencement of the eighteenth century. The adventuresome people who inhabited the New World were so busy clearing the land for farms, establishing villages and trading with the Indians that little of their energy was left for the less strenuous and more intellectual pursuits. All of the books of the early American settlers had come from abroad. The first printing press was set up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1638, and other presses were installed soon after this in Philadelphia, New York and Boston. However, in the sixty-two years that followed—1638–1700—the total output of all of the American printing establishments amounted to less than 1000 books and pamphlets.

The paper industry in this country had its beginning in 1690, when the first mill was started in Philadelphia. The history of this business during the years that have succeeded has been a story of rag gathering and an energetic search for some new pulp material to supplant, first, rags, and later, wood. The prime material used in paper manufacture in the United States for more than 130 years was rags. In 1800 our imports of rags totaled only a few thousand pounds, worth less than $10,000; in 1850 our rag imports amounted to 20,696,875 pounds, with a value of approximately $750,000.

The growing scarcity of rags for pulp purposes encouraged research in paper manufacture, with the result that both in this country and in Europe experiments with straw were sufficiently successful to cause the wide use of this material as a substitute for rags. The Philadelphia Public Ledger was the first paper to be printed on this new straw product, and the innovation was not altogether successful. Complaints from one section of the city indicated that a number of subscribers were not getting their copies regularly. An investigation disclosed that the goats had been attracted by the yellow color, and thinking it was straw ate the papers. As the story runs, the goat mortality in that section increased greatly, due to the bad quality of printers' ink used in those days and the improper preparation of the pulp.

One large mill engaged in manufacturing straw paper reached an annual production of 2,600,000 pounds, or about 93,000 reams newspaper size. According to one report of this company, their year's output of paper had a value of $450,000, and was made by using 600 tons of rags, 3000 tons of straw, 500 tons of soda ash, 400 tons of bleaching powder and 2000 tons of coal.

The aim of inventors for centuries, however, has been the manufacture of paper from wood. The Chinese used mulberry and other woods centuries ago, but the paper makers of Europe and America were not commercially successful in their efforts along this line until about 1870. As early as 1863 an edition of The Boston Journal was printed on paper made from basswood, but the wood-pulp processes had hardly reached a stage of development that made it possible for these methods actually to supplant the straw-paper process, which was furnishing the bulk of the nation's output. In a few years, however, ground-wood pulp became a commercial product, selling first at eight cents a pound, then five cents and eventually one cent. It was the chief factor that caused a reduction in the price of newspapers from fourteen cents in 1870 to one cent in 1910.

The wood-pulp process for more than a generation has rendered futile all efforts to utilize pulp material from other sources. The chief problems and the principal advances of recent times have been concerned with the chemistry and mechanics of manufacture rather than with the discovery of a new basic material as a substitute for wood. The paper mills of a century ago turned out three or four different grades of paper: the modern establishment produces 250 different kinds of paper. The industry represents an investment of about $750,000,000, and employs 120,000 people in the purely manufacturing end here in the United States. Experience has shown that spruce wood is the one variety of timber best adapted to paper manufacture. On an average four tons of coal, wood and chemicals come into a paper plant for every ton of finished material that is sent out. Each ton of paper that is made requires one ton of coal or its equivalent in oil.

One big modern machine with three pockets will grind seven tons of wood in twenty-four hours. This operation requires approximately 500 horse power. About ninety-five per cent of the wood grinding that is now being done employs hydraulic power. The small trees that are used average about eight inches in diameter, and after the bark has been removed they are cut into four-foot lengths. Sometimes these lengths are again cut to two feet. Stones having a face diameter of twenty-seven inches are in common use as a grinding surface.

In the manufacture of what is called chemical pulp the logs are put into a chipper which cuts off pieces no larger than a person's thumb. These chips go into a digester filled with a sulphur liquid, and are cooked under pressure, after which they are screened and washed. Out of a cord of wood there will come about 1000 pounds of sulphite, which pulp forms about twenty per cent of news print, ground-wood pulp constituting the remainder. In the mechanical production of pulp through grinding one cord of wood weighing from 2700 to 5000 pounds, according to its moisture content, will yield a total of about one ton of ground-wood pulp, or double what is derived in the chemical process.

The news-print machine which produces the paper on which our dailies are printed is a wonderful device that accomplishes a seemingly miraculous feat. These machines are about 250 feet long, the length of an average city block, and the conveyor running through them

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY

Pulpwood Piled at a Hudson River Mill Not Far From New York City

travels at a speed of 750 feet a minute. Pulp containing a little more than ninety-nine per cent water goes in at one end of the machine and in twenty seconds comes out the other end in the form of air-dry paper. It is therefore evident that in one-third of a minute this mechanical wonder reduces the moisture content of the raw pulp about ninety-two per cent.

All efforts to remove the surplus of water from wood pulp by using heavy hydraulic presses have failed to bring the desired result. In some cases pulp must be transferred from one mill to another and the company has tried to save in freight charges by first getting rid of some of the water. In such instances it has been found possible to get the pulp fifty-five per cent dry, but this still leaves a lot of water which can only be removed by evaporation. Engineers of the paper companies anticipate that by using rolls the raw pulp may be squeezed to a product that is seventy per cent dry.

That the present time may well be termed a newspaper-and-magazine age is largely borne out by figures that were given me by R. S. Kellogg, an authority on the production of pulp and news print. Leaving all other means of publicity out of the question the average circulation of the daily newspapers in this country is now about 27,000,000 copies, or one paper each day for every family in the United States. There are something like seventy newspapers with an average daily circulation of 100,000 copies or more each, and for the past year these papers have averaged about twenty-three pages each. When we add to this total the enormous quantity of paper consumed in publishing the big Sunday editions of the metropolitan dailies we find that the amount of paper so used becomes a figure of much importance.

At the present time the production of news-print paper in the United States and Canada is a common industry with common markets. The total output of the two countries last year was 2,183,000 tons, ninety per cent of which was the kind of paper used in the publication of the dailies. If we consider this output in the form of sheets it would belt the earth fifty miles wide or cover 10,000,000 acres of land.

In the form of a standard seventy-three-inch roll the 1919 production of news print in North America would unwind 13,000,000 miles, or extend one-seventh of the distance from the earth to the sun.

The output of news print in the United States and Canada has increased about six per cent annually for the last fifteen years. However, since 1913 the principal increase in production has taken place in Canada, where the industry has been encouraged by United States legislation which has opened our markets to the free importation of Canadian news print.

The production of news print last year showed an increase of 185,000 tons over 1918. A careful survey of the situation shows that new machines which will come into operation in 1920 will turn out about 90,000 tons of paper. The greatest hope, however, lies in the completion of new plants which are now actually under way and which should come into production by 1922. If nothing untoward occurs to cancel any part of the plans now scheduled the news-print output two years hence will be increased not less than 1500 tons a day, which supply should take care of all reasonable requirements. As the people of America constitute a great reading public, they are vitally interested in whatever affects the welfare of the publications of our land.

A large proportion of American mills have no wood reserve at all and are forced to depend on Canada for their supplies for pulp. It is for this reason that though a number of new mills are being erected the greater part of this construction activity is taking place on Canadian soil. This situation has largely been created by the enactment of laws in Canada that prohibit the export of wood cut on crown lands unless it is first manufactured into lumber or pulp. Because of the growing scarcity of spruce pulp wood in the United States our paper manufacturers for thirty years have leased crown lands in Canada, and up until 1910 cut and shipped what wood they needed to their mills.

Soon after Quebec, the richest province in timber resources, had prohibited the export of unmanufactured wood in 1910 the United States passed its now famous Reciprocity Act. It has been plain that the Canadian law was enacted to favor her own paper manufacturers, and incidentally to force American concerns to build mills and manufacture paper in the Canadian provinces in which they owned leases. The result has worked out splendidly to the advantage of our friends across the line. In 1910 Canada produced 161,400 tons of news print, and her exports to the United States totaled 25,000 tons. In 1919 the Canadian production had risen to 808,000 tons, while the exports to the United States totaled something like 720,000 tons.

In the meantime the production of news print in the United States has remained practically stationary, and our reciprocity law has failed in its announced purpose of providing us with a cheap raw material.

Prior to 1910 the average cost of prepared wood in Canada was about ten dollars a cord. A little later when the new laws had taken effect this cost increased to fourteen dollars a cord, and by the end of 1918 had reached the high price of twenty dollars. The crown lands in Canada are held under long-term leases. These leases sell from a few hundred dollars up to $6000 a square mile, or from fifty cents to nearly ten dollars an acre.

In the face of such an unusually low price for the standing timber we might naturally expect that our paper-consuming industries would be able to get raw material from Canada at a fairly low price. If this were true there might be some excuse for sacrificing our own industry in order to benefit the whole people, but when we are giving a great deal and getting nothing in return some doubt must rise as to the wisdom of our present course. If we are to continue to depend for our wood supply on that small tonnage which our American companies can cut from their limited freehold lands in Canada we must be prepared to face high prices for paper until the situation changes.

The largest paper-manufacturing company in this country in 1915 had a pay roll of $3,800,000; in 1919 the pay roll of this concern for the same number of employees was $10,000,000. In addition to this the per-capita production dropped from eighty-two tons in 1915 to sixty-five tons in 1919. As I have already stated, four tons of material must be brought to the paper mill for every ton of product that is finished and shipped out. The increase in transportation charges on coal, wood and chemicals has amounted to approximately forty-two per cent in five years. These additional freight costs have added something like three dollars a ton to the cost of paper. One large paper manufacturer figures that the average cost of his clay, alum, coal, sulphur, felts, wires, rope and lime, used in producing a ton of paper, has risen 155 per cent in four years. This increase amounts to nearly six dollars a ton of paper.

The present situation in the United States in regard to our vital lumber supplies demands a national forest policy that will insure a permanent supply of those materials so essential to our progress. Every citizen must agree that all land which is suited to the growing of timber and which has no more profitable use should be kept permanently producing wood.

Our national foresters tell us that the total annual use of wood in the United States, together with the amount destroyed by fire, storms and insects, is from two to three times as great as the annual growth under the present conditions of neglect and insufficient protection.

About twenty per cent of the 2,000,000,000 acres of land area of the United States is better adapted to the growing of timber than to the ordinary forms of agriculture. Federal and state aid must be so exercised that the owners of timberland will find it to their advantage to place their land upon a permanent producing basis for specialized wood crops, where the timber can be used while young and in small sizes. The production of large-size timber is too long an undertaking and promises too low a rate of return to attract private capital. Our state and national governments are practically the only ones that can afford to engage in such long-time undertakings. The immediate need in the matter of timber conservation is for a definite program of greatly increased forest-fire protection. The second need is for a much more general public acquisition of cut-over lands. The first necessity is to protect what we have; the second to provide for the future.

Each individual who purchases a newspaper is likewise a buyer of wood pulp, and should consider himself a constant consumer of lumber. We have already used up 300,000,000 acres of our original forest area of approximately 850,000,000 acres. Of what we have left 250,000,000 acres are partially cut and burned over, while another 100,000,000 acres are so severely burned and cut that unless the standing timber is supplemented by planting there will be no succeeding forest of commercial value.

A nation without timber in plentiful supply would soon become a land of limited education, due to the high price and scarcity of newspapers, periodicals and books. The price of the daily one reads at his breakfast in the morning is largely dependent on the policy we pursue in handling our timber resources. Those of us who have considered that the problems of wood and paper are not our affairs may soon have to pay for such an error in judgment each and every time we buy a paper or any product put up in a container made of wood or pasteboard. The drain on our resources might be small in the daily total, but it would be something more than a trifling item in the run of a year.

Encouraging Home Ownership

IN MANY towns and cities living quarters are being leased at exorbitant rentals. Houses are being built and sold at record prices and recalcitrant tenants are being handed short-term notices to vacate. Though my opinion is only that of a single investigator, I am led to the definite conclusion that the present high prices of staples will be subjected to further increases in the coming months. In other words, the crest of the economic price cycle has not been reached and the problem of supplying a home will continue to be a matter of ever-increasing moment.

The highest degree of unrest is among the nonowners of homes. Thousands of employers are largely responsible for this situation. Hundreds of great industrial concerns have neglected the biggest opportunity afforded them to create stability and loyalty in their employees by failing to furnish their workmen with a practical plan for acquiring homes. The man of family who owns the roof over his head is not only a better citizen, but is generally barren ground for destructive, unsound propaganda.

There are numerous experimental plans being tried out in various parts of the country, having as an object the ownership of homes by employees. One such scheme is being developed in Cleveland. A number of progressive business men have formed a realty underwriting company and have drawn up a plan whereby local industries may avail themselves of the service and arrange for their men to acquire homes by a bonus plan. The scheme is so devised that the workman participates in the plan on a competitive basis in such a way that production, efficiency and initiative are all stimulated.

(Continued on Page 40)

ROBT. BURNS
Invincible
Actual size
13c
3 for 35c
Box of 50—$5.75

THE POLICY OF

General Cigar Co., INC.

ON

Robt. Burns

CIGAR

CIGAR Smokers should know these facts. They throw important light upon the policy of the General Cigar Co., Inc., in manufacturing Robt. Burns cigars.

(1) The Havana tobacco used in Robt. Burns sells in Cuba today for at least 50% more than pre-war prices.

(2) Sumatra leaf used for the wrapper of Robt. Burns, which formerly sold at around $2.00 a pound, now brings in the neighborhood of $4.00.

(3) The Internal Revenue Tax on Robt. Burns Cigars has risen during the same period from $3.00 to $9.00 per thousand cigars.

(4) Wages have increased from 70% to 100%.

(5) Cigar boxes which formerly cost 6½ cents now cost 14¼ cents.

(6) Freight rates have increased from 35% to 50%.

In face of all these problems, the maintenance of Robt. Burns quality is recognized in tobacco circles as a remarkable achievement.

Robt. Burns is given today the same *full Havana filler*—regardless of price—as that he had five years ago. The same grade of Sumatra wrapper is used. The cigar is fashioned with the same skilled workmanship.

The price is higher—but only slightly so as compared to advanced cost of production. *It is a fact that the manufacturer's and the dealer's profits on Robt. Burns are proportionately less than they were before the war.*

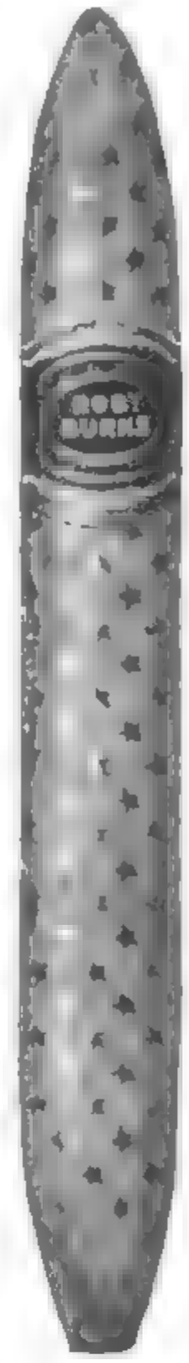
Throughout the years to come, friends of Robt. Burns may always count upon the absolute maintenance of his fine quality—full Havana filler, imported Sumatra wrapper and skilled hand workmanship.

General Cigar Co., INC.

DEPENDABLE CIGARS

119 West 40th Street, New York City

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY*?



ROBT. BURNS
Longfellow
Actual size
15c
Box of 25—$3.50

(Continued from Page 38)

The realty syndicate offers each company a large number of home sites on an attractive partial payment and building financing plan. In turn the industrial or commercial concern allots these sites to those of its men who have earned them by competitive means.

The general scheme is for the local corporation to offer each employee who has been in the company's service for sixty days an optional right to subscribe for a lot on which the company has made an initial payment. After one year's service this initial payment becomes an outright credit in the workman's favor. There is another credit for two years' service and a third credit for three years' service. In addition, the men generally get monthly credits as follows: For the best mechanical suggestions; best health suggestions; best efficiency suggestions; best safety suggestions; and best advertising suggestions. Finally there are semiannual credits for attendance, credits for employees in each department that shows a certain increased percentage of production for a stated term and credits for men in any department that shows a certain percentage of shrinkage in waste and spoilage for a stated period.

The arguments set forth to prove the desirability of such an own-your-home plan are based on the contention that this scheme means more to the employees than if the money reward were paid as a cash bonus, because money spent is soon forgotten. The plan is more attractive, because it will be a daily reminder to the man and his family of the company's good will. The scheme promotes saving and encourages thrift, for though the concern is supplying valuable credits that help reduce the employee's indebtedness for his home, the man himself through his earnings must help to defray the cost of the house. Labor turnover is in this way materially reduced, for home owners do not move so frequently as renters. Every new man that must be trained represents a real loss to the company.

In this important matter of encouraging workers to purchase homes a rather unique plan was recently initiated by one of the country's largest insurance companies. The scheme now being put in force provides ten-year six per cent mortgage loans on desirable home properties throughout the United States. The loans are repayable in a hundred and twenty equal monthly installments. Life insurance to the amount of the loan is required as collateral security to protect the dependents against the burden of the debt and to protect the company as mortgagee. The monthly installment includes interest, life insurance premium and a payment on account of principal.

Death is the chief hazard to which purchasers of homes are subjected and is perhaps the main cause of foreclosures. With the plan here described the mortgage will have been paid and the home left free and clear at the end of ten years. If death intervenes during the payment period, the mortgage is paid immediately by the life insurance and the insurance money in excess of the debt is paid over to the beneficiary. It is much better to inherit a home to live in than a mortgage to struggle with.

The benefits of such a scheme are numerous. An ordinary mortgage may fall due or be called in at short notice. In times of financial stress money lenders often ask payment in full at maturity or demand heavy payments on account. Frequently the borrower may not be able to replace the mortgage, which may result in the loss of his property and savings. Or if other funds can be obtained at such a critical time the lenders will likely charge exorbitant commissions and high interest rates on the new loan.

Furthermore, in the ordinary purchase of a home the necessary costs of examination of title, appraisal, survey, and so on, are a considerable item. Generally the borrower bears all such expenses, but in this plan the insurance company assumes the burden. The scheme also permits prepayments after the loan has been in force three years, so that the borrower may clear up his debt in less than the prescribed ten years if he so desires.

One of the crying needs in the United States to-day is not only for more homes, but for a larger ownership of these homes by the great mass of citizens. There are many other practical home-owning schemes in operation besides those here touched upon, but my purpose has been to convey the thought of possibilities in a neglected problem rather than to present a finished discussion of a detailed plan, which, after all, could never be designed to fit every case. Not every large employer has put forth a maximum effort to encourage permanence, thrift and contentment in workmen by aiding them to purchase their own homes. There could be no Bolshevik movement in this country if every householder in the United States owned the residence he lives in. This is a problem not only for insurance companies and real-estate organizations, but for the leading citizens in every community in every state.

Idle Days

OF ALL the gifts possessed by man the one most uncommon is the ability to see the obvious. The real causes of unrest in industry are few and plain. Hundreds of people use different words in describing the same sources of trouble and thus create the false belief that our national labor problem is a matter of mighty complexity.

Few executives start with the idea that the factory worker in overalls is pretty much the same kind of a fellow as the man at the flat-top desk in the office. Hardly one manager in ten but seems to have forgotten the early days of his career when he himself was a worker for wages. It is really a shame that some of to-day's powers that be haven't a notebook handy to which they might refer and thus be reminded of the causes of their own heartaches in the days when Fortune's smile was less warm.

I know a man who has built a library adjoining the big industrial plant he owns and later when his men went on strike called them ungrateful because they demanded better working conditions and higher pay. I know another so-called captain of industry who established workman's insurance and then couldn't understand why the employees of other companies were more interested in their work than were his own men. Hundreds of employers put in baths and playgrounds, but when their workmen come to them to discuss wages and hours they assume a hostile attitude and say: "Look what I've done for you already."

No one can truthfully deny that industrial conditions in this country are rapidly improving. Yet in every community are employers who retain the strongest kind of patriarchal ideas. Dozens of such corporation officials dilate on the fact that men are not machines and then countenance a situation in their own plants that contains about as much justice and democracy as a penny does gold. The most aggravating kind of a hen is the one that cackles and lays no egg. Industrial conditions in the United States are not ideal and probably never will be, but it is ridiculous to assume that all of the fault rests either with the workman or with the employer.

Recently I became much interested in the question of labor turnover in American shops. One interesting problem closely related to turnover is absenteeism. After collecting all the material I could get together on the subject I found that the investigations which had been made led to certain definite conclusions. Women lose slightly more time from their work than do men, which is due principally to the fact that the female worker is more susceptible to illness and has more home ties. People who work at night lose more time than do those who work during the daylight hours. Loss of time is greater during the winter months than it is in the summer season. Climate has considerable to do with absenteeism, as is proved by the fact that workmen get in more hours on the Pacific Coast than they do in New England, where the weather is a bit more rigorous.

The loss that the nation suffers through absenteeism cannot be calculated with perfect accuracy. However, a sufficient number of investigations have been made in this country and abroad to enable one to make a fair estimate. If we assume that the possible number of days that may be worked each year are 300 and that the average amount of absenteeism is seven per cent it is then evident that the loss per person per year is twenty-one days. If we continue the calculation on the basis of 30,000,000 workers at an average wage of four dollars a day we find that the total yearly loss in wages amounts to $2,520,000,000.

The country's loss through absenteeism, however, is more than a matter of dollars and cents. Idleness is not only one of the direct causes of labor turnover, but it is a demoralizing influence that tends to decrease the efficiency of the worker. Steady employment is something of an acquired habit, and the workman who loses the habit of strict application to his job soon finds himself on the way to becoming a member of that nomadic class of employees who are always seeking new fields of endeavor.

It is of course a fact accepted by all modern managers that vacations of moderate extent are necessary and do not decrease the net productivity of the worker. The only kind of absenteeism that is here referred to is that unnecessary idleness that is not foretold and that leaves equipment and machinery unmanned. In such cases the company has to bear an overhead expense with no return whatever. If a less competent workman takes the place of the absent employee, the result is a reduced output. When absenteeism in any plant becomes a matter of moment the company then finds it necessary to employ a considerable clerical force to record and handle the absences. If men work in groups the absence of one individual will often decrease the efficiency of all those who stay on the job.

Our leading authorities say that sickness accounts for about fifty per cent of all the absences that occur in American industrial plants. This means that the average American workman loses a little more than ten days each year because of illness. Better attention to lighting, ventilation, sanitation, home surroundings and general welfare will materially reduce this kind of absenteeism if earnestly undertaken and effectively carried out. Insurance records show that no less than seventy-five per cent of all accidents of an industrial nature can be prevented if the proper precautions are taken. Something like six per cent of all absenteeism is recorded as due to industrial mishaps.

The greatest opportunity to-day in the matter of reducing idleness, however, lies along other lines than those of welfare and safety. The investigations indicate that absenteeism is often encouraged by long hours. If men are employed on an eight-hour basis and still work ten hours the physiological effect is just the same as it would be if the company had a basic ten-hour day. The fact that a bonus is paid for overtime does not change the situation at all. As to the matter of wages, one investigator maintains that if wages increase faster than the standard of living idleness is fostered.

Some of the methods proposed for the abolition of absenteeism are both interesting and practical. Monotony breeds absence from work, and it is suggested that this factor can be eliminated through making all tasks as pleasant as possible and through encouraging the creative impulse in the worker. Recently I read of several instances where employees had been in the service of certain companies for from ten to twenty years and had never met their employers face to face. It is not to be wondered at that in such companies there are inefficiencies due to a lack of interest and understanding.

It is generally understood that the first thing to do in commencing an attack on absenteeism is to establish an employment department, whose duty it will be to discover the causes that increase idleness among the men. Much care must be exercised in the investigation of absences. The best way to avoid exciting suspicion and rousing antagonism is to have all visits to absentees made by either a doctor or a nurse. The scheme works better if it is based on the assumption that the worker is ill.

In the old days managers sought to prevent absence and tardiness through the imposition of fines. Modern corporations have wholly abandoned this plan, having found that such a system of imposing penalties for lost time generally caused bitterness and acted to destroy company good will. A better method is to reduce tardiness and absenteeism by paying a bonus for good attendance. Some companies pay from fifteen to fifty cents a day to all employees who have had a perfect attendance record over a specified period of time. In all of such plans it has been found wise to establish as short a period as possible for basing the record of attendance. The reason for this is that a workman who loses his chance for a bonus early in the period will generally lack interest in keeping up a good record for the rest of the interval over which the bonus is calculated.

One company employing such a system has inaugurated an additional bonus which is paid as a reward to the employee who stays with the company for one year. The whole idea of this payment is aimed at a reduction of the labor turnover. A number of concerns have found it possible to better their records of attendance by having contests between different departments in the company, the prize being a bonus for the winning group of workers.

It is wrong to assume, however, that all of our labor ills can be cured through the payment of money. Workmen can only be induced to work steadily, efficiently and with interest when there is confidence and cooperation between the men and the management of any company. Some years ago F. W. Taylor, known as the father of scientific management, startled the country with new ideas respecting the handling of men and the efficiency of the individual worker. H. L. Gantt became associated with Mr. Taylor and after the latter's death continued in his work as one of the leading disciples of this new gospel of industrial management. Only a few months ago Mr. Gantt passed on and the mantle of leadership in the art of management appears to have fallen on the shoulders of F. J. Miller.

The other day I sought out Mr. Miller and had a little chat with him concerning his principles of management and his views on our present problems of employment. He believes that a company can only attain to a large output through eliminating the tight spots in our factories. These are the spots through which it is difficult to get the work so as to keep up with the rest of the plant. They are shown as often as otherwise by the necessity for working overtime on those jobs. It often occurs that two or three years must be devoted to the preliminary work of getting control of things in any plant where it is proposed to bring about conditions that are ideal, or as nearly ideal as practice permits.

Like most students of scientific management, Mr. Miller believes in the use of charts. In this way it is possible to show the capacity of every machine in the factory. One chart will show when each operation upon a lot of parts should be completed and the daily reports will show how nearly this time has been met. These records in each plant are generally placed in the hands of a central planning department, which bureau pretty much controls the factory operations. All foremen are thus relieved of the work of planning, which usually they are poorly fitted to do. This also does away with that method of factory management which might be called the system of browbeating by foremen, which tends to disturb the smooth working of any plant. System of this kind renders it possible for the factory executives to devote all of their time to doing real executive work; attending to emergencies, making improvements, and so on, with time enough for such work and with no hours demanded of them for disciplinary work.

(Concluded on Page 136)

The Seventh Sense

YOU use it—in the matter of extending credit, for example. What else is business credit but faith? Faith built upon experience—a sort of seventh sense, which is instantly conscious of the superior appearance, strength and texture of fine paper.

Such a paper is Systems Bond. Crinkle it up. Snap it. It sounds good. Its quality is apparent even to those who seldom use bond paper. Your letters written on Systems Bond will always score one point—the first—with your correspondent.

Systems Bond is carefully and well made. Its flexible, fibrous character is due to its rag-content and loft-dried seasoning. And this character it keeps. It is always uniform in quality. *And it sells at a business man's price.*

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well-known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic and Manifest marks.

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SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

THE REAL PALM BEACH

By E. W. HOWE

THERE is a very general impression that at the great hotels in Palm Beach one sees mainly millionaires, society queens and noted actresses. This is to inform you that the average visitor really sees the sort he has been familiar with all his life: substantial people, most of them elderly, who can afford the prices charged at the big hotels, which are not excessive, considering the excellent service. Some of the guests pay eleven dollars a day, American plan; others pay the mysterious figures so often quoted in advertising, "and upward."

The famous hotels at Palm Beach are operated by the railroad company to attract winter travel; you may therefore depend upon it that they are well managed, and that the prices are not beyond reason, considering that nearly everything in the way of supplies, except oranges and fish, is shipped in from the North.

The millionaires, actresses and society queens may have once been on display at these hotels, but they are not much in evidence now; they have largely retired to the palaces called cottages, and to the clubs; and the hotel guests see others about like themselves. Occasionally a noted man or woman strolls through the lobbies, but few were pointed out to me.

The real American people are represented at Palm Beach, and it is a fine and wholesome crowd. The hotels and grounds are all rumor has represented, but the princesses and heroes are absent. Anyone reasonably well behaved may go there and find welcome. And he will be proud of the orderly, well-dressed people who make up the other guests, and come away encouraged in the belief that it is a fine thing to be an American; so many of them are able to prosper.

Millions of Lincolns

THE most impressive scene in the play of Abraham Lincoln, in the opinion of Franklin K. Lane, is that in which Lincoln stands silent before the mantel, looking at a map of the United States. What did that map mean to him? In the answer to this question Mr. Lane finds the message of the play.

The answer, as Mr. Lane reads it, is that a boy who is a rail splitter can rise to the presidency of the United States by character and conscience and a clear head and faithfulness.

The answer applies also to many honorable and profitable positions far below the presidency. A few very noted and rich men do not make up our representative Americans; there are millions occupying modest and desirable positions won as creditably as Lincoln won his way. The map of America may be a pleasant study to the humblest of us. All who have reasonable gratitude will certainly appreciate it. And while at Palm Beach I often thought of the millions of good men quietly at home keeping the various wheels going round. In this America of ours, capable and worthy men are very numerous and widely distributed; they are not all in Washington, New York, Palm Beach, Chicago or any other one place.

Palm Beach has been frequently described by the humorists and society reporters, but they exaggerate as do writers about politics. I talked with a good many guests at the big hotels, and we agreed that though Palm Beach is an attractive place readers of newspapers and magazines have a wrong impression of it.

In attempting to describe the real Palm Beach it is necessary for a plain reporter to explain in the beginning that Florida is nearly 600 miles long, north and south. At its upper end is Jacksonville, where most visitors enter the state, and find a modern, bustling city of 80,000 rather greedy people. There the visitors are distributed to the various Florida resorts, which are almost as numerous as Florida towns.

Extending south from the upper end of the state is an inland waterway hundreds of miles long, always paralleling the Atlantic Ocean, and never very far from it. Sometimes it is called the Halifax River, sometimes the Indian River; sometimes it becomes only a lagoon; sometimes it is called Lake Worth.

A Corner of the Everglades Club

At the Big Hotels

PALM BEACH is located on this long strip, 323 miles south of Jacksonville, and faces on the Atlantic Ocean and Lake Worth. I have usually found most greatly advertised sights disappointing, but the tropical garden in which Palm Beach is located comes up to the expectations of most visitors. The distinguishing features are the two big hotels. One is said to be the largest wooden building in the world, having been added to five times to meet the requirements of the constantly increasing number of visitors from January first to the middle of March. The real season actually lasts only about two weeks—from February fourteenth to the first of March. Then the great hotels are crowded, and every day hundreds of people are turned away from necessity. When I was there, early in February, the hotel was entertaining only 800 guests, little more than half its capacity. The season is being extended, but this applies more to the cottages than to the big hotels.

This hotel faces on Lake Worth. Back of it a few hundred yards is another, which fronts on the Atlantic Ocean. The two are connected by broad walks and a little railway over which cars are hauled by mules. But the usual means of getting about are wicker chairs, accommodating two, which are pushed by colored men riding bicycles.

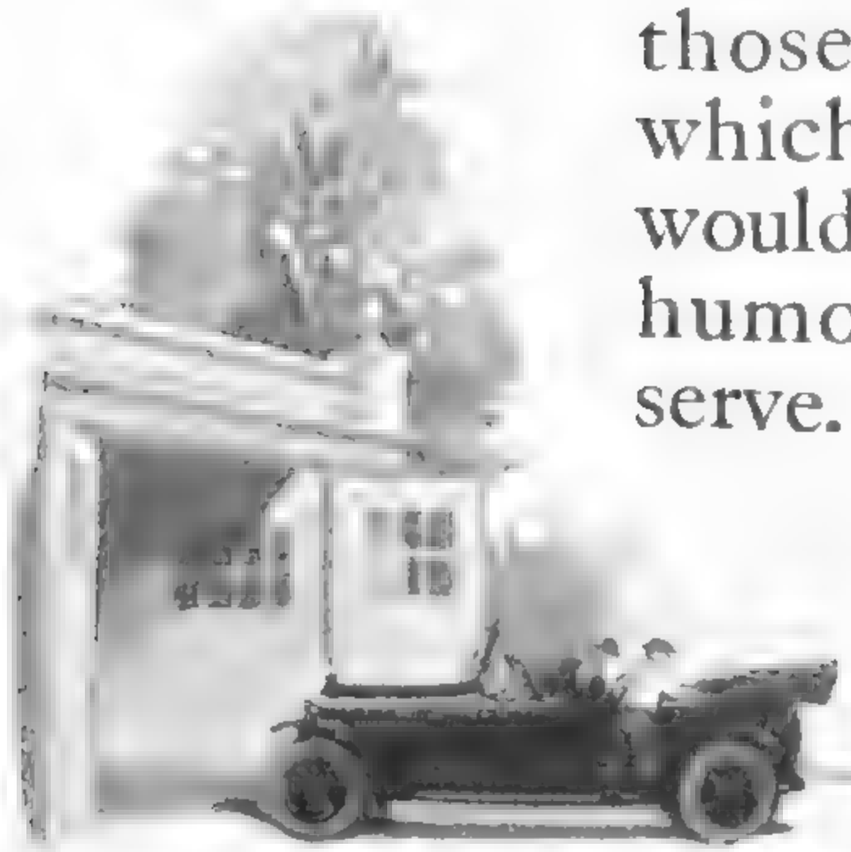
Scattered over the grounds are numerous cottages, some of them costing millions. Imagine these, add thousands of people walking about or riding in wicker chairs,

(Continued on Page 44)

HAVEN'T you noticed how the Hupmobile is included in practically all the calculations of the family which owns one?

It is almost as though it were regarded as one of the family circle. It is endowed with something very like a personality.

This is so, no doubt, because the Hupmobile possesses those satisfying qualities which, in a human being, would be everlasting good humor and willingness to serve.



Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 42)

and always remember the tropical growth, the sunshine and warmth in January and February and the town of West Palm Beach across Lake Worth, and you have the real physical Palm Beach.

When you pay two dollars an hour for a wicker chair and ride about, always in sight and dominating the scene are the two big hotels, painted yellow, with green shutters at the windows, and mansard roofs. The walk to the bathing beach is lined with tall and stately Australian pines.

On the way you pass the golf grounds, located between the two hotels, and read a warning to look out for flying balls. I went to the hotel beach several times, but never saw many bathers. At no time did I see any extravagant costumes, Palm Beach suits, what country dressmakers call Southern wear, any great gayety or any rudeness. The guests are very generally quiet and genteel, modestly and becomingly attired; this is impressed on every visitor.

When one reads of Palm Beach he naturally thinks of a great beach where all visitors go in. The bathing beaches are really scattered for miles along the Atlantic Ocean, and not all or most visitors take advantage of the surf bathing; it is actually a little chilly for surf bathing at all the Florida resorts in winter.

I was accompanied in my ride by an old habitué of the place, who knows as much gossip as any of them, but the negro chair pushers know the Palm Beach story about as well as the best-posted whites. My guide pointed out one cottage which cost $1,000,000, and said another was being built at a cost of twice that sum. Another is said to have four master's bedrooms and sixteen rooms for servants. Many others are large and beautiful.

My guide was willing to be entertaining, but did not mention much that was startling; I have heard as exciting recitals in country towns. The worst story I referred to a man I believed to be a better authority, and he said it was not true. There is a story often told of a noted woman who, at four o'clock in the morning, after one of the grand balls, plunged into the surf in her evening costume, but it seemed rather more foolish than devilish to me. I took more interest in the story of one nervous old fellow who is said to rent three bedrooms in the hotel. If he is unable to sleep in one bed he goes to another that is cool and fresh, and possibly by morning is able to get a little sleep.

There are gorgeous shops on the grounds and in the hotels which never seem to do much business, but I was told that in one of them a man spent $40,000 for jewelry in one day. I deny none of the statements made to me, but I heard several I would not, as a matter of ordinary precaution, bet on.

Another man, I was told, made money rapidly until he reached a fortune of $50,000,000. Then the common people bored him atrociously; so he built a club of his own, where he has a tea room, restaurant and dancing floor for the accommodation of himself and a few friends. The place is always shown—a one-story affair, rather pretty and unusual. The owner was also pointed out. My guide admitted he was a modest fellow, and I can attest, much as I dislike the idle rich, that he is good-looking.

The Club of the Modest Rich

THE most unusual of the sights is possibly the club where the millionaires live. It fronts on the bay at a place where Venice is suggested and probably ranks very high with the best clubs in existence. It has 600 members, with a waiting list of 200. In the vicinity of the club are several large buildings where most of the members have living rooms.

Because of my guide I was able to enter the club, passing a colored man at the door who wore a huge yellow sash round his waist, like the officer of the day at a country celebration.

There are thirty or forty rooms, including the restaurant, in the main building, which is of an old style of architecture, though completed only a few months ago.

I visited the apartments of one of the best-known members and found everything extremely simple. There were rag carpets on the floors, and his sleeping room was in imitation of the old cells said to have been occupied by monks many centuries ago. I saw very few of the members; possibly a dozen quiet men not differing greatly from those I had been seeing round the hotel. So far as I observed the rich at Palm Beach are not the rude and noisy lot popularly represented.

I had the honor of being entertained at luncheon at the club; men entertain casual acquaintances at clubs, as women entertain similar acquaintances at teas, and thus do not necessarily vouch for them. Among other things we had goose livers. I have forgotten the bill-of-fare name, but as I do not believe in using foreign words in plain American writing it is no great matter. I have ardently longed for goose livers, because of their good reputation, and my fellow proletarians may be interested in knowing I did not care for them. Having tasted goose livers I candidly confess I like ham and eggs, on which our poor are largely fed, better.

My host had a good deal to do with the management of the club, and I was interested in his statement that the war has made rich men easier to manage and poor men more difficult. He also said that many of the imitations of foreign foods produced in this country are now better than the original, specifying several California brands.

During a wicker-chair ride a little frame building is pointed out on the beach. It is the place where the colored help at the hotels put on suits before going in bathing. There is a good deal of resentment because the colored people bathe in the ocean. Public meetings have been held to protest. A noted man was named who presided at one of these meetings, but I do not know how the agitation came out. Asked if the white help at the hotels also objected to the colored people bathing in the Atlantic, my guide said they did.

Every little while during the ride I encountered a photographer, who offered to take my picture. Down in front of the hotel is a gallery where a large variety of excellent pictures are offered for sale. Adjoining is a drug store where one may purchase tooth paste, pills and such personal supplies. If there is a grocery store on what is popularly called the "island," I did not happen to see it. There is a coöperative store where the winter visitors buy supplies, but this is in an out-of-the-way place, and visitors do not usually note it. There is also said to be a church, but it does not loom so large as do the hotels. Palm Beach is a resort; evidences of trade do not appear.

Entertaining the Wicker-Chair Tourist

IN CASE you decide to cross the lake to West Palm Beach you are pushed over a bridge also used by railroad trains and automobiles. In it is a draw to let boats pass through. On the way you observe there are not so many private yachts in Lake Worth as you had imagined there would be. In this lake you are apt to see great schools of the fish known as mullet; I saw millions of them both in the daytime and at night. At night every fish jumping out of the water was followed by a phosphorescent light; easily one of the greatest sights I have ever seen, as there were millions of mullet and all of them seemed to be jumping. There is also a ferry across the lake; a rather pleasant ride, and the fare is five cents.

In West Palm Beach you may hear an amateur band play in a little park in which there are many palms. Here you find visitors sitting about who gossip a little about the guests of the big hotels across the lake. These visitors are plain people who do not care for show or society; who do not, in short, care to dress for dinner. A good steady, sturdy lot, a majority of the men chew tobacco instead of consuming it in cigarettes and many of them have children who will visit the hotels at some time in the future.

If you care to be pushed about the streets of West Palm Beach you find the ordinary small town, with courthouse, city hall, banks, stores, ice-cream parlors, garages, and a number of modest hotels and boarding houses. Most of the inhabitants are Yankees; you almost never see a Southerner, which is also true of Florida in general. These West Palm Beach people will tell you that they have a lively town three months of the year, and just exist for nine months. The Palm Beach Post of January 29, 1919, printed this statement:

If the Yankees didn't come down here and spend their money with us we'd have to starve to death or get out.

I was in the town when the statement was printed and heard no one complain because of it.

Possibly you will go to the city hall and attend a session of the police court, as I did and as a good many visitors from the big hotels do. The judge is a smart fellow named Joe Earman, who also edits the Palm Beach morning paper. He is said to be political manager of the present governor, and is endeavoring to make him United States senator. Joe Earman is very bright, and his court is as good as a show. The morning I was there it was said seven of the spectators were millionaires. It is further said—in this free country anything may be said—that Joe Earman has 273 subscribers who are millionaires. Joe leaves his forms on the press every morning until eleven-thirty to accommodate those who call for extra copies.

I heard that one of Joe Earman's millionaire friends sent him $10,000 and asked that the mosquitoes round Palm Beach be exterminated, as they disturbed the rich man's comfort; whereupon Joe returned the money, with an accompanying note which read:

"You didn't send enough. I couldn't get the mosquitoes out of my own office with $10,000."

Possibly this is only another of the merry jests for which we Americans are famous; in winter, at least, visitors to Florida are not bothered with mosquitoes.

The morning I was in Joe Earman's police court one of the defendants was a cross-eyed negro called Jeff, arrested for being drunk. The judge asked him where he got his liquor.

Florida is a prohibition state, and much to my surprise Jeff's reply was: "You can get it from pretty much anybody in my part of town."

The judge then asked where he got his first drink and lost recollection. Jeff said he got it from "Miss Annie." Being asked if he knew Miss Annie the chief of police nodded his head wearily; Miss Annie seemed to be an old and well-known offender.

"You look like a good nigger to me, Jeff," the judge said, "but I must do something to impress on your mind that we can't stand a cross-eyed nigger drunk in Palm Beach. A cross-eyed nigger full of bootleg whisky is liable to shoot anywhere. I fine you five dollars."

I heard of some dullness in Palm Beach, and frequent predictions that the town would be as lively as ever as soon as visitors discovered where liquor could be had. Jeff's testimony seems to indicate that soon after my visit the town was as lively as ever.

By the time the wicker-chair tourist returns to the hotel the orchestra may be playing its afternoon concert on the veranda, and he may listen to that for an hour and a half. It is said out in the world of exaggeration that this orchestra has seventy players. I counted them several times, and made the number twenty-eight; quite enough to give a very enjoyable performance. One afternoon only forty people were listening to the music, but if a guest at the hotel misses a meal or a concert it is his own lookout; there is no reduction in his bill.

When the regular orchestra players pack up and leave, a jazz band plays in the tea garden near by, and you may remain in your chair and see another very unusual sight. Presently the electric lights are turned on, and you are reminded it is time to dress for dinner. Whereupon you proceed to your room and wrestle with your dress suit. Then down the elevator at six-thirty, and the head waiter greets you and turns you over to one of his numerous assistants. You watch the crowd come and go in the dining room for a time, and then stroll out into the great hotel rooms, and into the society for which the place is famous.

There is a newspaper cartoonist whose pictures of married men I regard as masterly; I believe these should be collected and deposited in some museum for future reference, as true types of our time. He usually shows his married men at evening affairs, in dress suits, or in their rooms engaged in putting their society clothes on with much difficulty. In his pictures also appear wives in complete control of the situation. The faces of the husbands, made with a few strokes, show very plainly they do not wish to attend the function their wives have decided on.

The married men are usually represented as a little bald and a little old. The best men we have, these fellows, but they are not good-looking. And this is also true to life. We American married men may have good hearts, and I hope we have, but we are not good-looking.

Full-Dress After-Dinner Boredom

AT PALM BEACH every evening I thought of this cartoonist's pictures of married men. Here they were in all their glory, wearing dress suits and led round by their wives.

Everywhere after ten o'clock I heard these plain male creatures, gorgeously attired, saying to their wives: "Come on!"

And the wives, true to form replied: "Wait a minute."

And their "minute" was half an hour or more. The wives wanted to make a few more observations to carry home to tell round when talking of their trip. And as it is a sight very much worth while I do not criticize the women for tarrying long to look at it.

My cartoonist's married men represent true if crude art. Of all the men I saw in the great assembly rooms and ballroom at the hotel in the evening, not half a dozen looked willing; the hundreds of others had been dragged downstairs by their wives, as the cartoonist represents, and wanted to go to their rooms and smoke, play cards or read the papers from home.

When you visit the dry-goods stores you see women rushing about looking at clothes. At Palm Beach they have on what they have selected. The exhibition of dry goods is to be seen in the great hotels after dinner from eight to eleven—about the usual hours of shows everywhere. It is during these hours the orchestra plays and the dancing occurs. Then the men appear who have been coaxed to put on dinner suits, and are unmistakably bored. Then is when the women sit round or move about and take each other in; and our American women are never quite so smart as when they are taking each other in. Every woman is a walking encyclopedia, a professor, about clothes; she is as clever about a dress as a man is about a dollar, and learns the lesson as naturally.

I met one bored husband at Palm Beach who said to me: "I selected my wife from a farm, hoping she would never learn the dry-goods habit. Do you see that gorgeous creature over there with the tall palm as a background?"

I looked that way and saw the best-dressed woman in the great room. The lady was a little elderly, a little stout, but she was correct in every detail, and knew it. She also knew that those about her recognized that she was perfect in every detail, considering her age. I signified I had picked the lady out.

"Well," the husband said, puffing at his cigar, "that's the farmer's daughter thirty years after."

(Continued on Page 46)

ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS

JOHN BARRYMORE IN "Dr. Jekyll AND Mr. Hyde"

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Directed by John S. Robertson Scenario by Clara S. Beranger

It is a Paramount Picture, of course.

THE greatest show news of the season is that you can now see "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" as a Paramount Artcraft picture, with John Barrymore as the star. This is the play which Richard Mansfield immortalized. The most sinister and striking plot that Robert Louis Stevenson ever devised.

The scenes of the upper-world and under-world in London half a century ago are the last word in historic realism.

John Barrymore's dual genius lights up the whole photoplay with great flashes of dramatic power, outdoing in intensity the ordinary drama as a searchlight does a candle.

A great plot—a great play—a great show—put on as only Paramount knows how.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY V.-Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General

Another great Paramount Picture

(Continued from Page 44)

One night at a ball there were twenty-eight men in the orchestra. At no time while I looked on, seated between two wallflowers and enjoying their talk, did the number of dancers exceed twenty-four. But there were hundreds of wallflowers present, whispering remarks to each other.

It is the wallflowers who run Palm Beach. It is a woman's resort. Men accompany them for one reason and another, but it is the women who really appreciate the place.

A man may dress up at small expense. A dress suit to attend the parties given in his honor when he marries, and he is fixed for life by occasionally employing a tailor to make a few alterations here and there as he grows stouter or thinner. It is true an attempt has been made by haberdashers to excite the men about later fashions, and in this the haberdashers have the active assistance of certain magazines, but the fact remains that in America there is little inquiry as to the age of a man's dress suit.

But women must consider the clothes problem every spring and fall from youth to old age. They must consider what becomes a stout figure, a slender figure, a short figure, a tall figure; and to this question they give the time and shrewdness men devote to finance and democracy. It is to Palm Beach the women take their clothes, their vast knowledge of propriety, and their well-trained husbands.

I saw the great show of dry goods in the corridors and ballroom several evenings and heard the comments of ladies whose acquaintance I formed. Their observations confirmed my own, and if I could reproduce for the American public what they said it would have an accurate picture of the real Palm Beach.

There is no style of woman's figure that may not be seen, the elderly and stout largely predominating. How many young women did I see with willowy, perfect figures, and draped in dry goods in the best taste? Perhaps a dozen during my stay; and the women I knew disputed this estimate, considerably reducing the figures. Of course there are great balls, including that one on Washington's Birthday, which the society reporters say grandly is the world's greatest social event. But the ordinary visitor will not see it; what he will see is about what I saw. Returning travelers tell marvelous tales to impress those remaining at home, but however far a candid man wanders, the really marvelous thing he notes is the wide distribution of the usual and commonplace.

Simplicity is the Keynote

THE women I saw were of an excellent type, and particularly well behaved. And as much may be said of the men. I saw hundreds of elderly women of the sort who have made their sex loved round the world; the wives of our best elderly men, mothers of our best young men and women.

What one sees at Palm Beach is actually a fine sight: Americans so well behaved that you admire them. Occasionally there is a false note, but the dominating type is always the creditable average.

One day I was told that by standing in a certain place half an hour I might see a count go by. I said I would rather see an American Esq. or Hon. who began in a humble capacity and worked his way up. There are hundreds of such men at Palm Beach, and I enjoyed looking at them. The American boast I like best is that any young fellow of fair intelligence and good intentions may find his way near enough to the top to be conspicuous and honored. I know of no handicap except shiftlessness.

I thought the women looked best in the morning, when dressed simply. I am an old-fashioned man who believes that the more elaborately women dress the worse they look. I once saw a Russian ballet, a really gorgeous affair, said to have been organized for the entertainment of the Czar and members of his court. There was one chorus composed of young girls dressed as simply as country children, representing spring. There were other choruses, the women in them enveloped in gorgeous spangles and colors, but they did not look so well as did the girls dressed simply and in the fashion we are all accustomed to.

It is probable that any ordinary winter night one may walk through the lower rooms of a New York hotel and see more smart dressing than may be seen in the big hotels at Palm Beach. But those in the Palm Beach crowd looked better to me; they were nearer representative Americans. The proportion of chappies is larger in New York; the proportion of solid business men larger in Palm Beach.

A large part of a woman's enjoyment of society is commenting on the clothes of other women. As I sat in the ballroom I heard two lady wallflowers commenting on a certain costume they had observed. I asked them to describe it, which they did, and I put down the details carefully, as follows:

A black Chantilly-lace dress, made very full over white satin, and with a long train.

This dress, my companions agreed, had been out of style thirty years.

The lady who wore the old-fashioned costume was pointed out to me and met with my hearty approval; a motherly woman who had come to Florida with a good husband to enjoy a few weeks of rest and sunshine and who was attracted from her room by the dancing, the music and the crowds. Others much like her were present and received as much attention from the numerous hotel servants as anyone.

One woman whose comments interested me had come to Palm Beach that day on an auto bus from Miami. She said one man at the dance—not taking part but looking on—had driven the bus. This woman, expecting to see a hero or a millionaire, saw a bus driver and was disappointed.

One of the lady critics I am quoting noted a sign in the hotel which read: "These rooms are intended for guests only," and said the people of West Palm Beach couldn't be kept out with a sign.

One afternoon I heard a woman say, after a glance round the crowded porches: "I have never seen a worse-bored lot of people."

I believe the people did look bored. I never expect miracles and was well satisfied with Palm Beach, but so many expect wonderful things to happen and, failing to find them in the most wonderful places we have, yawn a while and then go to sleep in their chairs.

I did not see any maids or valets at Palm Beach. Women like maids, but men do not greatly care for personal servants; they are afraid other men will call them "Sister" if they have a valet, so they manage to dress alone with the assistance of their wives.

A man said to be an expert told me only every fourth or fifth rich man who goes there has a valet, and personally I believe these figures are high. The same authority says every other rich woman has a maid. These figures I also believe to be exaggerated as much as the number of colored waiters employed at the hotel. A New York society paper says it is 600; Joe McLane, head waiter, says it is 360. I heard one of the officials say some of the printed stories about the size of the hotel were so big as to be ridiculous. Still, its real story, it seems to me, is big enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic reporter.

I heard a good deal of the North Wing of the hotel, and of a rich colony occupying it from season to season. The North Wing is newer than the other portion of the hotel and more modern in equipment. But I wasn't over there and cannot attest as to its magnificence. The room I occupied had old-fashioned furniture and bath fixtures, and the usual hotel rules were posted on the door prohibiting me from doing washing in my room, warning me to deposit my valuables in a safe provided in the office, pay my bill weekly, and so on. In my portion of the hotel the elevators were slow, and this was a favorite joke among the guests. In some of the Western towns prosperous sheep and cattle men have erected hotels more modern in many respects, but when it comes to management, Palm Beach ranks with the best the Swiss, the French, the Italians and the New Yorkers can do.

The Unchanging Servant Personnel

THOSE clever women who enrich our literature by writing personals in the newspapers are well represented at this great resort. It is part of the gossip of Palm Beach that a rich woman gave a society reporter a house for pleasing newspaper notoriety. In the town where I live in the West the local paper exploits everybody, as it has been found the poor like it even better than the well-to-do. As an offset to the statement that a rich woman gave a society reporter a house I offer this incident, and know it is true:

A servant girl in my town concluded to change her position. Calling the society reporter of the local paper by telephone she said: "This is Lena White, who has been working for Mrs Abell. You know me; I have waited on you lots of times. I have accepted a position at Mrs. Howard's, across the street, and would like to have it mentioned in the personals."

And the item was accordingly printed in a daily paper with a circulation exceeding 7000, in a town which claims 18,000 population, but which the late census reduced to 12,000, much to the disgust of its worthy citizens.

This fall a man was traveling to Florida in an automobile. In the pine woods of Georgia he came upon a railroad train of ten coaches sidetracked and waiting for a train going in an opposite direction to pass. All the coaches were filled with negro men. It was an unusual sight, and the traveler wondered who the negro men could be and why they were in that lonely place.

It was Joe McLane's special train en route to Florida for the opening of the Palm Beach season, and all the passengers were waiters. And this isn't all the story; on the ocean at the same time was a ship called the Arapahoe, headed for Florida, and all the passengers were white employees of the hotel—clerks, cooks, housekeepers, and so on.

Joe McLane is one of the characters of Palm Beach. For twenty-one years he has had charge of the dining room. There are nineteen assistant head waiters under him, and in summer these men are head waiters in hotels in the North, East and West. The waiters are collected by him and his assistants from nearly everywhere; mainly from a big hotel at Saratoga, New York.

Joe McLane found a dozen of the present waiters at the hotel when he went there, and they have been coming every winter season since. I noticed several of these old fellows; they were gray, and when a negro is gray he is old.

More than a hundred of the present guests have been coming regularly many years; Joe McLane found them there, and every winter they want William or Henry or Thomas to wait on them, as they did the season before.

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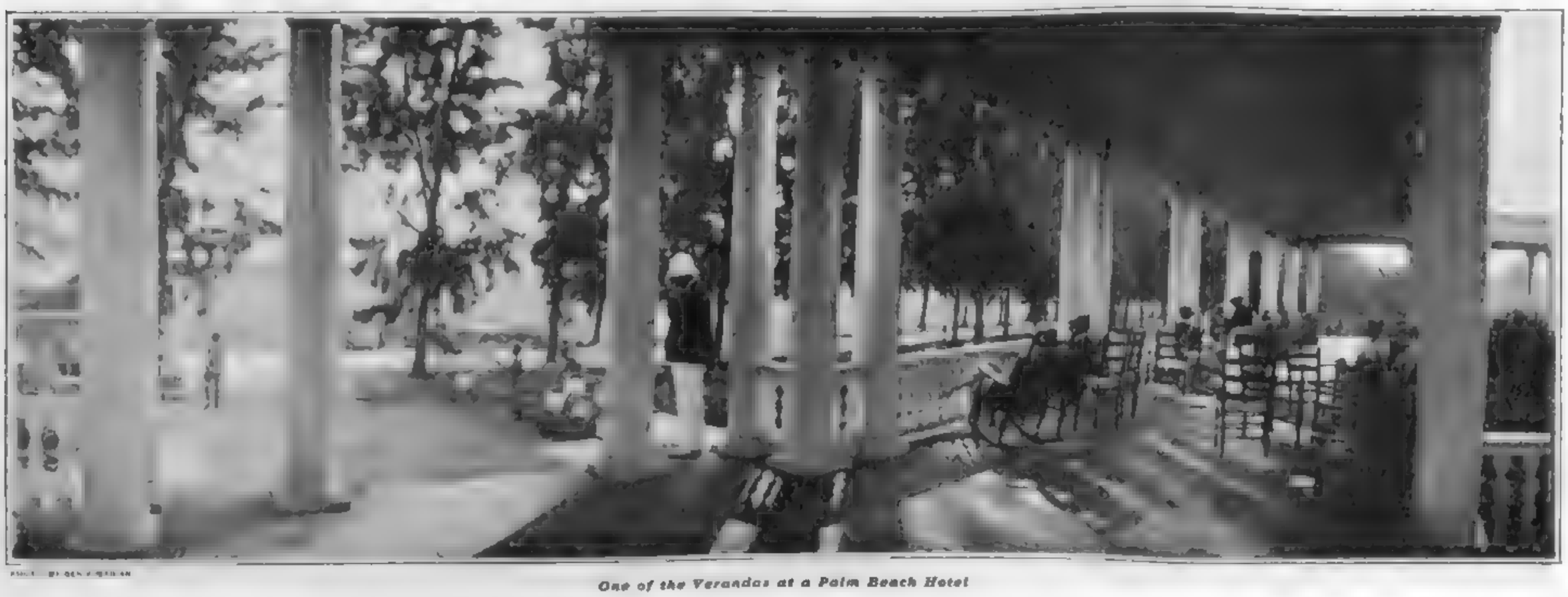

One of the Verandas at a Palm Beach Hotel

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Republic Motor Truck Co. Inc., Alma, Michigan

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

Just where and how is the money to be spent?

THIRTY denominations co-operating in the Interchurch World Movement have budgeted their needs. No business could have done it more scientifically.

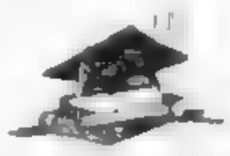
They have united to prevent the possibility of duplication or waste. At least a million dollars will be saved by the fact that thirty individual campaigns are joined in one united effort.

Each denomination has arranged its budget under six main heads:

A businesslike Answer to a businesslike Question

1

For the Church's Work at Home. A score of items come under this head. Consider only one. Five and a half million people in the United States cannot even read and write the English language. Who is to carry forward this vast work of Americanization if the Church does not?



2

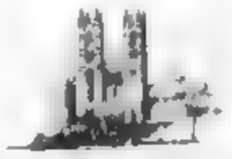
For Higher Education. More than half the 450,000 students in American universities and colleges are in colleges founded and supported by the Churches. These institutions have had no great endowment campaigns, but their needs are just as pressing as the needs of larger schools; and you have only to read their list of alumni and alumnæ to measure the value of their contribution to America.

3

For Hospitals and Homes. Every year 1,000,000 men and women seriously ill are turned away from Church hospitals because of lack of room. The children's homes are compelled to turn away more children than they can receive.

4

For the Church's Work Abroad. Influenza came first from the Orient thirty years ago; nearly all plagues are Oriental plagues. So long as China has only one physician to every 400,000 people the Orient will continue to be a menace. So long as one-third of the babies of India die before their second year our own babies are not safe. A Christian doctor or teacher sent abroad is working for America as truly as though he worked at home.



5

For Religious Training. At least 12,000,000 children and young people are entering American life without any religious training at all. Remembering the faith of Washington and Lincoln, do you think that America will continue to produce Washingtons and Lincolns if faith dies out of the hearts of its youth?

6

Preachers' Salaries. The preacher is called the "forgotten man," and well he may be. Eight out of ten preachers are paid less than $20 a week!

Each denomination has its own detailed budget, and will administer its own funds. Your pastor has copies of the budget; examine them for yourself. In the week of April 25th–May 2nd you will be given your opportunity to help. You can do it with the full satisfaction of knowing that every dollar of your gift has its post of service assigned to it in advance.

Every dollar for a better America and a better world. When your church calls on you give—and give with your heart as well as your pocketbook.

The INTERCHURCH World Movement of North America

The publication of this advertisement is made possible through the co-operation of thirty denominations

(Concluded from Page 46)

One of Joe McLane's assistants is a negro doctor, a very capable man. Years ago there was an outbreak of a serious epidemic among the negroes in the barracks, but the guests didn't know it; few of the employees did. The negro doctor cleaned it all up, and there was no excitement and no deaths.

Two of Joe's assistant head waiters are preachers, and they conduct frequent religious services in the big amusement hall provided for colored employees. Joe also has under him musicians for cake walks, quartets, and so on. There are also baseball nines. Their games are fast and furious and cause the guests at the hotels to cheer and bet.

Why Women Smoke

Being a good man himself, Joe McLane knows good men. If one of the waiters is slow or otherwise objectionable he does not come back the following year; thus good men are recruited in every calling.

The great hotel reminds you of a beehive with the guests going and coming in swarms, but there are order and quiet; for every guest there is an employee, well trained, and the best in his class. At times during the season there are two employees for every guest.

I used to watch the black porters start out to meet trains; fifty of them at times. Presently they would come back, carrying all sorts of packages—valises, golf sticks, tennis rackets, band boxes; and followed by a lot of guests usually grumbling about their train being late. Then the nineteen men in the front office would take them in hand and quietly and quickly provide for them.

I saw no lady at Palm Beach carrying or leading a dog about, and herewith express gratitude, for I do not like the sight. Americans generally, I believe, will approve my taste in this particular at least.

In a statement lately issued by the board of a large and influential church an earnest appeal is made to women "to refrain from the use of tobacco, in the name of the country's welfare." I did not see a woman smoking at Palm Beach nor do I personally know a woman who smokes. I doubt the statement that "the increased use of tobacco among women is appalling." You may do as you choose; the statement just quoted is made by the church board referred to above. I have always believed that the few women who smoke do it to aggravate the men, who do not like to see women smoke. I also believe that if women really craved tobacco they would smoke pipes or cigars, and few of them do this.

I record only my personal experiences and opinions about women smoking. One of the acquaintances I made at Palm Beach, a woman rather sophisticated, says there is more smoking among her sex than I believe. Asked if she had seen any of it during her stay of three or four days, she admitted only one case. She agreed with me, however, that women who smoke do it to act smart, and that it isn't very smart. She knows only one woman who seems to be permeated with nicotine, as men smokers are, and who actually has the tobacco habit.

Extending south of Palm Beach a distance of twenty miles is a hard-surface road running beside the sea. I do not know of a prettier road in Florida; nor anywhere else, for that matter. Almost every acre of land along the way has been plotted into town lots. Occasionally there is a lonely cottage, and occasionally men, women and children issue from these cottages, dressed in bathing suits, and plunge into the surf. The road is a lonely but beautiful one. The lots are for sale by the West Palm Beach real-estate agents, and have been for some years.

Adjoining Palm Beach there are fine places, but for eighteen miles south there is almost nothing except streets and boulevards to be developed in the future; and the names of most of these are falling from the posts on which they were erected years ago. Palm Beach is growing, and the last season is always its best, but no town can be so prosperous as to occupy additions as fast as boomers plat them.

The Winter Climate

On a date in March, when the scene at Palm Beach is at its best, the visitors begin to disappear. In a few days those left complain a good deal of dullness, and in another few days Palm Beach is in charge of watchmen; the visitors have been distributed to the ends of the earth and are busy in its various affairs.

Great names have been written on the hotel registers at Palm Beach, names written large in the world of affairs. It is said of Palm Beach, as it was said of Cairo, Egypt, in the fine old dull days before the war:

"Everyone worth while may be seen there by waiting a while."

Everyone who goes to Florida visits Palm Beach, if even briefly. And who does not go to Florida for a short stay during the winter? It is becoming as much of a winter habit as California, and the California habit has long been chronic.

And whatever may be said of the underside of Florida, the upper side in winter is incomparable. A good many doubt that Honolulu, California, Italy or southern France can equal it.

The Prodigal Scot

AN AMERICAN manufacturer named Varick had occasion some months ago to be in Glasgow. While in the land of Bobby Burns he met a clever young Scot, a buyer in his own line of business, who impressed him so favorably that he offered him the position of purchasing agent for his factory.

The offer was eagerly accepted and sixty days later Angus Macdougal had learned to think in dollars and cents and was fast getting to know the ropes of Yankee business. The Macdougal made good from the first. He was strong on quality, inflexible on deliveries and demonstrated an ability for close buying and microscopic penny-splitting that broke all the records of the trade.

In addition to these sterling accomplishments he could travel cheaper than any other man that Varick had ever sent out on the road. Every time he returned from a trip his employer noted with surprise his abnormally low expense bills. Not once had he found a penny charged to entertaining.

After one particularly cheap trip Varick summoned the Macdougal to his office and told him squarely that when he was on the road he must keep his end up and return in kind whatever entertainment he accepted from the men with whom he did business.

Angus listened gravely and promised to bear his employer's admonition in mind.

A week or two later he handed in an expense bill for O. K. and sure enough near the bottom of the column appeared the item:

Entertaining... $10 00

Varick thinking he could have a laugh at his canny buyer's expense sent for him and asked him rather severely how he spent that ten dollars.

Angus explained glibly that on his last trip he was just about to place a large order half a cent below the market when he succeeded in wheedling McCutts Bros. & Tracy into shading the price another quarter cent. He was so elated over his bargain that he had invited the three McCutts brothers to dine with him at a genteel hotel.

"And you actually squandered ten dollars on a dinner for four?" pursued Varick without the flicker of a smile.

"Nae, Maister Varick. Gr-rand denner though it was, it costet but nine-ninety."

"And what became of the other ten cents?" inquired Varick solemnly.

"Hoot! Maister Varick," quoth the Macdougal, "in obejience to your policy of leeberality in entertainment, I gied the sma' siller to the puir sairving laddie for a gratuity, and I didna think ye'd tak on sae sairly aboot it."

HEINZ
OVEN BAKED BEANS

Did you ever see a boy eat Heinz Oven Baked Beans? No better endorsement was ever made than his grin of appreciation as he passes his plate for more.

You can't fool a boy. He knows what is good. He recognizes that *baked* taste which makes Heinz Baked Beans so delicious.

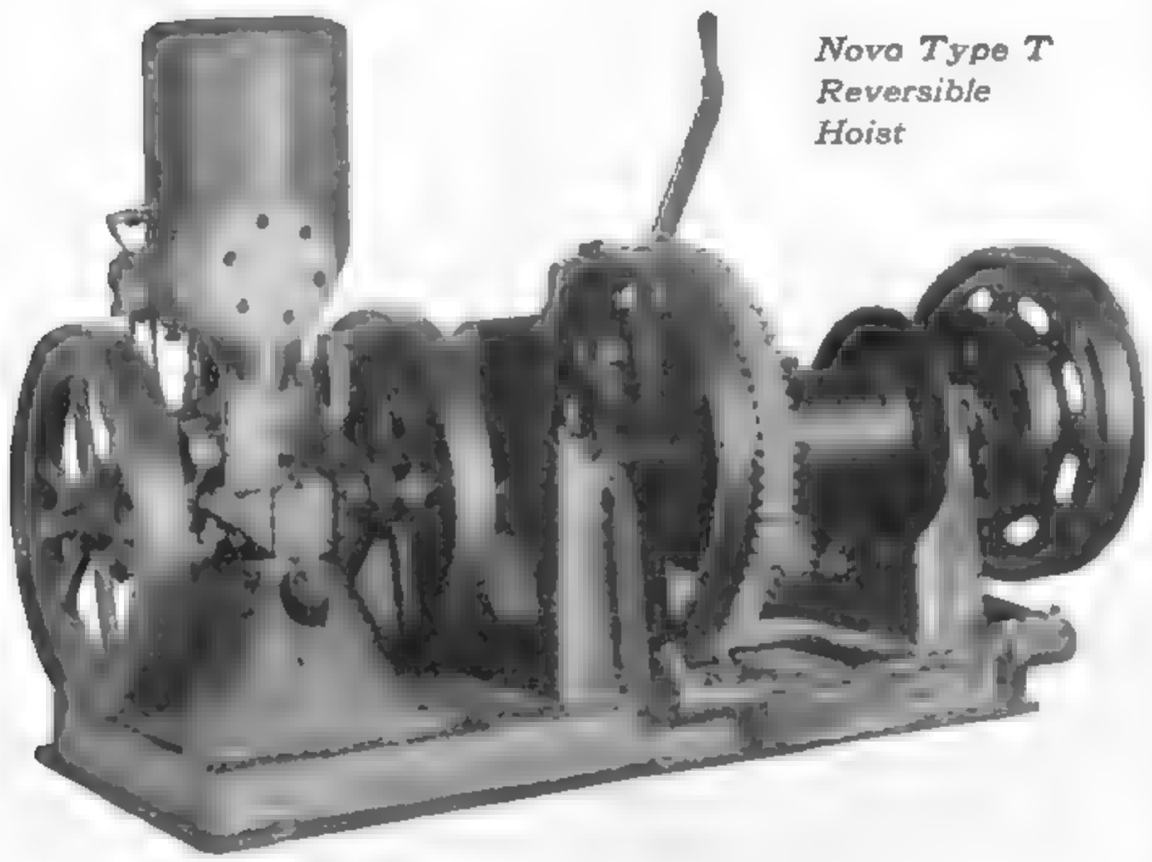
His instincts are right. The food value is there, as well as the flavor. *Baking* does it.

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada



Novo Type T Reversible Hoist

Pack Mules of Power

Novo Outfits are busy all over the world on work that would still be waiting for steam or electricity.

NOVO ENGINE CO.
Clarence E. Bement, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

404 Porter Street Lansing, Mich.

New York Office: 1617 Woolworth Building
Chicago Office: 800 Old Colony Building

London Concrete Machinery Co., London, Ontario, Canadian Distributors

Novo Engines, 1½ to 15 H. P. Outfits for Pumping, Hoisting, Air Compressing, Sawing. Furnished to operate on gasoline, kerosene, natural or artificial gas.

NOVO RELIABLE POWER

IMPROVING AMERICA

(Continued from Page 5)

How sordid of her, I thought, and how like a woman! Had they expected another distinguished visitor to California—namely, the King of Belgium—to boost something when they treated him to dinners, aviation, sight-seeing tours all along the western world? To this thought my wife replied that the King of Belgium was one thing and that I was another, a point of view which I naturally failed to understand.

I almost expected the king to be on the platform at Los Angeles to give us greeting, but instead I found Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart and her major, themselves guests, surrounded by editors, business men, chambers of commerce, bankers, patriots and others already eloquently discoursing upon the advantages of Yosemite National Park as a strategic point from which Nature could be supplied to the sovereign state of California. Lurking in the outskirts of enthusiasm I found another international literary celebrity, whom for convenience I shall hereafter designate as Mr. Careless.

Mr. Careless, like myself, had come because he adores riding in special cars. Also he had been all along under the impression that the trip had been arranged by a motion-picture corporation to which he was supplying material out of his eminently famous short stories.

At this point I might take occasion to explain that since my nineteenth year I have considered myself a Californian. California lays no claim to me; yet I cannot forget that it was California that threw me into college, threw me out again and suckled me in journalism even as the wolf mother took pity on the infant Remus. So I have been elected a Californian upon my own nomination. Therefore, as a Californian, I might explain that we of the Golden State are a hospitable people. We clasp the hand, we point with pride, we slap the back, we open the foaming ginger ale in defiance of any law but the law of humanity.

California has the hearty manner which goes properly with a good heart and a truly generous disposition. So I was not disappointed at the station, and subsequently on the train, to find California in all her fruitful abundance.

The Unofficial Mayor

The unofficial mayor of Los Angeles, a tower of a man with a laugh that splits the welkin and a descriptive power which includes all local color from the mission of San Luis Rey as far north as Paso Robles—where San Francisco's jealous influence begins to assert itself—the unofficial mayor, I repeat, took the party in hand and gave it unity. An efficient American and a true Westerner was this unofficial mayor. As our train shot northward he was everywhere, infusing the glow of golden poppies, and when the poppies refused to glow he used the methods of the yell leader who pumps enthusiasm into his bleachers when the first half languishes and the score stands panting, nothing against nothing. He was the sworn enemy of gathering gloom and dull moments. He passed among the knots of serious-minded newspaper magnates, hotel princes, bank presidents and others, and as he passed the poppies broke their buds like so many firecrackers. He had an uproarous song about "Ca-bbages, ca-beans and ca-rrots" which he taught to everybody from the Pullman porter down to myself, and as the night wore on we were all singing it. Some of us sang it in our sleep.

Then morning came, as the scenario writer prefers to express it. We debarked at the El Portal entrance of the valley and were met amidst looming cliffs by simple mountaineers in command of as many twin sixes. The air was bracing. Mystery held us in thrall. Somewhere out there lay the Yosemite, and toward it wound a splendid grade inviting our carload of brains to behold and be impressed. For myself, I needed no such invitation, because I had dreamed about the Yosemite ever since I was old enough to paste pictures in a scrapbook. I stood on the brink of discovery. Were the trees, the peaks, the waterfalls as lofty as my mind had pictured them?

The two San Franciscans who sat with us in our twin six were true Yosemite worshipers. Mr. Dohrman, who has the valley's salvation very close to his heart, and Mr. Charles K. Field, the greatest Californian ever born in Vermont, spoke feelingly of the old days when there were no college-bred roads leading smoothly through El Portal. In those days you lumped it and bumped it by a Deadwood stage; or you hiked it, as the prospectors did, behind a string of pack jacks; or you did it stylishly with your own camping outfit; or you came a-horseback.

"You had to work for it in them days," grinned our chauffeur-mountaineer under his horseshoe mustache as he turned his bushy head and gave us a hawklike look.

"Indeed you had to work for it," complained my friend Mr. Careless, turning up the collar of his leathern coat against the nipping air. "There wasn't any rolling in on rubber tires. It was a man's job getting here, and as a consequence the people who did come came because they loved the valley enough to make the struggle worth while."

I thought at that moment that Careless had chosen a poor time in which to carp. Myself, I enjoy a smooth-faced road and four good tires blown up to about eighty. But our chauffeur-mountaineer just turned his head for a sharp glance of appreciation ere he threw the gears into second and we took another upward turn into the land of giants.

The Yosemite, as you approach it from El Portal, has the quality of Greek drama—expectancy, the ever-increasing march of grandeur, and then the exaltation of climax. Catastrophe and ruin have not come as yet. I hope they never will; but it is in fear of catastrophe that I am writing these rough-hewn paragraphs.

No Standards to Gauge Yosemite

Here, deep in the bosom of our continent, lies a marvel yet unspoiled; a miracle which never disappoints the beholder. The valley itself is but an entrance to the National Park, which extends over a thousand-odd square miles among the highlands which the forest rangers call upstairs. But it is of the valley that I am writing. In the trite words of the prospectus, it is beyond description. Milton or Dante could do but puny justice to this abode of many temples which loom over a space of ground somewhat smaller than the island of Manhattan. We civilized men, used to living among things scaled down to our needs and customs, have no standard by which to gauge the Yosemite. A mouse might venture into the Cathedral of Notre Dame and be less overwhelmed by architectural grandeur than you or I under the shadow of Sentinel Rock. Tribes of Goliaths, Thors and Polyphemuses might wander and be lost to sight in this colossal vale, where even the yellow pines, giants almost rivaling the great sequoias, stand dwarfed like little reeds against the rocky bulwarks of the sky, the swelling bastions of El Capitan.

As the road sweeps through El Portal the pageant is revealed, glory on glory. Vast forms of carved animals guard the way; Indian elephants, crouching bears, hook-beaked birds, their backs bristling with forests, glower forever down upon the invaders. Sheer spires, delicately colored, carved and clustered, are lost among the wintry clouds. Waterfalls, which in the spring will roar like Niagaras, trail silvery plumes from zenith to nadir. The road turns again and into view swings old El Capitan.

El Capitan! The sun is full upon him. The Captain, leader among rocks upon the face of the earth! His shaggy brows, tatooed with iron rust, support the edge of heaven. High up his breast—a thousand feet perhaps—green lichens cling among the seams. Take your field glasses and look again—these lichens are groups of tall pines which have taken root there centuries ago and flourished to great age against the old one's serene indifference of fate.

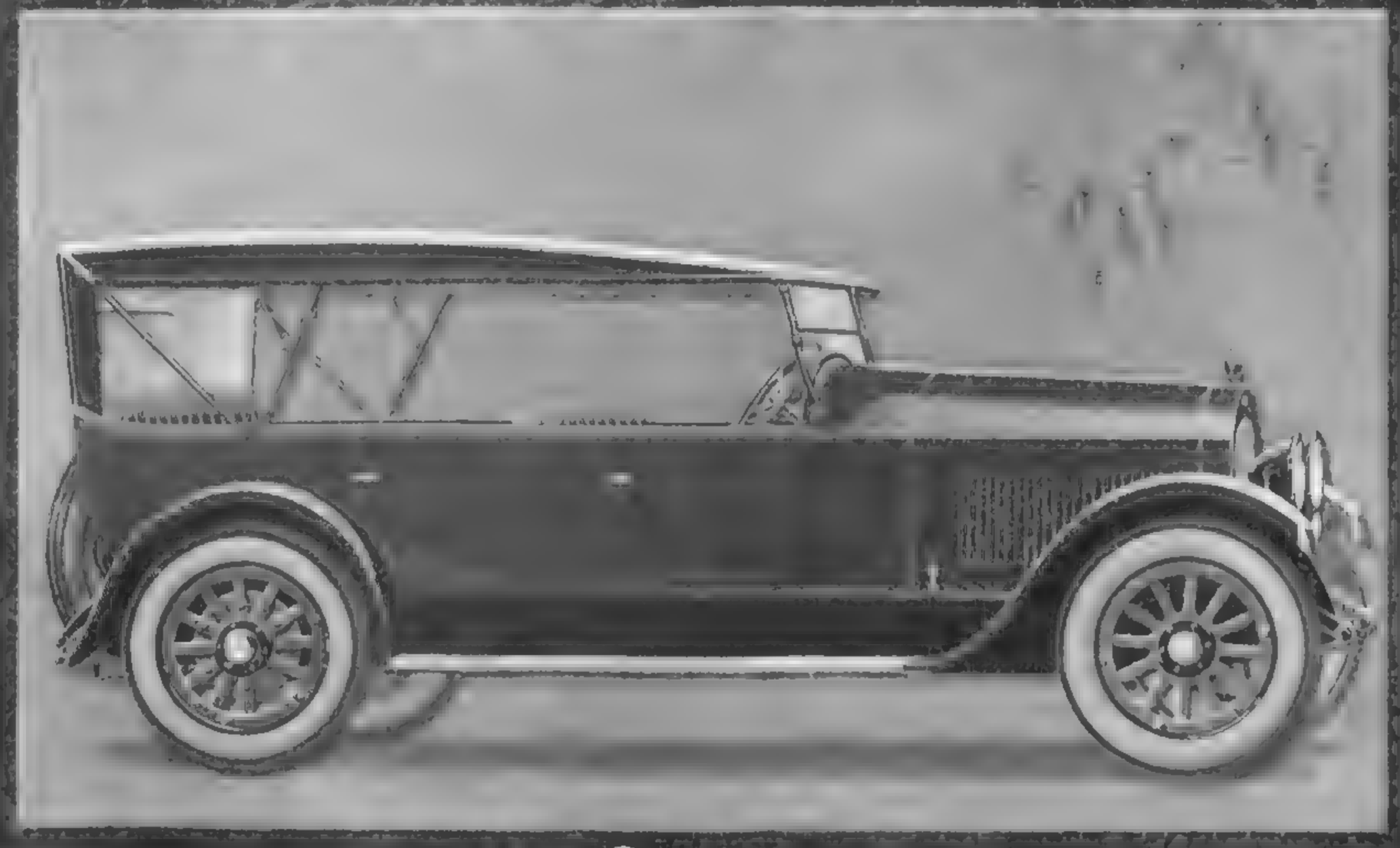
"A German siege gun couldn't do much business there," remarked one of my fellow Californians.

"There are other ways," muttered Careless, introducing a choral theme into the drama of Euripides.

After a pleasant dinner at the hotel the members of our expedition held a meeting.

(Continued on Page 53)

THERE'S A TOUCH OF TOMORROW IN ALL COLE DOES TODAY



Tourster

Cole Aero-Eight

EXCLVSIVE DESIGNS - ADVANCED ENGINEERING
15000 MILES ON TIRES

COLE MOTOR CAR COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, U.S.A.

Creators of Advanced Motor Cars

Every piece in the Sampler is a first choice

In the Sampler are none of those kinds that invariably find their way to the bottom of the box and are chosen last. The assortment in the Sampler is the result of a most unusual process of selection. Every piece is a proved favorite, for we pack in the Sampler sweets selected from our ten best-liked packages—famous since 1842. When you give the Sampler you know that it will be enjoyed from the first piece to the last.

The Sampler and other Whitman's packages are sold by our selected agents almost everywhere, usually the leading drug store in each vicinity. Every Whitman's package is guaranteed both by our agent and by us.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

(Continued from Page 50)

I had suspected all along that there was going to be a meeting, and I began looking with anxiety toward whatever business had brought us.

The hotel, I might remark in passing, is not at all like the Palace in San Francisco or the Ritz in New York. It is severe, not to say plain. The rooms are rough-hewn, but the beds are comfortable. Water of a high temperature runs in the bathtubs and there are hot-headed little stoves in the corners with sufficient firewood to melt the wildest blizzard. The bedrooms open naïvely on second-story balconies, where you can gossip with such forest rangers as will listen to you as they cinch their horses on the flat of ground below. From the rear balcony you can admire Yosemite Falls and try to appreciate its height, which amounts to nine Niagaras. The waters spout through a notch in the valley marge; plumes trail hundreds of feet until the wind catches the spray and sends it flying like flocks of milky birds. In architecture the Sentinel Hotel is rambling and unambitious and small—too small, I realize, for the multitudes who are coming to know the Yosemite. But I approve of that hostelry because it is so incidental. It isn't trying to decorate the Yosemite or to do anything helpful in the way of improving Nature. It's just something hidden among the pines, as the human ego should be hidden in the council of the gods.

But we held a meeting after dinner. Mrs. Rinehart and her major, Careless and the Irwins, representing literary genius, were lined up on the front row, while the chairman, a gentleman who loves the Yosemite with real knowledge and reverence, called us to order.

What I am about to narrate I have plucked from a memory which is at best a poor one. It is but the passing sketch of a passing impression. I shall attempt to convey, however, the idea of the meeting without reference to the order of the speeches, their exact wording or the personality of the speakers.

Serious-minded men of affairs sat together to discuss a serious question. Here and there the brown uniform of a ranger added a military touch. Over by the door an old woodsman, keen-eyed, grim, a little shy, surveyed us all curiously, like the spirit of the valley wondering what the little world was planning now.

The Ideas of the Boosters

The expedition had been formed and the meeting called, the chairman explained, in order to discuss ways and means for improving the Yosemite, whose popularity is increasing at a prodigious rate. To destroy the character of the valley, he explained, was quite contrary to his wish and to the wish of all good citizens; but we should realize the growing necessity for accommodating the great number of visitors. The hotel was small and obsolete. Campers needed more ground, cottagers more cottages. What then was the opinion of the meeting?

My memory, unrefreshed by the minutes of the meeting, still glows with impressions of what I heard in the way of helpful comment.

A general eagerness to help the Yosemite out of her embarrassing predicament was expressed almost before the chairman had called for speeches. One gentleman, the light of enthusiasm burning in his eyes, opined that the Yosemite should be brought up to date and improved upon the grand scale of which America is justly proud. Contracts should be let, cabins should be built in colonies, on the cantonment principle, and equipped with splendid electric cooking appliances, patent washing machines and all the little things that make home pleasant to-day. Applause!

Another enthusiast came to his feet to explain that the Yosemite needs advertising. His speech gave me the impression that much had been written on the subject—dull stuff from the pen of John Muir—but such publicity isn't popular. America is a democracy; a democracy is run by the people, and America owns Yosemite Valley. What then? Is it just, is it honest that the people should own so elegant a piece of real estate and yet know nothing about it? Something with a little jazz in it ought to be sent out to let America know that the Yosemite is on the map. The speaker subsided without encountering contradiction.

"Now in the matter of hotels"—this is the psychological effect another speaker had on me—"California is too proud a state and America too proud a nation to permit tourists to come into this wonder spot of creation and encounter the primitive conditions which now obtain. Yosemite Valley should be enjoyed amidst luxurious surroundings so that the great outdoors may be *en rapport* with the great indoors. This is no more than fair to the Yosemite. Shall we allow tourists to go away heavy-eyed and broken by our careless hospitality? Do we want to give the Yosemite a black eye? No! And while we are about it we should put up something handsome, modern, fireproof, in the best traditions of hotel art. It should be so equipped with amusements that no guest could complain of a dull moment. Young sports for the youngsters, old sports for the oldsters. Swimming pools, tennis courts—a golf course, I was going to say, but that for a while yet might be impracticable."

I thought of El Capitan serving as a bunker in front of the eighth hole, but I decided to say nothing, since the doctor who removed my tonsils had so willed it.

At the close of the latest speech all eyes were focused upon a table which bore that which I had not heretofore noticed.

"An architect has sent in this model merely as a suggestion," explained our chairman.

Attention centered upon the small working model which an efficient atelier had offered for approval. I am no critic of architecture, but the thing looked hotelish beyond the shadow of a doubt. It gave the impression of immense wealth gazing somewhat arrogantly over the boardwalk at Atlantic City; it bore traces of the Norman French and of the Swiss concierge. No one could have denied its handsomeness. There was a grand little driveway, I remember, and two peaked towers obtruding skyward as in midget imitation of Yosemite's proudest crags. This hotel, I was informed, would offer plenty of amusement for rainy days. And who among us does not like to be amused on rainy days?

A Bold Engineering Stroke

The row of literary genius sat pat while the vast improvement plan unrolled itself like mists above the Half Dome.

"I have plans to suggest in the most important detail of all," was my impression of the evening's climactic speech. "The matter of amusement has been merely touched upon. It is known to all psychologists that the human mind can endure natural beauty for a short time only; then interest flags, the sight palls; the spectator becomes at first bored, then morbid. Old Satan will find mischief still for idle hands to do. Most of the crimes which adorn our police records are directly traceable to boredom and morbidness. Let us make our visitors light-hearted. Let us give them something better than rocks and trees to gaze upon. If they crave the innocent reaction of the theater, the dance, the carnival spirit so dear to the heart of every healthy American, let us supply that need in full measure.

"Our plans have not been worked out in detail, but they include such improvements as will make for happiness and contentment among our visitors. We are in need of better facilities for handling crowds. Many people do not care for the long, tedious climbs or horseback rides up the trails, and it is necessary that such should have a means of getting to the park above at a minimum waste of energy. It is every man's right to enjoy the unequaled view of the valley from above. And for the public good we have considered a bold engineering stroke. Plans are already afoot for tunneling El Capitan, running a shaft from the base to the summit, supplying it with a system of elevators and ——"

I tried again to speak, but the sore spot that had once been tonsils permitted me only to utter a sound like the cry of a great auk calling to her young. I had a giddy impression of the speaker taking his seat as the name of Mary Roberts Rinehart rang through the room.

Now Mrs. Rinehart, who would gain nothing by my introduction, is a lady who charmingly combines tact with her abundant genius.

"In improving the Yosemite," I think I heard her say, "you should be careful not to let the artificial obtrude too much upon the natural. Much of its charm would disappear if the park were permitted to become too much of a—er—watering place. However, since the National Park belongs, as

Keep your expensive footwear new-looking

Use *Triangle* Milady Polishing Cream on all your glazed kid and shiny leather shoes, oxfords, and slippers. It is made in all colors. *It both polishes and protects.*

Triangle Shine-well Polishing Paste is a universal favorite. It is easily applied, gives a mirror-like and lasting polish. Made for black, brown, and tan leathers.

Triangle Lusteron is one of our most popular brands. It's a self-shining black dressing for Kid, Vici Kid and all finished leathers. It will keep your shoes like new.

Triangle Cameo Cleaner for all white and delicately colored leathers. It will keep your dressy footwear neat and attractive through long service.

Triangle Presto-White Liquid Dressing makes all Canvas and Nubuck footwear snow white in a few minutes. And most important of all, Presto-White *Won't Rub Off.*

There's a Triangle polish, cleaner or dressing for every kind of footwear

Presto-White (liquid)—won't rub off. For all articles of white canvas and duck.

Presto-White Cake—For all articles made of white buck leather, canvas, and duck.

Cameo White Kid Cleaner—For all white and delicate colored kid leathers.

Super-White (cleaner)—Cleans and whitens buck, suède, and canvas shoes. Also scuffed and badly soiled kid shoes.

Milady (cream) All colors—For glazed kid and shiny leather

Carbolene (dry cleaner)—For cleaning all articles made of white or colored kid, of calf, satin, silk, and fabrics.

Lusteron (black) Self-Shining—For kid, vici kid, and all finished leathers.

Ebony-Oil (black-friction)—For box calf, kid, vici kid, and all black leathers.

Shine-Well (paste) Black, Brown, and Tan—For shoes in all leathers.

Dri-Foot—The Shoe Waterproofing—For men's, women's, and children's leather shoes. Good for harness

"Triangle Brand" is the quality mark of a complete line of polishes, cleaners, and dressings for every kind of footwear, from dainty slippers to sturdy work shoes.

"Triangle Brand" shoe dressings are handy to use; protect the fabric or leather of expensive footwear; and give a lasting finish.

Well-kept footwear is a sign of refinement. Keep your footwear faultless with Triangle dressings. Take a bottle of Triangle Presto-White liquid dressing on your outings and have snow-white shoes.

Triangle dressings are sold in most every shoe store.

Retailers who feature Triangle dressings will find a quick and satisfactory increase in their sales due to Triangle quality and our advertising co-operation. Write for details of our Special Selling Assortment.

FITZ CHEMICAL CO., Phillipsburg, N. J.
Makers of Triangle Shoe Dressings

FITZ
Presto
HAND SOAP

Here is another popular and dependable Triangle Brand product.

Presto Hand Soap *takes off* grease and grime, ink stains and paint. It leaves the skin smooth and soft.

A can of Presto should be on every washstand at home, office, store, shop, and factory.

Ask for Presto and get satisfaction.

Lucky Boy

to have a food confection waiting after school. And to have it Puffed Wheat, which is whole wheat, steam exploded and made easy to digest.

Millions Now Enjoy Them

There are millions of lucky children now who revel in Puffed Grains.

American homes are now enjoying some 750 million dishes of Puffed Grains in a year. And this is why:

These bubble grains have made whole grains enticing.

Prof. Anderson's process—steam explosion—has made digestion easy and complete.

Once they were breakfast dainties. Now they are all-day foods. Millions of dishes are served in milk for suppers and between meals.

Millions are mixed with fruit.

Millions are crisped and lightly buttered for hungry children to eat like peanuts—dry.

All shot from guns

Puffed Grains are shot from guns. By steam explosion they are puffed to eight times normal size.

Every food cell is thus blasted and fitted to digest. Every atom feeds.

These scientific foods are also the most delightful grain foods known. They are airy, flimsy, nut-like—flavory food confections.

In every home such foods are needed several times a day.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Pancakes with Nut Flavor

Now we have added Puffed Rice flour to a perfect pancake mixture. The Puffed Rice makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nutty [illegible] Flour as well. Simply add milk or water—the flour is self-raising—and hear what your people say

3313

you say, to the people, it would be only fair to accommodate campers with every possible comfort.

"Just as the gentleman said, golf links would be impracticable, unless some heavy natural objects were removed. And as to tennis courts—well, there are so many nice trees everywhere, aren't there?"

Less tactful was my friend Careless. From him there came a sullen growl announcing that though he too had been bereft of tonsils he was of no mind to parley with fine speeches.

"Now look here!" he said in effect. "I've heard your ideas for dolling up the Yosemite, and let me say I don't like it. Ever since the discovery of electricity and rapid transit America has been busy spoiling her silent places or putting them out of business. There's some excuse for cutting down a mountain or drying up a lake if industrial conditions demand the sacrifice. But when it comes to improving the Yosemite to death in the name of amusement I am absolutely unable to enthuse.

"The Yosemite is about the last of our natural marvels to remain unspoiled, wild and American. Just as I heard a woodsman say this morning, you used to have to work to get into this valley. In those days people came to the Yosemite because they wanted to see the Yosemite; wanted it so much that they would endure hardships to get here.

"They didn't need the invitation of a jazz band and a roller coaster to coax them into the valley. If people to-day prefer vaudeville to El Capitan, why in the world do they come here?

"I love the Yosemite because its beauty has always meant to me our wonderful wilderness. I have lived in Switzerland long enough to weary of the Alps, all trimmed up like a Continental table d'hôte. I have seen every rock and crag there stage-set for tourists; I have noticed on every peak an impertinent château, each with its dinky tower sticking up like a sore thumb.

"And, gentlemen, I don't mind telling you that I dislike it heartily.

"Please don't damn me as utterly undemocratic.

"If the Yosemite belongs to the people let them have it unspoiled. I'm an Easterner and I may not know what I'm talking about, but since you've asked my opinion permit me to say that your plan for improving Yosemite Valley is on a par with running a rubberneck wagon through the Book of Job."

That was about all there was to the meeting. But let it be said for the good-hearted hospitality of the state to which I have elected myself that we were pleasantly greeted next morning and driven about and talked to and to all appearances enjoyed.

We Americans are good sportsmen when we have to stand and hear the truth—or possibly we pity the truthteller a little for his mistaken point of view.

One of my hosts, walking with me across the snow-crusted valley floor, asked in a spirit of reason: "What would you do about it? This is the age of automobiles, and it's a blessing that we have something to take us away from brick walls and into big scenery. We can't go back to the Pliocene or rumble in Deadwood coaches over the rocky road to Dublin as some of you highbrow literary lights want us to do. The people will come here and they've got to be taken care of."

"My impression is," said I, being strong on impressions during that trip, "that there are hundreds of miles of good camping ground just outside El Portal. People in the East would go a long way to find such streams and forests as we saw yesterday morning before we came in. You could build a whole Ritz system of hotels outside there. You could have cities and theaters and skyscrapers, if you liked, and nothing be hurt by it. With good roads the trip into the valley would be a matter of minutes—and the valley would still be the valley."

"Would people think they were getting their money's worth?" asked my reasonable host.

I gave it up.

A few of us stayed behind when the main expedition departed that afternoon. We derelicts sat on a high rock; there were three of us, Careless and the missus and I. Faintly among the heavy trees we could catch sight of a little stony building. It was the Joseph le Conte memorial.

"Poor old Jo!" lamented Careless, still haunted by the impending improvement of Yosemite.

"It's just as well that he's dead and gone. Probably they'll turn the memorial into a movie house."

"Do you want to hear a piece of poetry?" I asked, producing a scribbled sheet from my pocket.

The missus groaned. Careless looked the other way. Like the late William Cullen Bryant, I derive my inspiration straight from Nature, so I read without encouragement:

There's a plan—ain't it sweet—
To improve the Yo-sem-et,
To string the falls with arc lights for about a thousand feet,
And golly!
Ain't it jolly!
We'll run an airy trolley
From the Half Dome's lofty summit
To the Sentinel, and chum it
In a cutie
Shoot-the-chutie
Which will breeze us through the zephyrs fairly doped with natural beauty.

There's a plan,
Little man,
Which already is began,
To bore a cozy tunnel right through old El Capitan;
And upon his lofty forehead
We can act up something horrid
With a Winter Garden chorus
Which has gotten there before us.
We'll have champions of the ring
And a Derby Day in spring;
To all that poky scenery we will not do a thing
Till the sadness of the ages
And the wisdom of the sages ——

I paused, feeling for the instant that my audience was not with me.

"How does it strike you?" I asked, looking from one to the other.

"It's pretty bad," said Careless, "but not bad enough. Of course when the Yosemite is gone ——"

"Nonsense!" I sniffed. "You can't improve the Yosemite out of existence."

"Yes, you can," he mourned. "You can turn it into something else, which is the same thing."

Down the steep trail there came a forest ranger, his horse picking its way carefully. A moving equestrian figure in bronze, we recognized in the ranger one who had promised us that should our good behavior merit it he would lead us next fall upstairs into the Tuolumne Meadows and the High Sierras.

"What do you think about improving the Yosemite?" I asked as soon as he had dismounted and begun feeling a hot spot under his saddle blanket.

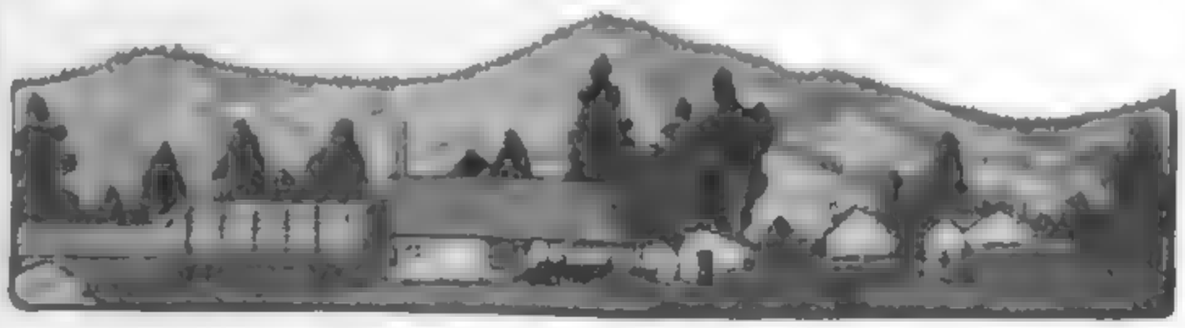
"It does beat the Dutch what ideas people have—some of 'em," he said. "They come here with the darnedest string of questions! One lady told me she didn't like the valley in winter because she was afraid of bears. 'They're hibernating, lady,' I told her. She turned white as a sheet—thought it was some new kind of hydrophobia."

"And a lot of these ideas are like the bears?" I suggested.

The ranger thought a moment.

"They're pretty tame, anyhow," he grinned, referring either to ideas or bears. "And just so long as they're hibernating ——"

He lent me a match and cautioned me about fires as he resumed the saddle and rode away into the twilit valley.



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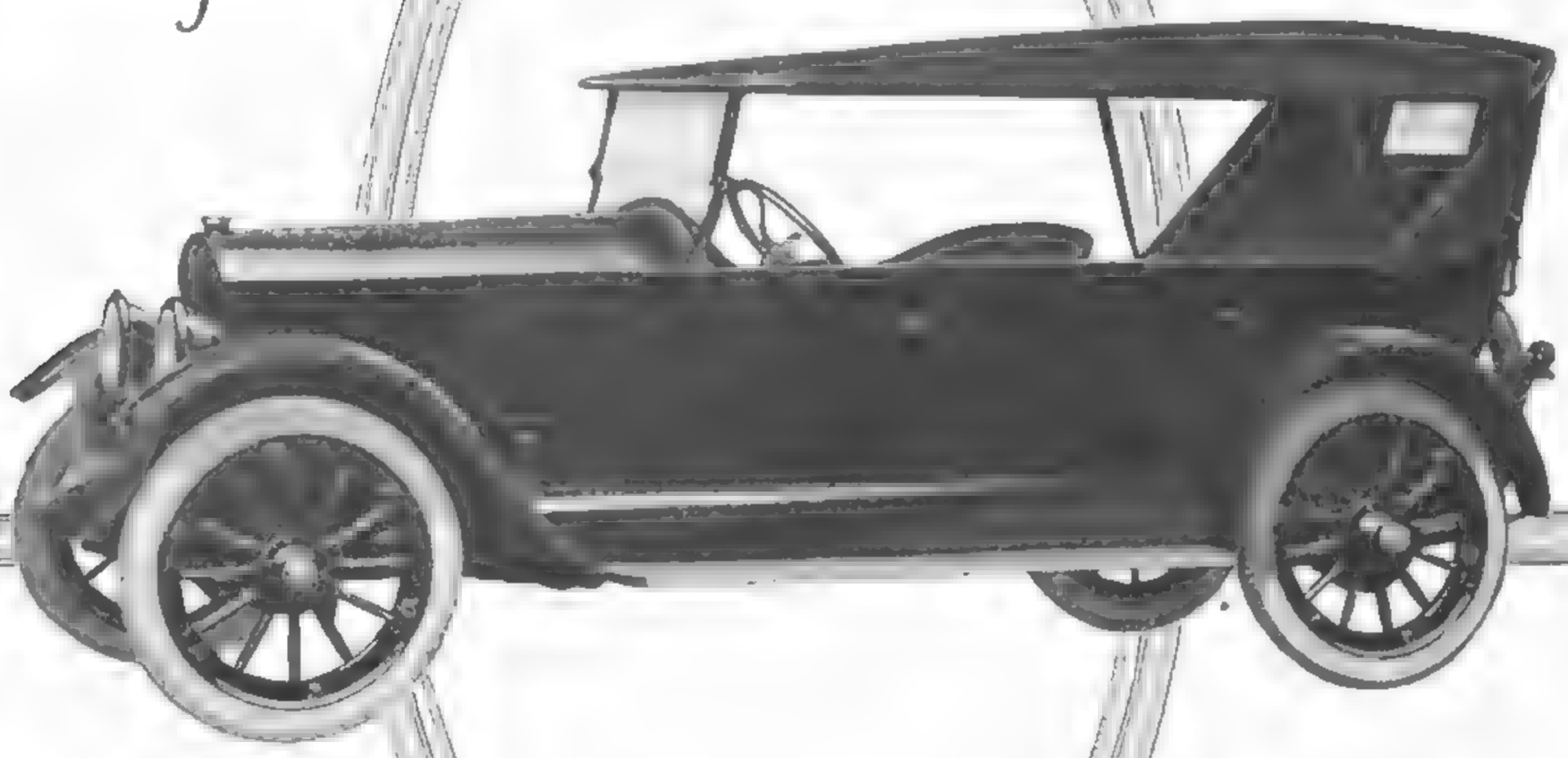

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THE same Survey which brought to Baptists the full realization of the churches' duty within the borders of the United States in this spring of 1920, revealed unparalleled need in all the Foreign Mission effort of the denomination.

A flash of powder in Serbia, six years ago, taught us that all the world is close neighbor to itself.

We have declared our intention to establish throughout mankind "a civilization Christian in spirit and in passion."

The Need— Millions need our aid $100,000,000 APRIL 25–MAY 2 —The Remedy

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Ninety per cent of those who die in non-Christian lands die without care from a doctor.

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Immediate suffering must be alleviated.

Your money will establish the first hospital for women that Assam's 7,000,000 have ever known, and two general hospitals besides.

Your money will put new hospitals, doctors and nurses in the South of India, where plague and famine have swept out human lives, as the tide sweeps out the refuse.

Your money will help build a Christian medical profession in China

Your money will fight disease in Africa.

Your money will multiply in all the world that body-healing function of Christianity which the Great Physician never neglected.

Education a World Need

Africa is on the threshold of civilization. In the words of General Smuts "Africa has marched with great suddenness to the center of the European stage and must profoundly influence the problems of its statesmanship."

In Burma the Young Men's Buddhist Association modelled on our Y. M. C. A. will reach the multitudes of the young men if Christianity does not.

The vast, awakening Republic of China, groping toward realization of its own strength, will become a world menace or a world aid.

When we have done our duty there will be training schools in Africa to prepare both men and women for preaching, teaching and other spheres of leadership. The whole system of education will combine instruction in the simple industrial arts with the development of moral character.

When we have done our duty there will be new high schools for girls in Burma and for boys in Japan. South India and China will secure educational aid that will help them to help themselves. Intelligent citizens will be bred for the New World.

Evangelism—Christ's Command

Indians from the Garo and Naga hills, in Assam, enlisted, fought beside the English in the World War, and sent back much of their army pay to support an evangelist among the hill tribes of their native land.

Civilization of one sort or another is seeping to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Vast hordes in Asia and Africa are restless, dissatisfied with their old beliefs, capable of almost any veering.

The uncompromising all-important missionary command of Jesus, the "Go ye forth," which no Christian may ignore, must reach our hearts and our pocket-books else we shall fail in the crisis.

Unless you falter the New Testament will be read within the next four years by millions of persons who never knew its blessings before.

Unless you falter 228 new missionary families and 176 additional single women missionaries will spread the Word. Native Christian leaders will be trained.

Unless you falter our Christian conception of life—the thing that produced "Americanism,"—will be vouchsafed to many lands. They, too, can build enlightened democracies, becoming beacons in the world's progress.

Your Opportunity

This is part of a program drawn up by one of the evangelical denominations.

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The Poets' Corner

Dad Knew!

SPRING o' the year and a-plantin' corn
Back on the farm where I was born;
Plantin' corn and a-singin' free
This here rime that dad told me:
"One for the blackbird, two for the crow,
Three for the cutworm, four to grow!
Six for the varmints, four for you!"
That's what dad said—and dad knew.

Goin' to work in the early morn,
Far from the farm where I was born,
This here rhyme comes back to-day,
Fresh as it was when I heard dad say:
"Six for the varmints, four for you!"
That's what dad said—and dad knew.

Goin' to work, and I know I must
Make enough for the sugar trust;
Dollar here for the men who make
Ten per cent on the bread I bake;
Dollar there for the right to live
Under a roof like a busted sieve;
Many more dollars I must make
Every day for the varmints' sake,
Planting an extra here and there,
Planting an extra everywhere—
"One for the blackbird, two for the crow,
Three for the cutworm, four to grow!"

Goin' to work, and I start to sweat.
What in the world if I'd forget
One of the things I got to pay
Out of the wad I earn to-day?
Over and over I tag the list,
Hopin' that nobody has been missed—
One for the railroad's streak of rust;
Two for the devilish leather trust;
Three for the one-cent pile of wax
Stuck on the back of my income tax;
Four for the right to sell my soul
Earning a six-ounce load of coal;
Five for the right for to live upstairs—
Three per cent if I say my prayers—
Six is the last lone dollar bill
Left to my dear wife with my will—
"One for the blackbird, two for the crow,
Three for the cutworm, four to grow!
Six for the varmints, four for you!"
That's what dad said—and dad knew.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

If Life Were Only Love

IF LIFE were only love, then life would be
As wearisome as an untroubled sea;
Monotonous as prairies in the sun,
Level and long, which even the gods would shun.
But life is love for only one brief hour.
There is a moment when the perfect flower
Blossoms and breaks, dew-wet and beautiful,
A lily on the clear glass of a pool.
One instant—so it seems—of rich, high joy;
And then the Fates who build, also destroy,
And the white moment passes. Love is gone
As swiftly as the evanescent dawn.
Yet there can be no life without that hour;
And pressed within life's book there is a flower.

—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

SIC SEMPER

(Continued from Page 15)

vessel had been driven far out to sea in a hurricane and had foundered. Only one boatload of survivors had been picked up—and Roger Deming was not among them.

It was a wild autumn and snows came early. Roger Deming's house stayed dark and quiet, but his mills began to go at a new speed; new buildings were springing up for new machinery and the pay roll doubled and trebled. Susie returning to daily life after a long siege of grippe found Will pacing the rooms with a thrusting step and an authoritative eye, feverish with plans full of generalities about this era of big risks and big gains.

"I have always been kept down—I never had a chance before to show what I could do," he was explaining to the universe.

"If we are going to be millionaires I'd better get well," Susie admitted with her old smile, and took up again her great task of happiness.

With her recovery the old house emerged from its shocked hush, opened to color and cheerful sounds. Susie would not omit her yearly Christmas tree for the mill children, and she made everyone she knew come in to help her dress the dolls. She was thinner, but otherwise unchanged; her fun had always been quiet, and she could still go off into peals of laughter. The black she wore was informal, as though she had merely happened to have on that color, and sometimes she distressed Aunt Tiny by catching up a warm brown scarf or sweater. Aunt Tiny was more outwardly affected than any of them by Roger's death. Her hands had grown tremulous, and she never sewed on Sunday now, unless it were a necessary provisional stitch taken standing up. Ouija had not again emerged. She dressed dolls, but gravely alone, with a troubled breath and an upward glance of apology when a gust of laughter came through her closed door. She seldom said anything, but one shining crystal morning, finding Marjorie hanging wreaths in the windows, she was shocked into protest:

"With your brother not gone three months, dear!"

Marjorie turned a flushed face. Her cheeks had a hot color these days, her eyes were hard and bright.

"I can't pretend, Aunt Tiny," she said shortly. "I have been in prison and I've got out. Let there be wreaths!"

Aunt Tiny shrank bodily.

"I thought it might hurt Susie," she murmured.

"Susie is no hypocrite," was the relentless answer. "Will makes me sick—coming down the street with a face a yard long, then whistling his head off once he gets indoors. Susie isn't pretending to be sunk in black gloom. Of course she can't say anything—we can't any of us—it wouldn't be good taste. But we all know!" And holding a wreath like a tambourine, Marjorie began to "feel like Carmen," as Will described it.

Aunt Tiny averted her gaze as from something unseemly.

"Roger knew best," she said distressfully. "Oh, I am sure Roger knew best! For Will too—why should he want to be a millionaire? Roger didn't want that. Oh, we don't any of us know how to go on without Roger!"

She went away wringing her helpless little hands. Marjorie's final stamp and clash brought her to the middle of the bay window just as a young man passed slowly along the street beneath, his eyes lifted so as to take in the house as well as the shining morning. He was a little too good looking, too well dressed, too at ease with life. He gave no sign of having seen Marjorie, but she—after a glance over her shoulder at the empty room—lifted her wreath as though it were a monocle, then put it on like a halo, then prepared for a circus jump through it, all with a grave mouth and unrecognizing eyes. Only the blaze in her cheeks betrayed her mad spirits. The young man, in the act of settling his hat, managed to hold up four fingers. She responded with her four fingers, and then as he passed on turned away with a twirl that nearly landed her in Susie's arms.

"Look out, you young cyclone!" the latter said good-humoredly.

"What were you doing?" Marjorie flung out, dark brows drawn level.

Susie apparently did not notice the challenge.

"Rushing to the window," she explained. "Your disreputable friend Ferdy Holliday just went by and I wanted a good look at him. I haven't seen a really black sheep to speak to since I came to Bristol," she added wistfully.

Some of Marjorie's color ebbed, but her head jerked up.

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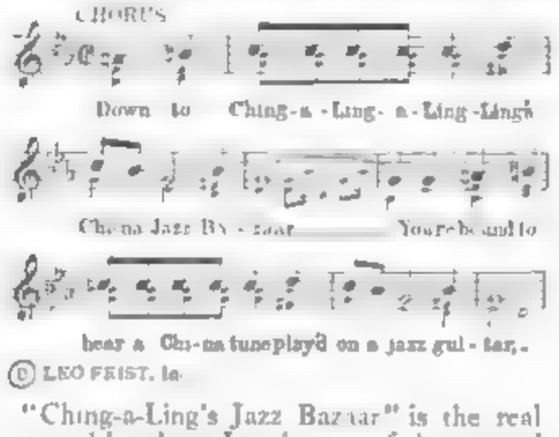

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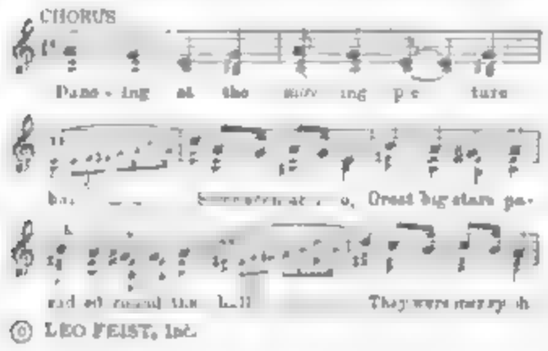

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"I hate a provincial town like this," she exclaimed. "If a man makes one mistake the old hens never get over cackling about it."

"But old hens have so few pleasures," Susie reminded her. "Ferdy has been a godsend to them. There isn't a day that one doesn't draw me aside and tell me solemnly that you have been skating with him or something." She called it "sawl-emnly" in mockery of the old hens.

Marjorie was puzzled at her attitude, on guard against attack.

"I'm surprised that you haven't passed it on to me," she said.

"Good heavens, you are old enough to take care of yourself, even with a Ferdy!" Susie's smile admitted that they both knew just what Ferdy was. "You're not a fool. How jolly the wreaths look!"

And she went on to give each wreath a friendly touch. Behind her back Marjorie leaned over a chair, her face averted. When she spoke her voice came with an effort:

"Susie, don't you think young men sometimes get into trouble just because they are so gloriously alive and they haven't found—the right girl—to steady them? Don't you think often the—the wild ones are finer than the tame ones, when they do settle down?"

Susie nibbled a bit of evergreen as appreciatively as though nothing were at stake. Her broad red-brown eyes had their sleepiest smile.

"I wonder! It would be like moving into a tenement to me—moving into a life that had had little mill girls and such on every floor." Her shoulders stirred fastidiously at the idea; and Marjorie, who could have defied any gesture of denunciation, winced and shivered. "Money would keep a man like Ferdy reasonably true while it lasted," Susie went on, "but I am not afraid of his getting yours, my dear. Will is so silly to fuss. Your head is quite as level as his—if he could only see it. I know I used to worry my mother half into her grave."

And then discovering that Marjorie had slipped out of the room Susie sank down on the nearest chair, letting her head drop into her hands.

"I need help on this job, Roger," she said presently, and she too lifted her eyes as though to someone just above her.

She had not heard Aunt Tiny come in, and started at the eager whisper that answered:

"Yes, dear, we need Roger. And he is trying to speak to us, to help us. Oh, don't you think we should all listen?"

"Ouija?" Susie asked with a faint smile.

"Roger always hated that—he won't use it." Aunt Tiny spoke as simply as though Roger were in the next room. "Mediums too—he wouldn't go near them for anything. He was not quite just to them, dear. But he was always nice to me. He would come and sit with me sometimes quite silently when he felt blue and tired, and then he'd say, 'Thank you, Aunt Tiny; you have done me good.'" Her eyes filled and she put a shaken hand over Susie's. "I think he will speak through me, dear, if you would all listen. I feel him trying."

Susie patted the hand.

"I will listen, Aunt Tiny," she promised kindly. "Listening is my long suit," she added as Mr. Corrigan from the mills begged a few words with her. He had come more than once to pour out his grave anxiety.

"Will got his head too suddenly, that's all," she consoled him. "He is like a child with a lot of lovely new blocks—he can build anything. When the blocks have tumbled down and he has ruined us all he will know better. It is a great comfort to realize that."

She could always make Corrigan smile. He would have resigned his position weeks ago but for the charm of her gentle mockery. She promised to try speaking to Will; then she went to the telephone and kept it busy for some time. When Marjorie, dark and listless, came to the luncheon table Susie announced that a dozen young people were to assemble late that afternoon in the social hall that Roger had built for the mill workers, to dress the tree. They could dance afterward if they liked; Susie would play for them. She had never made a party of it before, and Aunt Tiny—aghast and reproachful—slipped away from the table.

"I have an engagement at four o'clock," Marjorie said in the tone of one who is her own master and owes no explanations.

"Oh, I'm sorry." Susie was cheerfully unaggressive. "I told the boys you were coming. They won't have half so much fun without you."

Any human girl must have been moved by the appeal.

"I was half thinking I wouldn't keep it, anyway," she said with a troubled sigh. All her bright color had gone out since the morning.

Susie was careful not to be too glad. After luncheon she went up to Aunt Tiny's room, and getting no answer to her knock pushed open the door. Aunt Tiny sat beside a table cleared of everything but a large pad of writing paper. Her little shriveled hand rested on the paper, a pencil between the fingers, and her eyes were fixed on it in tense expectation. She started violently as Susie came in.

"Aunt Tiny, I want to talk things over with you," Susie began, her smile mellow and unalarming as she drew up a chair. "Perhaps you can suggest something. I know it isn't what you'd call a fitting time for us to be giving parties, but I'd get up a Roman orgy or a midnight whirl if I thought it would keep Marjorie at home just now. I don't mean that she is in any real danger ——"

A quick whisper interrupted:

"She is in mortal danger!"

Susie, who had come to soothe, was as surprised as though the pencil had risen up and written.

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked.

Over the withered prettiness between the faded curls had come a look that was almost stern.

"That bad man! Roger forbade Marjorie ever to speak to him again—oh, he frightened her! 'The plaything of a fool'—I heard him upstairs. He was really angry that time. Someone must tell her to stop again."

"But there is no one living she would obey, Aunt Tiny. She has been commanded too much. She needs ——"

Aunt Tiny was not listening. The hand lying on the pad had begun to twitch and jerk, and motionless and breathless with her great desire she was watching it as though it were independent of her will and body. The pencil made a few marks, then slipped to the floor.

"Oh, if he would only speak—if he would only speak in time!" she prayed, tears rushing to her eyes.

Marjorie let four o'clock go by, but at half past she suddenly rose up and stalked out of the house, banging the front door after her. Susie had to go alone to her party, but Aunt Tiny stayed home to watch and wait. An hour later Will's latch-key brought her out into the hall, but she shrank back again without speaking. It was nearly dinnertime when Marjorie let herself in and came slowly up the stairs, defiant eyes ready for any encounter.

Aunt Tiny's door was open and a dim light showed her sitting by the table in an arrestingly strange pose. One hand holding a pencil lay on a writing pad, but her wan little face was uplifted in tense listening. She did not hear Marjorie's step, or the opening of Will's door. Marjorie motioned for quiet, and they stood together looking in. The old house was deathly still. Suddenly Aunt Tiny spoke:

"Yes, Roger. I can hear you. I'm right here, ready."

It was a mere thread of voice, and the watchers clutched each other for reassurance. Aunt Tiny's hand began to move jerkily over the paper.

"'Tell Marjorie that Roger Deming's sister must be a woman and not the plaything of a fool,'" she repeated. "'Tell her I loved her and worked for her, and she cannot get away from me now.' Yes, Roger. Is that all?"

The lifted face saw eye to eye; the ears heard.

"Yes; do speak to Will. 'Tell Will he is a child playing with blocks. After the blocks have tumbled down and he has ruined all he will know better.' Roger, don't go yet!" She spoke sharply. "We need so much help. Can't you say something more?"

Then the pencil fell and Aunt Tiny looked about her with the air of one suddenly awakened.

"Oh, Will—Marjorie—are you there?" she cried. "Did you hear Roger? See, I wrote it down for you, my dears."

Will and Marjorie got away as quickly as possible.

"She's going cracked," Will muttered.

(Concluded on Page 60)

Goblin Soap
WORKS WONDERS

When you get through in the garage—

Use Goblin—It gives you a quick and satisfying clean-up. The soft, copious lather absorbs the grease and grime, leaving the hands and face soft and smooth.

Works equally well in hard and cold water. Wholesome and invigorating to the skin. Economical and doesn't waste away.

Carry Goblin in the car. You can clean up quickly on the road with Goblin and a little water from the Thermos bottle.

It's a good idea to keep a cake handy in the garage, house and office. You'll like Goblin. Try it today.

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, please send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

CUDAHY, 111 West Monroe Street, Chicago

Everybody's Everyday Soap

(Concluded from Page 58)

"Nutty," Marjorie agreed.

They tried to laugh as they separated.

Marjorie kept her room with a headache that evening, and Will was dining out. Neither spoke of the communications, or tried to explain the dense gloom with which they met the morning. Marjorie stayed close to Susie all day, as though she feared to be left alone, and Susie was unflaggingly entertaining.

"We may escape Ferdy yet," she confided to Aunt Tiny as they set off for the Christmas tree. "I have made a dent in him anyway."

"Oh, it's Roger, dear," was the firm answer. "She won't have anything more to do with that bad man, now that Roger has spoken."

Susie hid a smile, glancing up as though she shared the joke with someone just above her. The joke came up again after the tree, when Mr. Corrigan, shining secret congratulations, drew Susie aside to shake her hand.

"I had a very satisfactory talk with Will to-day," he confided. "Whatever you said to him, it did him good."

"I haven't spoken to him yet"—the words were at Susie's lips, but she cut them off with a look so amazed, so incredulous, that Mr. Corrigan went into reassuring detail. Will showed sudden signs of moderating his pace.

"He's taken a wholly new tone since yesterday," he explained. "Keep it up!"

"Yes—oh, yes, we must keep it up!" Susie spoke dazedly, staring across the hall at Aunt Tiny.

She took the little lady home that night as though she had grown newly precious, and followed her up to her room for a long, comfortable talk.

Roger spoke again the next night—abruptly, as they all sat about the fire sleepily ready for bed. Aunt Tiny, who had been dozing, started up with a clear, "Yes, Roger? I'm ready, dear!" that shocked the others into immobility.

A long message about taking Corrigan into partnership was repeated with a clearness not usual to Aunt Tiny; then the brave little voice went on to give an intimate history of Ferdinand Holliday, with details that one would not expect an Aunt Tiny to know. Marjorie finally burst into tears and ran out of the room, and Aunt Tiny returned to them, blinking as though she had been under water.

"Roger came again, dears," she exulted. "Didn't you hear him too?"

Will tried to look humorous pity toward Susie, but when they were alone he came back to the matter of the partnership.

"Corrigan is slow, but he does know the business," he admitted. "Of course it's all poppycock saying that Roger suggested it—probably the thing was in my own subconscious mind and so got to Aunt Tiny. What do you think of it?"

Susie expressed a willingness to consider the idea, and let herself be led to a moderated approval. When he had finally left her she looked up toward the ceiling with a grave smile. "There is no one like Roger when one is in trouble," she admitted.

Roger continued to direct the household. He told Will that he was smoking too much, which was like him, and Marjorie that if she would work at her singing she might do something notable with it—which was not like him, for he had always frowned on a gift that might lead her before the public.

They both scoffed bitterly, angrily; but Will's cigarettes dwindled, and Marjorie—induced to see a singing teacher—grew excited at the praise and fell to work.

Roger also went after Susie for playing solitaire on Sunday. Aunt Tiny had fluttered uneasily at sight of the cards, not quite liking to protest, but Roger spoke out in uncompromising terms. Susie, a faint twitch about her nose, gave up her game at once. But when Roger wanted her to go back to the two o'clock Sunday dinner she resisted.

"You misunderstand him, Aunt Tiny," she said. "It was a two o'clock Sunday dinner that did for Roger and me. Never again!"

"But, Susie, you don't really believe all this rot!" Marjorie burst out one day when Roger had objected to the type of magazine she was bringing home. Susie did not answer directly.

"Strong people like Roger don't die," she said. "At every act of our lives we are going to wonder what Roger would have thought about it. Why, I can't pick up a pin with its head toward me without remembering how he hated superstitions. He's right there, whether he speaks or not."

"Well, I wish he'd go away and let us alone," Marjorie muttered stormily.

Presently Roger enlarged his field of action. The news came slipping in to them—troubled or awed—that Roger was sending messages broadcast. He seemed to have taken on the whole town. He had told Amos Tarver to give up drugs and rebuked Carrie Whittier for wearing French heels in a snowstorm. He had spoken sternly to Mrs. Fred Jennings about her nagging temper. Aunt Tiny, shiest and most uncertain of mortals in daily life, would go through any door in tranquil joy with a message in her hand, and there were some to say that the writing was unmistakably Roger's. She even went up to Ferdinand Holliday, standing with others of his kind on a street corner, and brought out of her reticule a message of such Biblical plainness that he presently had to leave town to escape the hilarious echoing of those fine old phrases. When advertising signboards began to desecrate Roger's river road he sent a stirring message to the mayor, and the ordinance against them was enforced.

"Can't you choke her off?" Will implored, stopping Susie on the stairs. He never sat down with her alone now, for the last time she had found them so Aunt Tiny had looked at him as though a message might be forthcoming. "She is making us ridiculous—she ought to be locked up! She's crazy!"

"Oh, I don't know. As a system it beats the anonymous letter hollow," Susie said with her tolerant smile. "I hear that Amos Tarver is a complete cure. I wish Aunt Tiny would take up the matter of clean streets."

"I wish she'd go to thunder!" Will exclaimed. "I can't really believe there's anything in it—can you?"

Susie never answered that question. As the excitement grew and the little lady became a marked figure, to be stared at on the street and whispered about in church, she did try to curb the messages.

"You know, it isn't like Roger to talk so much," she suggested. "He was a quiet man. And though he hated graft and blunders and dyed hair, he didn't ring their doorbells to say so."

"Ah, but it is different now," Aunt Tiny said happily. She was shining all day long with her new power.

The clergy presently came to call on Susie. Aunt Tiny had started a wave of spiritism; the whole town was trying to tip tables and get communications. They suggested tests for her, hoping to prove it all hysteria and so check the excitement; but Aunt Tiny met them much more than halfway. She could get a message any time, even without a pencil between her fingers, and there in his own drawing-room Roger told the Reverend Mr. Stires that his sermons would be more effective if they were shorter, and the Reverend Mr. Smythe that he was indulging in too much ritual. The clergy fled in disorder.

"There is nothing on earth that can stop her," Marjorie cried in despair. But there was—just one thing.

The family could always count on finding Susie waiting for them by the fire at the pleasant hour of tea. When they were late she drooped back in her big chair, leaving the lamps unlighted, and laughed when they accused her of having been asleep. One night when the sound of the front door made her lift her head, her smile ready for the coming gibe, the steps paused outside, and Corrigan's voice, low and tense, spoke in the hall.

"I'll find her," he was saying.

"I'd better wait here," the other breathed.

"I am asleep!" Susie spoke sharply. "That wasn't Roger?"

A dim form filled the doorway, hesitating there.

"Yes, Susie—it is Roger." His voice, begging her not to be frightened, was shockingly humble and uncertain. It felt its way very much as Roger himself felt his way down the room to the still figure standing against the firelight. "It is quite all right—I didn't want to startle you—but I thought I would come home first—and then ——"

He was standing before her—Roger, and not Roger. Her stunned eyes could not explain the difference. She laid a fumbling hand on his coat, and finding it solidly real her other hand stole to his shoulder, crept about his neck.

"Roger—Roger—Roger!" She whispered it over and over. "Oh, Roger, be real—oh, don't go away—oh, it's you, isn't it, Roger? You're here?"

"I'm here," he said through tears.

Mr. Corrigan stayed outside to watch for the others. Will and Marjorie came in dazedly, not really believing, showing no joy until they saw their brother living before them; then they clung to him, glad beyond their own understanding. When a fresh log on the fire lighted him for them they exclaimed over the change. It was not only that he was thinned and browned and lined almost beyond recognition; the close heavy beard and mustache were gone, and for the first time in years they saw his mouth unhidden.

"Why, it makes another person of you!" Marjorie said wonderingly. "If I had known ——" She did not finish her sentence, except to draw her stool to his feet and lay her arms across his knees.

"Now tell us the story," she commanded.

He told it baldly, with hesitations that were not like the old Roger. The others in the open boat had died one by one until Roger had been left alone. He knew little about his rescue: he had found himself days later on a small sailing vessel headed for Cape Horn. The captain had built his own fortunes, coming from waif and stowaway to owner of his vessel, and though he was kind enough to the sick man, Roger well again and himself had roused a jealous resentment that smoldered in secret.

"I didn't understand"—the right words were hard to find, and Roger sought them in the fire. "I went on—just as usual. And then one day when I set him right on some small matter of fact he blew up. He was master of his own ship and he didn't want any passengers. I could go forward and work my way with the crew or walk—he didn't care which. No man was going to put it over him on his own quarter-deck. On and on—he was like a madman. And so I became a common sailor."

Will and Marjorie muttered wrath and Susie's hold on his hand tightened, but he shook his head.

"No! No, it was—fine! Great! We met head winds. We were weeks, months, beating our way about the Cape, and it was like being cast away on a desert island with only your two hands. I began all over at the bottom. The men were rough—vile, some of them; one or two very kind. They helped me or they whooped with laughter when I fell or bungled, but they were fairly decent to me, because they hated the captain. How they hated him!" Roger's uncovered mouth had a hurt line, but his will drove his voice on. "He treated them well enough, but he never for a moment could forget how he had done it all himself and was absolute boss from the topmast to the keel. One young limb of Satan, who was a good mimic, used to take him off and make the others roar. It was their favorite diversion." Susie's fingers trembled, but Roger's grip closed on them with a secret message. "I used to watch them laugh and realize how they hated him—and then how I hated him—cheap little tyrant, hiding in his beard!"

"I hate him, too!" said Marjorie hotly.

"Didn't you ever get a chance to hand him one?" Will urged.

They were intent only on the story, but Susie and Roger had gone beyond it, held in a long close look.

A cry brought them to their feet. They had forgotten Aunt Tiny. She stood frozen in the doorway, parcels and library books strewn about her, and motioned them fiercely away when they would have lent her their steadying arms. Roger taking her hands kissed the aghast little face.

"It's Roger, Aunt Tiny," he said soothingly.

Suddenly Aunt Tiny looked straight up at the ceiling.

"Then who has been talking to me?" she demanded in a loud outraged voice.

"The messages!" Marjorie exclaimed.

Will, turning red, sent a nervous glance toward Susie, but she was not finding anyone funny.

"Do you think it might have been Grandfather Roger?" she suggested.

Aunt Tiny admitted it might, and, suddenly human again, she wept on Roger's shoulder.

The town laughed, of course, a mighty gale that swept away ouija boards and drove mediums out of business; but no one was cruel enough to bring home the joke to Aunt Tiny. Susie, who usually laughed first, could never be made to see how funny it was.

"Amos Tarver has not gone back to his heroin," she insisted. "Mrs. Fred Jennings isn't half so cross as she used to be. There are a dozen permanent cures—Doctor Stires has cut down twenty good minutes. And as for the family—it was all Roger. His spirit spoke—it didn't matter a whoop that he wasn't dead." Susie's mellow, inscrutable smile was unchanged. "I always did like Roger," she concluded.

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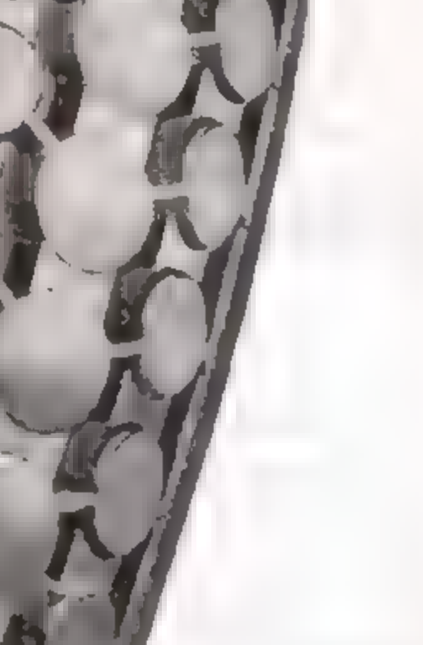

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Supplied in twelve colors besides white, Hammermill Bond enables you to give distinctive colors to your more important forms—or, if you like, to have distinguishing colors for the various forms used in one department, or by one branch office.

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"The Utility Business Paper"

B-FLAT BARTO

(Continued from Page 34)

the family crawl into the beds. Wonder if they roll old Barto out on the floor or stand him up in the corner like a fish pole? He's a musicker too, Old Extra Dry is. He's got a brassy old B-flat horn and he can play Oompah and The Star-Spangled Banner after he gets tired wheeling ashes. He can go as far as the 'bombs busting in air' now. I wonder what he'll say when he gets his envelope with forty cents lifted out to help pay Henri's income tax? I wonder what he'll say?"

But Barto Mumm had little to say.

"It's a mistake," he suggested affably to Patsy Keoghn; "it's a bad mistake. They'll see it before long. They'll see that they're going at things wrong. It ain't the money so much. It's other things. Things these people need. Things they ain't got. Important things too. They'll see it sometime. Whoever's running this place will see it. I'm countin' on it, and I ain't never been disappointed yet."

But if Barto Mumm was content, the swart silent men who worked beside him were not. Never before in the history of the Clausen plant had a day worker—who had no recourse to greater speed or increased production—been cut in times like these, which were apparently good times, judging by the orders which came through placarded "Rush." A sour Lithuanian rose up cursing and kicked over his box of seven-inch right bows, flung his apron on his wheel, where it flapped grotesquely, and strode out of the shop.

That night Barto Mumm talked to himself as he spiked two timbers together upon the hopeful site of his dwelling.

"I could tell 'em what these people need," he ruminated. It was a bitter night, sleety, chill, with a cold that cut to the bone. For once Barto, working with a lantern, had no audience. "I could tell 'em. It ain't so much. No more than every man's got a right to. It's a little thing and it's the biggest thing in the world. I could spell it with four letters. Maybe they'll ask me sometime, and then I'll tell 'em."

It was that night as he trudged back to the ratty rookery where he had a chill, leaking apartment next to that crowded with an entire family of Bohemians that Barto Mumm had an inspiration. Things were going badly at the shop. After a while they would be better, but in the meantime the grinding was turning out bad blades. Twice Schimkofer had come roaring like a lion, only to be met with snarls and menacing looks. Returned boxes came sliding down from the inside grinders and the men at the slimy stone wheels cursed and kicked them into pools of gritty water. It was bad business all round. Barto studied over it dubiously. And then he had his inspiration.

He took his battered old B-flat horn down from the head of his bed where it hung and went downstairs to the room of Nick Vlad, from the door of which issued the odor of strong soup and the wailing of a discouraged infant.

"Blow her once, Nick," counseled Barto, presenting the brassy mouthpiece of the instrument. Instantly Nick's murky eyes lighted.

"Ja!" he cried, reaching for the horn. "I play her—by the Aus-tr-r-rian Ar-rmy!" And he blew a soft C and then melodically scaled the arpeggio while seven little Vlads stood about open mouthed.

"Old Extra Dry has started a band," stated Thannie Frieseke a week later. "He's got about a dozen bohunks and wops, and he's bummed a lot of old brass horns off a nigger band that busted, and they're holding spielfests in the back room of the store every night. Some of those guys can play too. That bush-headed Karl up in the assembly—the one that made the brass shear bolt and Henri stole the idea off of him—he's got a silver trumpet with a gold double eagle on it. Wilhelm's own, hey? Old Barto asked me to come over and play the flute with 'em. Classy, hey, bustin' into bohunk musical circles? Barto makes 'em play the Swanee River mostly, so they won't fight over their different national airs. The hunk women stand round outside and sniffle. I suppose they're folks like anybody, Patsy—but they sure are hell on pay day!"

Barto Mumm's little house progressed slowly—very slowly, because lumber was high and Barto's weekly surplus small. There were weeks, too, when the wind whipped into the northeast and snow covered the pitiful piles of plank and crusted his standing framework. But by the first of March the roof was on, and it was then that the unbelievable smallness of the building was apparent.

"Looks like Barto had swiped the cupola off the Disciples Church," commented Thannie Frieseke.

But to homeless Barto Mumm the place was a mansion, adequate. Here, so he explained to Meri Vlad and some Polish women who stood in the icy slush and exulted with him, was room for a bed and a stove, a chair, a table and shelves built in the wall. What more did a solitary bachelor want?

"What more could anybody desire?" demanded the audience of each other fluently. A white floor, very clean, and a window of new glass, whole, perfect. And on Mondays no demanding knock at the door, no extended hand, rent-greedy, no returning at night, work weary and worn, to find one's goods and one's children thrown out into the snow! To these women whose lives were pitifully drab, Barto's little house was a joy in which their childish souls delighted. As soon as the floor was finished tired Meri Vlad came by stealth on Sunday and scrubbed it spotless. Nick Vlad was a stormy man, not easy to live with, and Barto's band meetings kept him employed and happy nights and Sundays, so that Meri and the little Vlads dared to speak aloud and raise their eyes.

The sun thawed the ice in trickling streams and Barto nailed the laths in his single room and prayed for warm weather so that he could plaster. On the Jewish holiday, when the plant was closed for repairs according to ancient custom, he bought three gallons of paint and painted the façade of his residence a bright yellow, while a polyglot gallery followed him, counseling and admiring.

That night Barto moved his stove and his rusty iron bed into his house and a feeble but triumphant banner of smoke issued from the new brick flue. That night Meri Vlad, searching among her loose possessions—and most of the things that Meri owned were loose—sought a gift for Barto, a sort of housewarming gift. And impulsively she chose at last the thing she prized most—a single blooming narcissus grown from a bulb which some small Vlad had brought home from school. She carried this precious flower to the little house, and Barto Mumm received it with a quivering of his long stringy throat and a dimming of his eyes. He set a lemon crate on end and spread a bandanna handkerchief over it, and on this pedestal he set the fragrant bloom, while Meri laughed and ran outside to see how it looked through the window.

That night there appeared a new musician at Barto's band rehearsal.

"Thought I'd come and spiel a few with you!" laughed Thannie Frieseke as he unpacked his flute.

"We're goin' to play La Paloma tonight," returned Barto calmly, shuffling the music. "It's Sam Gatti's birthday. We don't play this first part. Muencke he can't play flats good yet."

"Heard about any trouble brewing in the works, Barto?" inquired Thannie innocently.

Barto's good-natured grin faded. His eyes grew wary.

"We don't hear about trouble in my department," he returned evasively. "We grind blades!"

That night the night shift came storming down from the polishing rooms, eddying indignantly about a howling leader. The day workers, crowding round, learned that a new bulletin had been posted. There was a new cut—a two and a half per cent general cut. The bulletin had been posted at seven o'clock.

Barto Mumm, listening to the uproar outside, turned accusingly upon Thannie Frieseke.

"You knew it," he said sadly. "You knew it and you didn't tell me."

Thannie Frieseke turned white. "I didn't know it till six-twenty," he protested sincerely. "We told him hell would break. Schimkofer told him. It didn't do no good!"

"Told who?" demanded Barto Mumm, with a strange tenseness about his long sad lips.

"Told Henri," said Thannie—"Henri Clausen—the wise Abie who owns these works; the literary guy that composes all the poetry that's stuck round the shop—these here cute little verses that begin 'On and after.' Every time Henri writes a verse some poor guy gets it in the pay envelope. But you can't tell him nothin'. Listen at 'em, will you? Good Lord, they'll wreck the place!"

Nick Vlad, the rough grinder, had thrown down his barytone horn at the first bellow from the strikers. An upstanding belligerent Hungarian who had seen military service, quarrelsome, made dangerous by whisky, Nick plunged into the crowd and became the leader of it.

Barto Mumm, with Thannie Frieseke trailing desolately after him, hung about the edges of the milling wheel of humanity of which Nick Vlad was the core, but there was no arguing now with the outraged men, no soothing their half-crazed passions, no reasoning with minds sick of reason. The women huddled in doorways, some of them crying and snuffing, some calling out shrilly in staccato languages. Lights flared, and in the factory, which was built upon the old-fashioned quadrangle, the entrance to the inner court guarded only by a flimsy old iron gate, the deserted machines clacked on, and the men who regarded their futile turnings laughed aloud.

Then it was that Henri Clausen III became cognizant of a certain lank philosophical employee whose name was Barto Mumm. From some unknown source a bottle of very bad liquor was brought into the mob of shouting aliens. There was little of it, but there was enough to turn Nick Vlad into a hoarse, unaccountable madman, stalking destruction. And it was at that moment that Henri Clausen III, moved by old Schimkofer's frantic and incoherent telephoning, chose to drive his glistening motor car into the seething street. Barto knew this first by the changed voice of the crowd—by the sharpened, ominous cry that rose, like the cry of a greedy pack. And then he saw scuttling past him, in the yellow light from an open door, a little, stooping, terrified man in owlish glasses, whose coat had been torn from his back and whose face wore the ghastly gray of the terror of death. Though Barto Mumm had never seen the owner of the Clausen factory he knew instinctively that this fleeing thing was Henri Clausen. And he knew also that the bellowing fury that charged behind, with a broken length of shafting upraised, was Nick Vlad.

Running as only a fleeing man can run, Henri Clausen dashed round the company store and leaped over the rough muddy ground behind. Close after him plunged Nick, with the crowd of howling men behind. Barto Mumm's thin legs were not long and thin for nothing. Three wide kangaroo leaps brought him to the door of his little house. He threw this door open as the white-faced, panting fugitive came staggering gustily past, and quick as a flash he thrust Henri Clausen III inside and clipped the door shut, while Nick Vlad and his followers went crashing and blundering along, unconscious that their quarry had escaped.

There was stillness in the dark little room save for the gusty breathing of the heir to the Clausen holdings and the Clausen responsibilities. Then when the noise outside had scattered and dulled to an indefinite bedlam rather than a definite pursuit Barto Mumm fastened the shutter over his new window and lighted his small and greasy lamp. In the light of it he surveyed Henri Clausen III—his pasty, twitching countenance; his trembling legs; his eyes, from which the horror had not yet departed.

"Sit down," he directed, setting the narcissus carefully down from the lemon crate and kicking the crate nearer to his employer. "I'm Barto Mumm. I've been wanting to talk to you. I've been wanting it quite a spell. I've had it in my mind to tell you some things for a long time. But not havin' been interduced, of course, I wouldn't do nothing unpolite. Now—I calculate now you're my company, as you might say—seeing that you dasn't leave till Nick Vlad gets sobered up a little. So you might as well listen to what I got to tell you."

The interior of the little house was icy chill with that peculiar intimacy of cold which raw, new lumber holds, but Henri Clausen, coatless and hatless, wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his handkerchief, and the hand that held it still shook.

"Nearly got me that time!" He strove to appear unmoved, but the laugh that he managed had a hollow tremor in it. "Vicious, ignorant devils! Haven't a lucid idea, themselves, what they want!"

"No," said Barto quietly, "they don't know what they want. They only know that they lack something, and that the lack of it is the big empty aching thing in their lives. They don't know what they want. But I know. I know what it is. I've read it in their eyes since I commenced this here foolish little buildin'. I've seen it quiverin' on their mouths. The men don't know what it is—but the women do, some of 'em. And if every man in that mob had what he needs most—right now—he'd stop howlin' and rampagin'. He'd be as steady as though he had a seven-ton outside grindin' stone hung round his neck. He'd be anchored. He'd have some ambition. What every man in that crowd out there needs—is a—home!"

Henri Clausen III opened and shut his mouth in a sort of piscatorial gape. But Barto gave him no time for speech. He went on relentlessly.

"Give Nick Vlad a home," he continued. "Not a big home—bigger than this though, because he's got eight kids—but a little modest house with a piece of ground to plant posies on. Give him a chance to buy it and to pay for it—pay him wages enough so he can buy a red tablecloth and a rug with a white dog in the middle and a doorbell with a button to it. If you do that can any hooting Polack come along and pry Nick Vlad or his wife off their jobs with a lot of Bolsheviki palaver? They can not! Nick's a citizen. He's quit bein' a drifter. He's got something under his feet—something that's his own! He's got pride! That's what Clausenville needs, my friend—whatever your name may be, for I've never happened to hear it spoke plain and respectful—that's what every factory town needs. And when fellers like you understand it you'll quit buildin' welfare buildin's and cuttin' the people's pay to hire visitin' nurses and fightin' strikes and anarchy and destruction. Give the people homes! All the rest will take care of itself then!"

Henri Clausen III sat still on the lemon crate. He was thinking deeply for once upon a subject outside himself.

"My grandfather built these houses," he said at last. "They're getting old, I expect. I hadn't realized it."

"You're off again, my friend," counseled Barto Mumm. "You're grindin' all right bows and no lefts. I ain't talkin' about little frame houses set in a row, all alike, all painted box-car red, so a man has to count when he comes home to supper to keep from walkin' in and eatin' some other feller's chow! Them ain't homes! I want Meri Vlad to have a new house—like this, only bigger. I ain't carin' whether you build it or who builds it. But I want Meri to be able to pay for that house a little down and a little along, with low interest—and I want it to be hers when she gets it paid for—and not forty-eight other houses identical like it! She'll pay for it. And she'll keep it clean—or my name ain't Mumm!"

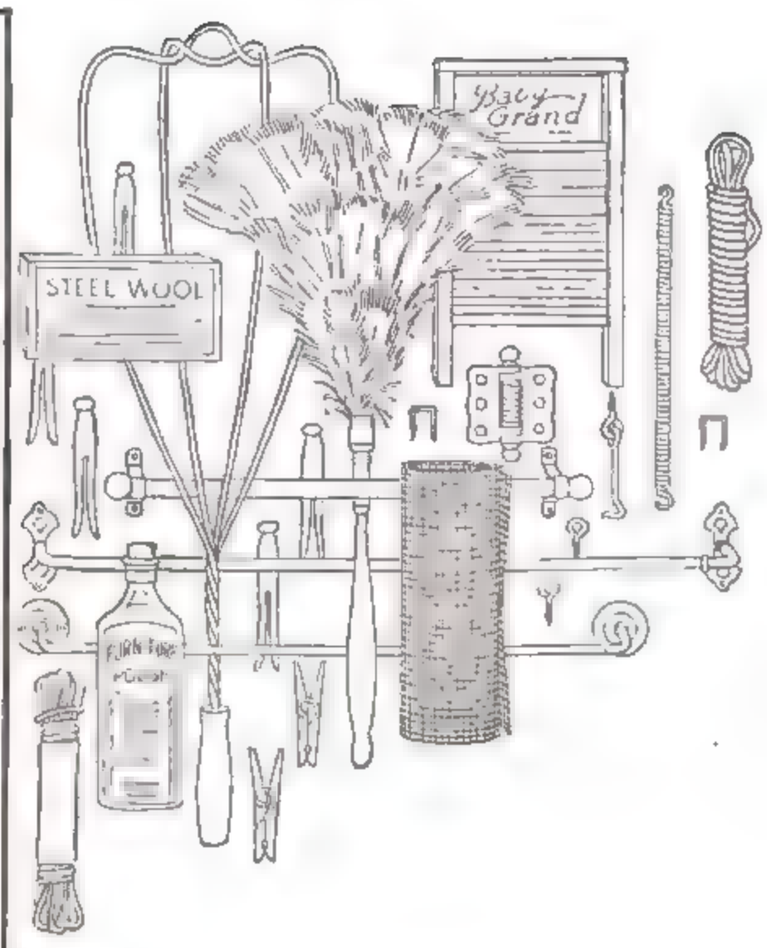
There was a long silence in Barto's little house, so long, so tense that Barto became slightly dubious. Then Henri Clausen III stirred.

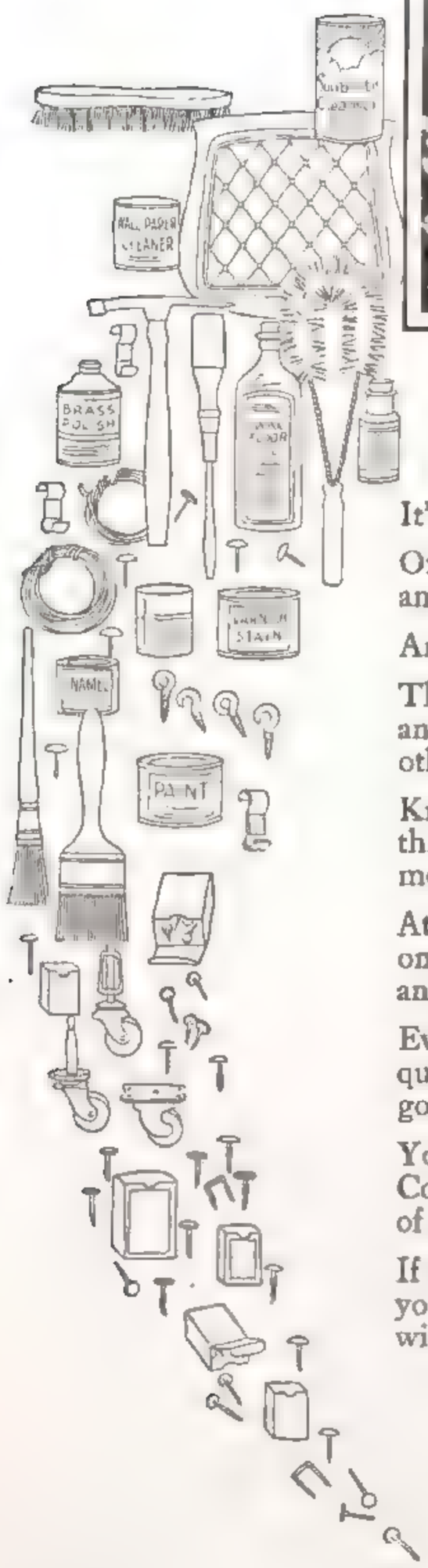
"I see what you mean," he said finally. "I suppose you're right. It's a big thing—a big contract."

"Sure it's a big thing!" agreed Barto. "That's why I figured out for you to do it! If it was a little thing I'd have did it myself, long ago! I'm figurin' on your doin' it—and when you make up your mind to do it, and give me your solemn word, then I'll go out and herd up Nick Vlad and his gang so's you can go home to bed!"

Many hours after, cold hours verging upon the dawn, Thannie Frieseke, still lingering about the Clausen cutlery works, where the noisy rioting had ceased, but where men still lingered in the freezing streets and the doors of the houses stood open, disclosing flaring fires and groups in conclave within, beheld a strange procession approaching. Ahead was Barto Mumm, very long, very lean, his brassy

(Concluded on Page 65)





House Cleaning!

It's spring—and house cleaning time.

Of course you'll not feel satisfied until your house, inside and out, your garden and your lawn, are all spick and span.

And there are many things you need to help make them clean.

There are paints and varnishes—furniture polishes, soaps and cleansers; there are brushes, pails, tools and scores of other articles.

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S. S. 5¢-10¢-15¢ Red Front KRESGE 25¢-50¢-$1.00 Green Front Stores

(Concluded from Page 63)

old B-flat horn under his arm. Behind him trailed Karl, who had been Wilhelm's trumpeter, and Muencke, the trombone player who etched razors, and little Spagliano, of the drums. As they neared him they gathered Sam Gatti out of his house, and a tall Bohemian plater named Luktz, who carried a great coiling bass horn.

"Come along, Frisky," suggested Barto Mumm affably. "This night is ruined anyhow. We might as well finish it up sociable."

They kicked in the back door of the store and stirred the slumbering fire until it glowed to warmth. Barto Mumm shuffled the music. He passed out the sheets, but his eyes looked beyond the staves of music. Thannie Frieseke did not know that Old Extra Dry was seeing far across the huddled bars of the Swanee River—seeing prophetic visions of a new and Utopian Clausenville where Meri Vlad should cause flowers to bloom continually behind whole glass windows.

They played. And the tenor of Barto Mumm's old B-flat horn went calling out into the frozen streets, searching—finding. The door opened at last—an inch, two inches. A bushy head was thrust in, a red face with eyes that still burned. A tardy player came shuffling in. It was Nick Vlad.

Out in the streets of Clausenville a slender, nervous young man skipped warily from shadow to shadow till he reached the door of the office. He unlocked this door and let himself in. He was coatless, hatless. But there was a new calm in his eyes, the strength of decision about his mouth. Henri Clausen III was of the blood of his sires! Like Henri I, who had builded for the ages, the grandson of Henri I was seeing visions.

Civil Service

THE EDITOR, SATURDAY EVENING POST.
JANUARY 3, 1920.

Sir: In your December 27, 1919, issue there appears an article by Arthur Bullard entitled Dollar-a-Year Men on Politics. The general purport of the article—namely, inefficiency and lack of productivity on the part of the regular civil-service force—is not, in the opinion of the commission, in accord with the facts. The commission has very clear and very definite knowledge as a basis for its opinion, but this matter being outside the jurisdiction of the commission is not discussed in this letter.

Reference is made in this article, incidentally, to the Federal civil-service system, and but two specific criticisms are made, neither of which is based on fact. One criticism is that promotions are made according to seniority rather than merit. Under the civil-service system it is not even contemplated that promotions shall be made according to seniority, and it is not the practice. An employee may not be shifted from the duties of a clerk to those of a civil engineer, for example, until his qualifications for the new position are tested by the Civil Service Commission, but that is quite a different matter.

The other criticism is that the head of an office or department cannot discharge civil-service employees and so has no real control over them. The fact is that the head of an office or department has absolute power to remove any civil-service employee. The only restriction is that before discharge the employee shall be notified in writing of the reasons for his discharge and be given opportunity to make reply. After having given the employee an opportunity to reply the power of the department head to discharge the employee remains absolute, and the justice or injustice of his action is not subject to review by any other authority unless it is alleged, with offer of proof, that removal was for political or religious reasons, when the United States Civil Service Commission may review the case.

The commission hopes you will find it possible to give space to these corrections in an early issue of your publication.

By direction of the commission:

Very respectfully,
(Signed) MARTIN A. MORRISON,
President.

EDITOR, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dear Sir: I have read carefully the letter of Mr. Morrison, of the Civil Service Commission, dated January 3, 1920. Mr. Morrison seems to think, without warrant, I believe, that criticism in detail is an attack upon the whole idea of Civil Service. None of the "Dollar-a-Year Men" with whom I talked while gathering material for my article wished to minimize the tremendous good which the Civil Service reform has rendered. The old spoils system is well dead, and it is an achievement of which the Civil Service Commission may well be very proud that the day is past when campaign managers go through the Washington bureaus with their subscription blanks and force contributions from all government employees.

But while recognizing the good which has been accomplished by Civil Service reform, the basis for the chief criticism which these business men bring against the system of employment in the Government is very real. The Civil Service regulations do not produce as high an efficiency as the personnel organizations of our better corporations, and the criticism which the average business man makes of the Civil Service is on the very two points which Mr. Morrison challenges.

Of course, there is not a hard-and-fast adherence to the seniority rule. The boy who is taken in as a messenger does not go up by rote. Some youngsters by very marked ability do go ahead a short way quite rapidly, but on the whole the adherence to the seniority rule is very much closer in Government than in private business. The young man in the Civil Service—just like the West Point graduate in peacetimes—can figure out the average mortality among his superiors and make a fairly reliable chart of the dates of his future promotions.

The young man in Civil Service has no real hope of ever working up to the top. The chief jobs are political appointments. For instance, in the diplomatic service the top rung of the ladder is "Counselor of Embassy." As a striking exception to the general practice, Mr. Gibson has been made Minister to Poland, and Mr. Crane to Czechoslovakia. In general, the young man who passes examinations for the diplomatic service, if he has ordinary ability, can hope to reach the top before he is forty with almost no hope of further advancement.

The esprit of the whole Civil Service would be immensely improved if these higher positions were incorporated in the classified lists, but until this is done the Civil Service will lack the incentive which the employee of private business has from the knowledge that hard work and high ability may lead to membership in the firm.

It is equally true that the business men coming to Washington for war work were deeply impressed by the lack of real control over Civil Service employees similar to what they were accustomed to in their own affairs. It is true that the appointment officer can remove appointees "for cause." I read carefully the regulations inclosed in Mr. Morrison's letter in regard to removal. In spite of the letter of the regulations, the present practice is generally a reaction—a very laudable and necessary reaction—from the old spoils system where tenure of office in government service was dependent on campaign contributions. In an effort to protect the employees from the danger of discharge because of politics safeguards were contrived which, when compared with the appointment practice successful in efficient business, seemed too rigid to men who were used to choosing, promoting and firing their staff under the pressure of making their enterprise earn profits.

The argument of Mr. Morrison seems to me rather captious. The criticism expressed in my article is common criticism.

We are going to have some Civil Service regulations. Return to the old spoils system is unthinkable. The Civil Service Commission will, in my opinion, best serve its purpose if it keeps an open ear for all honest criticism. Its work has been good—infinitely better than the old system. It is very generally highly appreciated by everyone who knows anything about it, but it is not yet as efficient as the personnel work of half a dozen large corporations.

The answer, in a sentence, to Mr. Morrison's letter is that if the Civil Service regulations were better than the ordinary practice of private business, the private business men—very keen to increase their dividends—would copy these regulations. They don't!

Hoping that this will satisfactorily answer your question, I am

Very truly yours,
ARTHUR BULLARD.

—for golfers and out-of-door men

GOLF is a gentleman's game and has its amenities. There's a right thing in clothes as well as in strokes.

You will find in our clothes for sporting wear unusual features of convenience and ease and a rugged personality that will make you reluctant to lay them by when their long service is over.

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PRODUCT OF THE DAYLIGHT SHOPS

Chicago New York

GLOAMA, THE BEAUTIFUL TICKET AGENT, OR THE STRIKE FOR LOVE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Don't say I didn't give you warning," said Clancey after him. "That's all!"

He was running too fast to say anything. But Clancey could tell he hadn't changed his mind any just from the way he ran—just the expression of his back. So Clancey the expressman sat there through the noon hour, waiting, thinking it all out. And all of a sudden, just before the hour was over and Gloama the ticket agent came back, he slapped his knee and got up.

"Listen!" said Clancey to Gloama when she came back in. "What was he trying to do to you? Was he saying he'd fire you?"

"That's what he said," said Gloama, very indifferent.

"So that's what he thinks he'll do!" said Clancey, leading up to this plan he'd thought up during the noon hour.

"I should faint," said Gloama the ticket agent, taking off her hat and her fur wrap and hanging them up very carefully. "I should faint and be carried out," she said, coming back patting her hair down.

"Look!" said Clancey, bringing up that plan he had thought out when she was gone. "Look!" he said, his face getting a little red. "How'd you like it if I fixed that up for you?"

"Oh—all right," said Gloama in a kind of languid way—not paying much attention. "All right—if you want to."

"All right!" said Clancey after her, his face not changing but getting a little redder all the time. "All right!" he said. "Is that all the thanks I get?"

"Listen!" said Gloama the ticket agent, holding her head very high. "Where were you?"

"Where was I? Where was I when?" asked Clancey, surprised.

"When he was in there talking to me the way he did," said Gloama in a very cold but very angry voice.

"You know where I was—out in the baggage room. Why?" said Clancey the expressman.

"Oh, nothing," she said, very cold and distant and polite. "I was just wondering, that's all."

"Wondering!" repeated Clancey the expressman after her.

"Oh, nothing—nothing!" she said then, looking by him. "I was only wondering—if you called yourself a gentleman—why it was"

"Why what was?" Clancey asked her.

"Why you didn't step in, that's all—if you were a gentleman—and slam him in the eye. That was all!" said Gloama the ticket agent, finishing up with her hair now and going over to her window—leaving him standing there. "If you consider yourself a gentleman!" For she was terribly angry. The more she thought of it the more furious she got—perfectly wild.

"Listen!" he said, talking finally, though he was still very red. "Listen," he said, "for the sake of argument! Do you want me to do what I said—or not?"

"Why, yes," said Gloama, turning round and raising her eyebrows quite a little. "Why, yes—I think so."

"I didn't know," said Clancey. "You seemed to get so excited over it. That's all."

"Why, yes, go ahead, if you want to," she told him—still very indifferent.

"I didn't know," he said—looking red and mad. "I didn't know whether it made any difference to you—whether you were fired or not!"

"It don't," said Gloama—"not such a terrible lot! But go ahead if you want to," she said then.

"Go ahead and see what you can do to him. I'd like to have you."

So finally Clancey went to the telephone.

"Say, listen!" said the girl at the desk to Jiggs the auditor when he came back from up the road into the office. "The boss wants to see you."

"All right," said Jiggs, noticing the interested look she gave him but not giving her the satisfaction of showing he did.

"Listen!" she asked him then. "What have you done to him?"

"I don't know—what have I?" he asked her back in that kind of sour way he had.

"That's what I wondered," she told him. "He's hitting the ceiling."

So he went on, into the private office.

"Mr. Jiggs," said his boss, that high operating official, "sit down."

He was a short kind of chunky man with a close square-cornered whisker on his chin like a little mat—and nothing at all on his upper lip. It made it look terribly plain and bare, as if it was some part of his body with its clothes off that you ought not to look at. He came from New England originally. His name was Pratt. "Sit down, Mr. Jiggs," he said. "Sit down. I haven't seen you since the war began." For Jiggs had worked for him a long time.

"Well, Anyway," Said the Dark, Extremely Dressy-Looking Man on the Outside of the Bars, "You Won't Have to Worry, Girlie, After Next Wednesday"

"No," said Jiggs—looking at that bare upper lip.

"Mr. Jiggs," said this superintendent, Mr. Pratt, after a minute or so, "do you know a ticket agent up the line at Winter Valley by the name of Miss McCall?"

"Yes, sir," said Jiggs the auditor, and sat there waiting, looking at that bare kind of cruel-looking upper lip.

"What's her first name?" he asked him.

"Gloama," said Jiggs

"That's the one," said the superintendent. "I understand," he went on, that bare empty upper lip of his twitching a little, "that you fired her yesterday."

"No, sir," Jiggs answered him And he moved in his chair. "No sir, I did not." And he went on and told him just how it was. "She backed up finally altogether. She wouldn't do anything or help on anything I asked her to. So I said finally if she didn't we'd fire her"

"You'd fire her!" said that Mr. Pratt, the superintendent, misunderstanding him.

"I didn't say 'I,' I said 'we,'" said Jiggs. "I said we'd fire her."

"How?" asked that Mr. Pratt.

"How what?" asked Jiggs.

"How do you fire anybody from the railroad these days? I want to know," he said in an extremely sarcastic voice. "That's just what we've got to learn from somebody in the railroad business in the next few months. If you know you're the man we want to tell us."

Then for a minute or two neither one of them had anything to say. Jiggs sat there noticing that intensely sarcastic upper lip Pratt had, and wondering how many different generations of men with cast-iron upper lips he had come from up there in New England.

"You've been away quite a while out of our service, Mr. Jiggs," he said finally. "I don't know as I ought to be hard on you. I don't know but what I ought to explain to you—about the railroads. A good many things can happen in four years—especially war years."

Jiggs the auditor sat still, looking at him.

"You know all about this move of the unions for more wages?" he asked him then.

"Sure!" said Jiggs. "But it seemed to me ——"

"It seemed to you what?" said Pratt, looking at him with those little sharp eyes he had.

"It seemed to me that if you went and raised the wages," he told him, "you might have the privilege of firing one now and then—if they should commit murder—or something."

"Well, you might think so offhand," said this Pratt, the superintendent, "but you can't—not very easy."

Then they both waited a short time.

"Are you a student of political economy?" asked Pratt, the superintendent, and took a little sliver of something out of his pocket and put it into his mouth.

"No, I ain't," he answered him—and didn't say any more. For he saw he was still sarcastic, and he knew what it means when a man's boss gets that way.

"Then probably you never heard of anybody ever getting fired from a government job."

"I don't know as I ever have," said Jiggs—watching him. He saw he was more sarcastic than he himself ever was.

"No," the superintendent answered, chewing just a little bit, so you could scarcely see him. "No, that wouldn't be good government principles. You know what they are, don't you—the principles of government operation in a real democracy? You may have heard what George Washington said to his troops when he was disbanding the Continental Army back after the Revolution. It was either him—or Abraham Lincoln at the close of the Civil War," said this Pratt, looking at Jiggs the auditor, still chewing slowly—"I forget which.

"'This Government hires,' he said, 'but it never fires! This Army may disband,' he said, 'but the Government at Washington goes right on forever!' That's what he said in substance. You haven't been in Washington since you came back from abroad?"

"No, sir," replied Jiggs.

"It's just the same there now as Washington predicted in those old days," said Pratt in that intensely sarcastic way he had. "The war's over now a year and a half ago, and there's 17,272,891 of our citizens by actual count still on the pay rolls of the government departments in Washington that nothing will dislodge but a terrible death. They won't resign, will they?" he asked him. "And who'll fire them—from a government job? Well, it's been just the same with the railroads—only twice as bad."

This Jiggs started up to say something then—but he went right on. So Jiggs kept still, for he could see he was interested in telling him about it—and might work off the edge of his feelings the way people do, talking on the Government. And by this time he seemed to be enjoying his sarcasm quite a lot.

"We'll start back, Mr. Jiggs," he said, "at the beginning; and I'll sketch it out to you—right from the beginning—from the crime of 1916."

"The crime of 1916?" said Jiggs after him.

"Yes," he said, looking at him with those sharp little eyes of his—"when the Government first stepped in and passed that bill handing us over to the unions. That, of course, was official notice to them from the Government that they owned us. Then after that, in 1917, of course, the Government took us over.

"Now what's the first step," said the superintendent, going on with his history of the railroads, "always—in a government operation for the people, of the people, by the people? I'll tell you. You've heard that old definition of a good man that somebody gave—the fellow that makes two blades of grass grow where there was one before. Well—that's what a really good government always does with men and women—it aims always to make two employees grow where there was one before.

"It was bad enough," he said, "the way they swelled up the employees on the operating end of the road by that crime of 1916 on the eight-hour day and all that. But that was nothing to what they did after the Government took it over on an entirely new line.

"You take a locomotive," he said, going on rather slowly, "for example—when she comes into a roundhouse. There's seventeen inspectors looking her over, writing seventeen different reports that go to seventeen different clerks in seventeen different departments—more or less—in Washington. And out of them all I'll guarantee, if you ask them quick, right off the reel, not three per cent could tell you offhand whether a locomotive had sixteen wheels or rode on two like a bicycle.

"Paper work! Paper work," said the superintendent, enjoying talking about it more and more—"for the conductors on the road, for the departments in here, for the departments at Washington. Millions of new clerks in all the railroad offices, in the stations, in the freight houses, in the roundhouses, making up reports by the ton—for nobody that will ever do anything but read them—and most probably never will do that! You may have read in the newspapers about the paper famine in the country—how they were investigating it. I'll tell you, my friend," he said very seriously, "what every railroad man knows—about the great paper blockade at Washington. You may have heard about it?"

"No," this Jiggs said, watching him very closely.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you then. It comes from railroad reports, that's all! For days and days, while those very paper-shortage investigations were going on down there, Washington was almost starved to death by that terrible paper blockade we had there for weeks and weeks. There were miles of freight trains full of government reports about the railroads stacking up on the roads—for miles and miles out of Washington. It looked for a time there as if Washington would starve to death from them—keeping the milk and flour and coal out of the city that they ought to have to live. And every report had to have two clerks anyhow—one in the railroad writing

(Continued on Page 69)

Back of the mass of pulsating iron and steel that today produces Energy, there lie long centuries of striving for a means of multiplying the muscle-power of Man. ¶ There is a distinct obligation, therefore, to be fulfilled by any organization that is now producing power-creating mechanism. It is an obligation to civilization, to society, to posterity. ¶ And it is an obligation that is recognized and acknowledged by the organization responsible for the product that the world associates with the Continental Red Seal.

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(Continued from Page 66)

it and the next one in Washington reading it. Two anyway, to say nothing of them over them!

"You see the net result!" he went on, explaining to Jiggs, who sat there listening to him. "There weren't clerks enough in the world for all this. So we had to go out and snatch them from the cradle and the grave and way down below the age of consent to get half enough to go round.

"That was the first thing," said Pratt, the superintendent, and chewed a little in that intensely sarcastic way he had, "in the Government's running the railroads. Now then, after they had got them, then the next one came naturally—to see that we got the same service that the Government always guarantees—that it always gets out of its own clerks in Washington. It had to fix it, like all good republics, so that everybody had an equal chance; so they put in the seniority rule for all the office help—so that everybody would go ahead in single file, like they did already in the operating departments of the railroads—when there was good luck for all and somebody finally died off at the top. So, of course, the result was naturally just what it is in Washington. If you had a lively, impatient man in your office that wanted to work hard and get on for himself he got out and got a better job—more pay and more hours and more motion. But the man with one leg and one arm and one lobe of his brain gone—he was yours forever!

"You see how they had us," said this Pratt, the superintendent, looking at Jiggs—and went on again. He seemed to be more and more interested in telling him about it—and more friendly as he talked—and his sarcasm milder and kind of mellower, and Jiggs thought he could see that he was working off the worst of his first grouch talking. So he sat back and said nothing—let him go on.

"That was two steps," he said, "but, of course that wasn't quite enough by itself. It wouldn't make us quite like Washington. So then the next thing they had to fix it so we couldn't ever fire anyone. So they put in the regular government rules on that and the boards to administer them. To see that all hands got justice—just like the Government does! So now if you wanted to fire your office boy—did you? You didn't! Why? Because he went right over your head and appealed it right up the line—right through to the President of the United States. So you see when you said you fired this Gloama the ticket agent——"

"Well!" said Jiggs, looking at him—not backing down any on that.

"You couldn't, that's all."

"Well!" said Jiggs again a second time.

"Well what?" asked the sarcastic superintendent back—his voice sharpening up again.

"We ain't under the Government now!"

"That's what I was coming to," said Pratt, the superintendent—more sarcastic again on account of this interruption—"if you'll just permit me. That's where we're worse off than the Government ever was."

"Why?"

"They don't encourage them to organize much in the unions, do they, in the Government—the clerks in the government departments?"

Jiggs didn't answer him anything.

"While here," the other man went on—"in the railroads while they had them they went out and compelled them to organize, you might say. The operating end, of course, was pretty much all union before the war and government operation. But since the Government came in they fixed it all up for us—all over! They got us one hundred per cent organized—up and down all the lines—inside as well as out—down to the mice in the freight house. One for all," he said, raising his hand in a kind of a clumsy way. "One for all, all for one! That's the way it is now—everywhere! All union!"

"Well," said Jiggs, not giving in yet.

"So you talk about the handing over of the railroads on March first," said this Pratt, going on not noticing him, "by the Government. Who do they hand them over to? I can only see one place. There's only one residuary legatee—that I can see on the horizon. Maybe you can see another one."

"Who?" asked Jiggs, the auditor.

"The unions!"

And Jiggs didn't say anything back.

"We've got to have unions, I guess," said Pratt, the superintendent, "I don't see why not. And we've got to have a Government—we'll assume anyhow! And very likely—between them—the unions have all got to have a raise of pay. We'll be liberal and say they have!

"But there's one thing they can't do—and we still operate the road: They can't both have the increase of wages and the increase of workmen and the sole right to hire and fire and promote! We don't expect, you understand, to do this all ourselves—alone; we haven't for years on the operating end for that matter. We'll be tied up with rules, of course, now everywhere.

"But we've got to have a little say-so ourselves—on a few things—or we might just as well hand the roads over to the unions first as last; let them run them on this Plumb plan now and be done with it; take what money we can get from the Government and get out.

"I don't mind telling you, as long as we're on the subject," said this Pratt, the superintendent, "that we did hope to fire a few—of the paper workers anyway! That we did hope to steal up on them and pick off one or two here and there—when we found them asleep on the desks or on the tracks blocking up the traffic. But we ain't been advertising it much—not yet," he said, watching Jiggs the auditor. "That would be a little extra hazardous now—the way all hands are feeling to-day after that unsettled demand for more wages.

"So I guess your scheme won't work quite yet—your plan to fire Gloama the ticket agent," said the superintendent, going on. "It's too early in the first place. It's just a little premature. And then again it's too bald and open for now when they're all out—the unions—watching us, with all the backing of the Government.

"So we'll have to postpone it a little anyhow. We'll have to put off firing this young female ticket agent of yours for a while longer—till they all get quieted down a little more. So I am going to ask you," he said, sitting up very straight and slapping down both hands at once on the arms of his desk chair, "just to step to the telephone—and tell them this young woman ain't fired. Tell it to this man Clancey that called me up."

But Jiggs didn't move yet.

"Why?" he said then to this Pratt, the superintendent.

"Why what?" he asked him.

"Why should I telephone him?" said Jiggs in his most intensely sarcastic voice.

"Why wouldn't you?" said the superintendent, more sarcastic still.

"To tell her she's not fired," said Jiggs, looking at him.

"Why wouldn't you?" he asked again, staring back at him.

"Why should I," said Mr. Jiggs the auditor, still louder—"when she knows it already?"

"Knows what?"

"That she ain't fired—according to you. That you couldn't fire her if you wanted to."

"Just to show her," said this Pratt, the superintendent, "that we know it too."

So he got up, and Jiggs the auditor went out, very slow and silent, over to the telephone booth.

"So you came to life, huh?" said Clancey at the telephone. "Well, I'm glad to know you're back on earth again. And I'll tell the young lady. Come round any time and we'll have a resurrection party for you—and start you in right, the way things are to-day," said Clancey, feeling good and letting him down easy. For he saw his plan was working out right—just the way he'd planned it.

"Well," he said, turning round to where Gloama the ticket agent was standing at her window, "you ain't fired!"

"Is that so?" said Gloama. She didn't even turn round.

"Yep," said Clancey, watching her—to see what she'd do to thank him. "I told you I could fix it up for you!"

"Is that so?" she said, very cold and distant.

"Yes," said Clancey, looking at her.

"So that's all you did?" Gloama the ticket agent asked him.

"All I did!" said Clancey, raising his voice. "All I did! I got your job back! What do you want?"

"Oh—nothing! Nothing," she said, putting her hand back very slowly that way she had—up to her back hair.

"No! What do you?" asked Clancey the expressman, talking up still louder.

"Oh, nothing—nothing!" she said. "If you don't know."

He was crazy. He tried every way he could to find out from her, but she was intensely indifferent. She wouldn't explain herself at all. And finally he went out to the baggage room and sat down on a hat-box—mad, trying to figure out what it was she wanted. He didn't even look up or speak when Maguire came in from the freight house and went through and stuck his head in where Gloama was in the ticket office.

"Say," he said to her when he went in—and closed the door after him. "What's the matter here?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Gloama, turning those eyes of hers on him, very slow. "I don't know, I'm sure. Why?"

"Between you and Clancey?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing!" she said, just as indifferent as ever.

"Then why's he sitting out there with the door closed instead of sitting in here?" he asked her.

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all!" she told him. But he knew from her tone of voice, of course, that there was something.

"Listen, little girl!" said Bill Maguire. He was always calling her that when they were alone—trying to. For he was a lot older than she was. "Listen!" he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "What's the matter with you and him?"

"Oh, nothing nothing!" she said, letting it out just a little.

"Nothing! I was disappointed in him, that's all!"

"Disappointed!" said Bill Maguire, talking louder and getting red. "How?"

"I thought he was a gentleman."

"What's he done to you?" said Maguire, starting hollering. "What's he done to you? Has he harmed you—or insulted you any way? Say the word," he said, roaring, "and I'll smash him for you! I'd smash him for you just as soon as I'd look at him! And if I hit him once I'd jar every freckle out of his face onto the floor!"

"Oh, no—nothing like that! Nothing like that!" said Gloama, speaking kind of quick. And she told him then partly. She saw she'd have to now—or she'd have him on her hands hollering again, and maybe a fight between them.

He did holler quite a lot as it was—in spite of all that she could do.

"Fired!" he yelled when she came to that. For she hadn't told him before—hadn't taken the trouble to. "Fired! Who fired you?"

"Listen!" said Gloama, getting him by the coat sleeve. "Stop yelling so—or I won't talk to you, that's all!"

So finally he let down and let her tell him about it—and about Clancey stepping in and volunteering to help her.

"Why didn't you let me know about it?" asked Maguire, eying her.

"Oh, I don't know," she told him—smiling inside to see how jealous they always were of one another. "He was right here—and offered to do it—so I let him."

"What'd he do?" Maguire asked her.

"He went to the front for me—telephoned and told them where they'd get off with the union if they fired me—so he said!" Gloama told him.

"You ought to got somebody else—that's all," said Maguire, handling his big heavy gold watch chain—"somebody with standing. They'd have got your job back for you!"

"Oh, he got that all right," said Gloama.

"He did!" said Maguire after her.

"But what did I care for that? Not that!" she told him, snapping her fingers.

"He got you safe from being fired, you say?" said Bill Maguire, looking at her then. "He fixed you up?"

"Certainly," she said. "What was that? That wasn't anything—not for me. Not the slightest!"

"No!" said Bill Maguire, looking at her still—watching. "No, I guess not," he said kind of slowly.

"I guess not too!" said Gloama, speaking in a lot louder voice herself. "He'd ought to have known that wouldn't satisfy me."

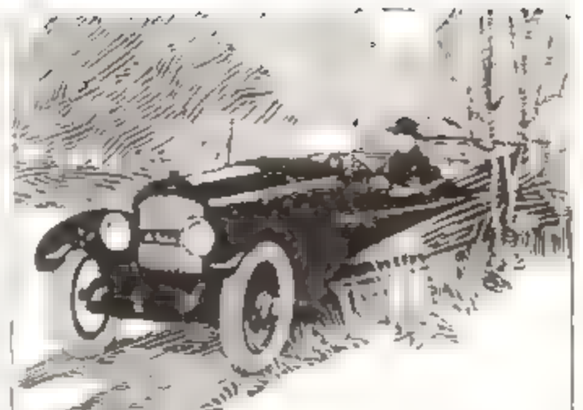
"He had—yes," said Bill Maguire—and stood and watched her. "He had—I guess," he said, kind of feeling of his chin.

"If he was a gentleman he had!" said Gloama.

And Maguire still looked at her—waiting.

"If he was a gentleman," she said in a very clear, distinct voice—"if he was a gentleman he'd have known!"

"He would—I guess," said Bill Maguire, still waiting and watching her—harder yet.



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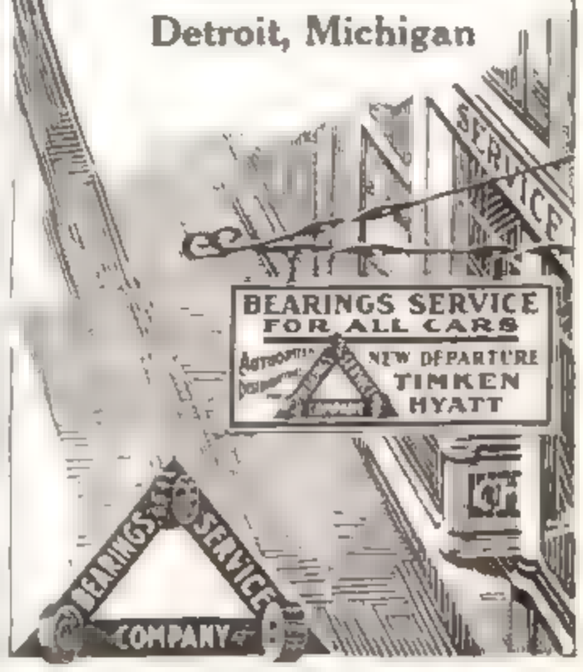

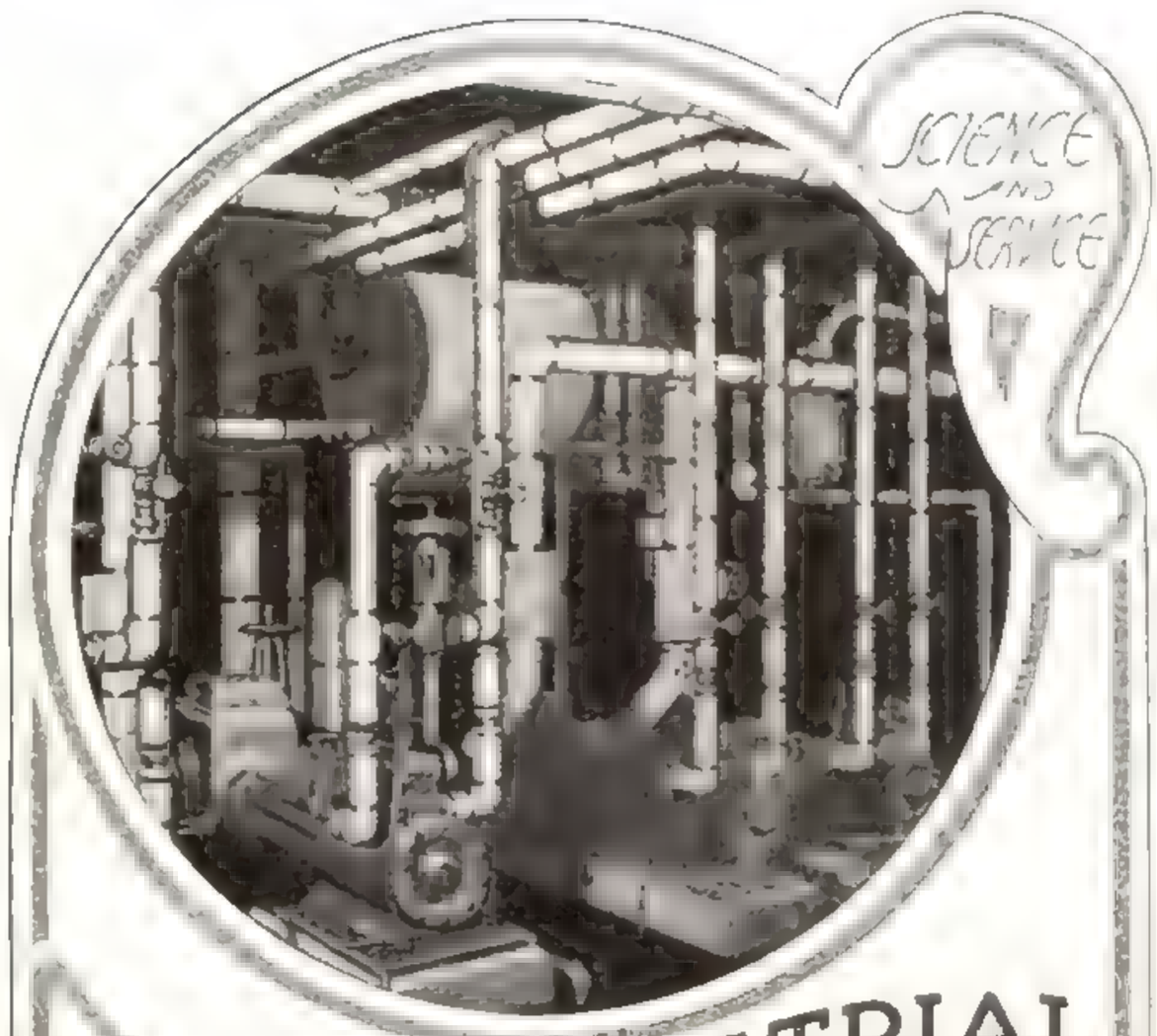

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"He'd have known that there was only one thing that would be any way satisfactory to me! He'd known that man—that old auditor—would have to apologize to me—after all those insults he gave me—that's all—that's all!" she said. "And he'd ought to have seen it if he was a gentleman!" She spoke just as cold and indifferent as she could, but he could see, looking, by the tears come into her eyes, that she was all broken up over it.

He jumped right up out of his chair.

"You want him to apologize, little girl," said Bill Maguire, "don't you?"

"I certainly do!" said Gloama, looking at him again—with those wonderful blue eyes of hers. "I certainly do!"

"You made just one mistake, little girl," said Bill Maguire, trying to take her hand. But she took it away from him. "You made just one mistake," he said, going on. "You ought to come to me in the first place. You want him to apologize," he told her. "All right—you watch me!"

He looked up then and saw it was after five o'clock already.

"You watch me," he said—"to-morrow—as soon as they get down there in the main office and open it up."

"Catch him! Catch him! Head him off!" yelled this Pratt, the superintendent, coming out suddenly at his private door, calling to the office boy. And he ran after this Jiggs where he was going out and sent him back to the private office.

"You've done a good thorough job this time!" said Pratt when Jiggs came back in.

"What?" Jiggs said, staring back at him.

He stopped and looked at him before he answered, with those little sharp glistening eyes of his.

"We might have been glad to pick out a bunch to fire ourselves," he said to him then in a more sarcastic tone than he'd used at all the day before, "but you don't stop there, do you?"

"What's the matter now?" said Jiggs, talking up louder.

"You've turned them loose!"

"Who?"

"The freight handlers," said Pratt, the superintendent. "They're threatening to strike. That's what you've done," he went on—"you and your female ticket agent—your Gloama!"

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Mr. Jiggs in a sour kind of rebellious voice.

"What's what got to do with what?" the other man came back at him, very loud. His upper lip looked barer and harder than ever.

"What's she got to do with the strike by the freight handlers?"

"What's anything got to do with anything when a strike's pulled off these days?" the superintendent asked him back.

"They've got their reasons probably—the union," said Jiggs.

"They probably have," said Pratt. "They do! But they've never the same ones they give out to the public. The leaders decide they want to strike because their shoes don't fit or the cost of diamonds has gone up," he said in that extremely bitter way of his, "or their wives didn't give them a proper breakfast.

"And then they go out and call a strike for God and country—with three loud hip hip hurrahs! You never thought you knew the real reason for any strike you didn't call yourself, did you?" asked this superintendent Pratt in his intensely bitter voice. "No, I guess not!

"But here," he said, "this time you've got a new one; a new kind of strike—you and Gloama between you! Look!" he went right on, refusing to let Jiggs speak or ask a question. "Look! Is she the beautiful one—the one with the jet black hair and the white complexion with the violet edges?"

"I guess so," Jiggs told him.

"The one that all the brakemen shake their hands at and wave their lanterns to at dusk—standing there looking out her window?"

"Probably it is," said Jiggs.

"I know her! I know her! There's thousands and tens of thousands of her up and down everywhere in our departments in Washington; in all the private offices of the country! They've added millions and tens of millions to the overhead charges of this country this past four years—in the new wartime departments of American business—the departments of complexion and love. Millions and millions of dollars are paid out now in wages every year by the employers of this country for personal painting and decorating in office hours."

"What's that got to do with this?" asked Jiggs, bringing him back to his subject again. "What's that got to do with this strike?" He talked right up to him to-day, it seemed like, a lot more than the day before.

"I'll tell you what!" said Pratt, looking at him—his upper lip getting colder and harder and longer the longer he looked. "I was just telling when you broke in. I've seen quite a number of strikes," he went on then, "for quite a number of reasons. Strikes for pay and strikes for hours and strikes for principle and humanity and the human race.

"Strikes for God and country," he said, going on. "Strikes for George Washington and John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson and the inalienable rights of man.

"And strikes for sympathy. Sympathetic strikes of all kinds," he said. "But you've got a new one here—you and your beautiful ticket agent—a real novelty!"

Jiggs the auditor tried to say something again then, but he kept right on.

"A love strike! A strike for love!" said this Pratt, the superintendent, going right on. "A brand new thing! A strike for the love of Gloama the beautiful ticket agent! They'll call it something else, of course, when it comes out, but that's what it'll be. I've been up there. I've seen them hanging round her office—talking to her, making eyes, making themselves solid on the company's time.

"You've heard probably about this Greek woman—this Helen of Troy. You'll hear the lawyers and spellbinders and political speakers mentioning her about every so often," he went on, getting more and more sarcastic and bitter every minute now. "And the trouble she made, destroying cities and all that! She's got nothing on Gloama—with your assistance," he said, "as a destroyer of cities." And he looked at him.

Jiggs started to move then; he was getting tired of this sarcastic way of talking. He was about through listening to it. But he couldn't stop him.

"For you've brought the freight handlers out, between you," he went along. "The freight handlers! Talk about your destroyers of cities," he said. "The Greeks were a back number compared with the freight handlers.

"They don't break in walls and ride round at night in the bowels of a wooden horse and put the women and children to the sword. No, all they do is take a vote!

"They destroy their cities by a majority vote. They destroy their thousands and tens of thousands to those Greeks' dozens—by just taking a vote and sitting down indefinitely and letting them starve or freeze to death.

"Every three weeks or so they come out and destroy the world by a majority vote. They've been doing that now the past four years; and they're about doing it now again—thanks to you and Gloama the beautiful ticket agent."

Jiggs spoke up now again, but he wouldn't hear him.

"Thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions—women, children, old folks—starved to death and frozen to death by the terrible freight handlers again, all for love of Gloama the beautiful ticket agent—and you!" said the superintendent—and suddenly fastened that long bare sarcastic upper lip down above his square chin beard and looked at this Jiggs, the auditor. "Unless," he said, "you want to come through—and help us out."

"Help you?" said Jiggs.

"You know what'll do it?" he asked him. "Do you know what is the one thing that'll prevent this friend of hers—this Maguire—from starting them off again?" asked Pratt. "Do you know what she wants you to do?"

"No," he told him.

"She wants you to apologize," he said, and looked at him, "for what you said to her yesterday."

"I won't!" said Jiggs straight out.

"You will!" said Pratt, and drew his long lip down still longer. "You will," he said, speaking very slowly, "or you'll get fired."

"Will I? Is that so?" said this Jiggs, looking straight at him. "What makes you think so?"

"Why won't you?" said this old superintendent, looking at him again, kind of surprised.

"Because I joined the union last night myself!" said Jiggs. "After listening to

(Concluded on Page 73

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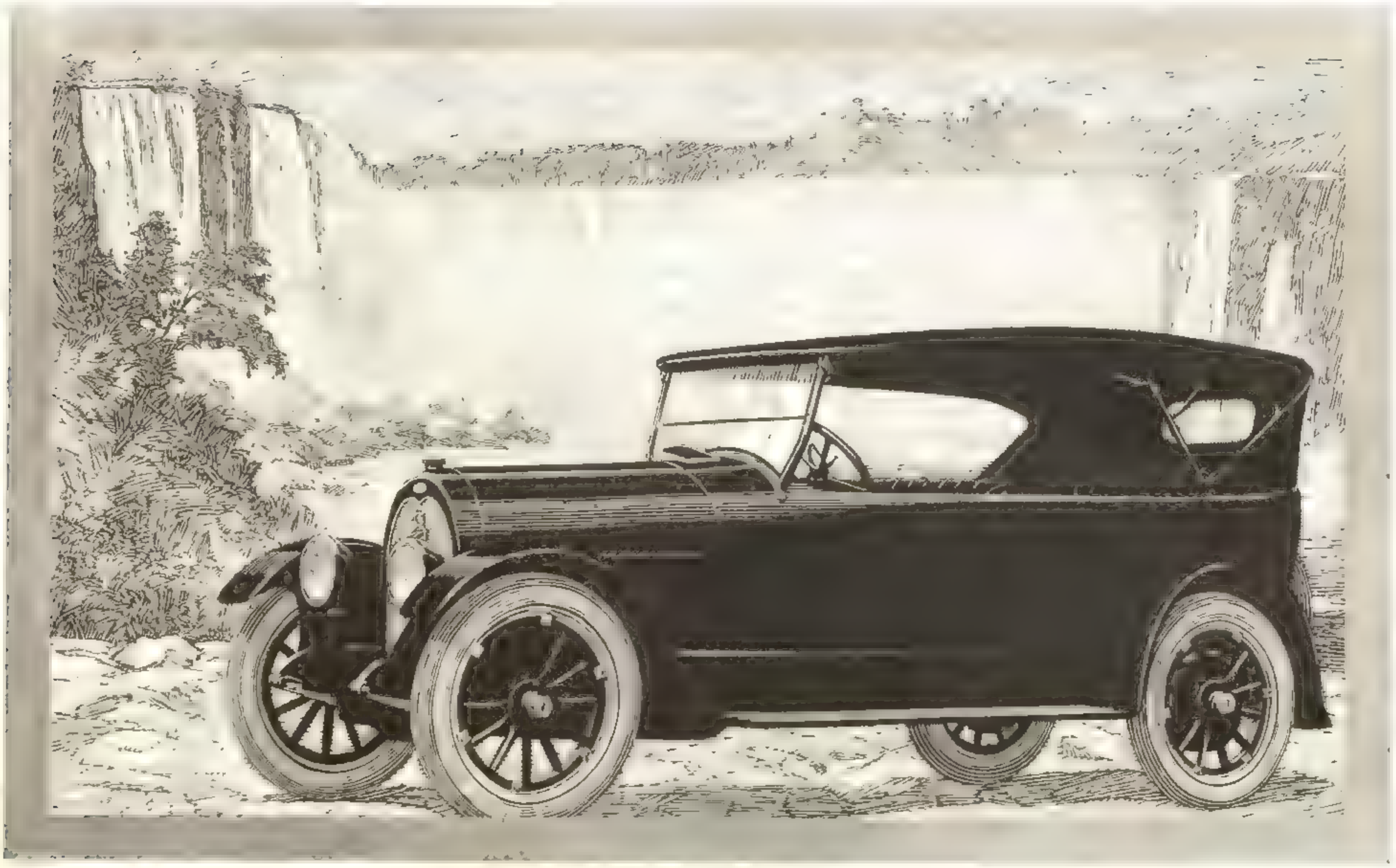

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(Concluded from Page 70)

what you said," he told him when he didn't speak again right off.

That other man, that Pratt, must have sat there three minutes, saying nothing, thinking.

"All right," he said finally. "All there is to be done—all there is now," he said, very slowly, "I've got to go up and apologize myself."

So Jiggs went on out and did his day's work; and this Pratt, the superintendent, took the first train himself up to that Winter Valley station.

When he got there Clancey and Maguire were both in the baggage room waiting for him.

"Hello boys!" he said, for he knew them both, of course. And he shook hands with Maguire, for he'd been all through three strikes against him already. "I came out here to see if I can't settle up this thing about this Jiggs—and this young lady here."

"He'll have to apologize to her," said Bill Maguire, coming out flat-footed.

"He won't!" said the superintendent. "I can't make him."

"Why not?" said Bill Maguire right away. "You can fire him if he don't."

"How can I?"

"Why not, can't you?" said Maguire.

"Because he's joined the union!" said this Pratt, the superintendent.

And Bill Maguire said nothing, standing studying.

"So I came up myself. If there's got to be an apology I'll apologize myself—if the young lady still wants it," he told them then.

"Let's see what she says," said Clancey the expressman after a minute.

"Sure!" said Bill Maguire after him. "That's the way."

So they opened the door from the baggage room.

"There's someone there she's talking to," said Clancey.

"Who is it?" said Maguire, getting red right off, watching them with their heads so close together.

"One of those drummers," said Clancey.

"Which one?" Maguire asked him right off, talking louder.

"That one that was there so much two months ago," said Clancey, "the one in the gents' furnishing line." And they stood glancing over at them.

"Wait," said the superintendent. "Maybe they'll be through."

So they stopped a minute more, listening to them talking.

"Isn't it perfectly terrible?" Gloama was saying to him. "Isn't it perfectly terrible how everything has gone up in price—everything? All your clothes and your shoes—everything! And they say it's growing worse all the time. It's terrible!"

"Well, anyway," said the dark, young, extremely dressy-looking man on the outside of the bars in a low kind of half whisper that you could hear just the same, "you won't have to worry, girlie, after next Wednesday."

And Maguire and Clancey each one gave a kind of a little jump.

"I know, Max," she said back. "But it's terrible just the same. You poor boy!" And she touched him just lightly on the thumb with her long first finger.

"It ain't terrible to me," said the extremely dressy young man in the tight-fitting coat. "Don't let them tell you so."

And then he reached under the bars and fastened down that first finger of hers under one of his.

And they all saw—looking—that she didn't make any objection to him doing it at all.

"What's this?" said Clancey, looking at Maguire. And Maguire cleared his throat. And then Gloama turned round.

"Say," said Bill Maguire in a hoarse husky voice, "listen, if you ain't too busy. There's somebody out here that's wanting to speak to you."

"I can't come now," said Gloama.

"He's waited some time," said Bill Maguire, his voice still hoarser.

"Let him wait then," she said. "I'm busy."

And Clancey hissed at her so she would understand. But she went right on talking. And then Clancey went up back of her and whispered and told her who it was and what he was after.

"All right, let him wait then!" she said right back.

"Let him wait!" said Clancey.

"Certainly," said Gloama the ticket agent. "What do I care?"

"What do you care?" said Clancey, his mouth coming open.

"Certainly," said Gloama. "What do I care? I'm getting through next Tuesday anyway."

"Getting through next Tuesday!" said Clancey. And Maguire stood in the doorway with his mouth wide open, listening to her.

He looked too comical to her, with that long upper lip with that kind of close mossy mustache on it. "Getting through?" he said after Clancey.

"Well," said Gloama, keeping her face straight, "if you must know—if you must know," she said, "I'm getting married next Wednesday and this gentleman is my fiancy," she said, pointing him out with her hand.

"We haven't been giving it out," she said with a very slow proud look. "We thought it best," she said, "to keep it to ourselves—up to the present time.

"And you tell who's this—that superintendent that wants to see me—if you please," she said in a very polite voice, "that I'll see him just as soon as I'm finished with this gentleman."

And then she turned away from him and went on talking.

"Who is it? Who's your friend?" asked the intensely dressy young man who was resting on his elbow at the ticket office.

"Oh, just some high-up guy from the railroad who wants to apologize to me for something one of his men said to me yesterday," said Gloama the ticket agent, reaching back and arranging her back hair with that very languid way she had of doing it.

And then after a minute those three there in the doorway watching her went out and closed the door after them—this Pratt, the superintendent, leading.

"Well!" he said to the other two of them after a minute. "Well, how's everything getting on with you up here, boys—all right?"

"Fine!" said Clancey after looking at him a minute longer.

"How's it with you, Bill?" he said to Maguire then, for he'd known them both well for a long time. "How's everything going on?"

"How do you mean?" said Maguire after him, as if he didn't understand him yet. He was just standing there, staring at the ticket-office door.

"Between the freight handlers and the company," said this Pratt, the superintendent. "Everything's all right, ain't it? The boys haven't anything to complain of, have they?"

"Nothing that I know of," said Maguire. "Nothing at the present time—that I know of—at the present time," he said kind of slow.

He was still standing there in the baggage room looking at that closed door in the ticket office when the other two went off and left him. He took things terribly hard always. He was that kind.

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Most good repair men already have Korry Soles in their shops, or can get them for you in short order. And in buying your next pair of new shoes it is well to ask the clerk if he has shoes with Korry Soles. They are as good for dress shoes as they are for work shoes. You will be surprised the way they last on a romping, scuffling child.

Korry Soles are made under two brand names. Each sole has the brand stamped on the bottom, so you can be sure of the genuine.

Korry-Krome

Korry-Krome is made from selected portions of the hide, and takes a somewhat higher finish. This is the most durable sole in the world.

Korry Special

As this sole is cut from the shoulder it has a coarser grain; but Korry Special will outwear any other kind of leather except Korry-Krome, and costs less.

If your repair man does not have Korry Soles for you, send us $1.00 and we will send you a pair of Korry-Krome half-soles (or two pairs children's sizes up to 13), which any repair man can attach. Full soles, $1.75. Give size of your shoes.

J. W. & A. P. HOWARD COMPANY *Established 1867* **Corry, Penn.**

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Cost of Sporting Equipment

ABOUT three years ago occasion was found to print in these columns a little list of items necessary in a fly-fishing outfit. There was attached the cost of these items at that date, the purpose being to give a general notion of the nature and expense of such an outfit in angling. I now find in my desk this list of items and their cost and, as the prices of all these things have since that time advanced so sharply, have thought it might be of interest to set out the current prices of the same list of goods to-day. Below are the prices of 1916 offset against those of 1919:

		SEPTEMBER, 1916	NOVEMBER, 1919
1	High-grade fly rod	$ [illegible]	$45.00
1	[illegible] reel	10.00	15.00
1	[illegible] line	4.00	7.50
1	American line	2.00	4.00
1	Net frame	2.15	2.50
1	Landing net	1.00	1.50
6	Medium leaders, 6 feet	2.00	3.00
6	Heavy leaders, 6 feet	2.70	4.20
1	Leader case	1.25	1.60
1	Leader box, imported	[illegible]	Not obtainable
1	Fly box, imported	[illegible]	6.00
1	Salmon fly box	2.25	Not obtainable
72	Dozen flies	15.70	16.44
25	Doz. Min. gut	1.00	2.50
1	Deer fat	.50	.50
1	Line dressing	.40	.60
1	Cloth for patch	.10	.15
2	Tubes, cement	.20	.30
1	Compass	2.50	Not obtainable
1	Scissors	.50	Not obtainable
1	Match box	.70	.75
1	Pair waders	14.50	22.50
1	Pair wading shoes	7.00	8.00
1	Pair walking shoes	5.50	6.00
½	Pairs socks	2.25	3.00
1	Tackle bag	1.70	2.00
1	Carry-all bag	12.00	21.50
2	Flannel shirts	10.00	17.00
1	Fishing jacket	4.00	5.00
1	Pair gloves	1.00	1.00
1	Creel	1.75	2.25
½	Dozen flies	1.50	2.00
1	25-yard line	2.25	3.50
1	Rubber shirt	4.50	6.00
1	Creel strap	.80	1.00
1	Line	5.40	7.50
1	Tin varnish	.25	.80

I had a talk with the dealer of whom these goods were purchased three years ago. He said that he was unable to offer his clientage as good a line of angling goods now as he could then. A good part of the highest-grade angling goods used in America formerly were imported from England, and on the lowest-priced of these goods, such as fly boxes, leaders, and so on, the increase has been from thirty to forty per cent. English-tied flies have increased about forty per cent. As to reels, waders and other staple goods which have made their way in the American angling trade, the advance was at first fifty per cent, then again fifty per cent plus fifteen per cent, and added to that was ten per cent war risk.

Eyed Flies Popular

"In the meantime," said this dealer, "our increase in wages in our retail stores has been more than $20,000 a year. Our cartage charges have doubled. Twine and wrapping paper have more than doubled. Express and freight charges, as you know, have gone up. There is almost nothing which can be sold to-day at the prices of three years ago, and a good many of the goods which our people have learned to want we can't get for them at all.

"The American public has begun to use a good many hair flies—thanks very largely to your own advocacy of these flies. The English makers will not tie these flies, because they say they never used to in the past. We still can get a fair supply of the staple English and Scotch flies, even in the long-shank patterns which we at length succeeded in getting them to make for us. Of course the trade now runs to eyed flies, but we have difficulty in getting good fly boxes in metal, such as Americans have been using of late for eyed flies.

"In what you might call standard articles of American manufacture the prices have gone up steadily and solidly. Shotgun ammunition which used to cost $3.50 a hundred now costs $5 or upward a hundred. A standard repeating shotgun which three years ago cost $27.95 to-day costs $45.60. The .22-caliber rifle which then cost $15.68 now costs $27; and a different pattern in the .22 rifle which three years ago cost $13.50 now costs $24.50—almost double. A standard American double gun which then cost $59.05 now costs $82.50. A steel rod which retailed for $3.85 now costs $4.95. We used to have some good moderate-priced fly rods which sold at $15. The price rose to $18.50 and is now $25. A better-grade fly rod which we sold at $20 first went to $30, and is now $35.50. A sterling quality dependable fly rod which we used to be able to get one place or another for $20 is now off the market, because the maker can't supply the demand.

"The little scissors which you used to carry on your waistcoat in fly fishing probably were made in Germany. We can't get them to-day. We used to sell quite a varied line of compasses at $1.50 up to $3. I can't get any imported now. We can't get all the waders we want, even the boot-foot American-made waders, much heavier than the imported English wading trousers. Some American makers are very independent about it. They are shipping their goods out on the export trade to establish their American markets in other countries before the German and English makers can get to it. They think the American trade can be neglected and can wait. It is the same way in a good many other lines of goods. For instance, you had a gun-metal leader box. It was imported. I can't get it for you now. I get a few fly boxes at thirty to forty per cent increase. In general you can say leaders are up forty per cent and flies forty per cent. Everything else is pretty much in proportion."

Straightening Leaders

These are prices on the actual necessaries of life, as any angler knows. I presume this is not the proper column for any discussion of the reasons for these astonishing advances in price. They are a part of the whole American price system of to-day. Some of it comes from profiteering, some from labor conditions; and I presume that most of these causes themselves are founded on the hysteria attendant upon the World War. Just when we shall settle down to a saner method of life it is hard to tell. The thought occurs that perhaps one of the best means toward sanity is a day or so on the stream or in the woods, where a fellow has time to think things over. I imagine that some of us will try to get along with such portions of the old outfits as remain in our possession. In the craze for spending which seems to possess the American people to-day, however, there do not lack a great many purchasers who come in and calmly put down these tremendous prices for what they think they want to have. Of course sport suffers to-day as well as the household life of the nation, but sport will not cease, nor ought it to cease. It only ought to be sane and reasonable, as all the rest of our activities ought to be and are not.

My angling friend in California, who is curious in angling information of all sorts, is so good as to write something about angling books:

"I find a passage on Page 34 of Scenes and Recollections of Fly Fishing, by Stephen Oliver the younger, published in 1834, of Doctor Wallaston's fly fishing requirements, saying: 'I know nothing more than what Sir Humphry Davy reports, and that is not much beyond the fact of his using India rubber with a slit in it to straighten the gut on which his hooks were tied.'"

I have earlier announced in these columns my own discovery, or rather that of a friend, to the effect that a pure-rubber band run up and down a kinked leader would straighten it out much more quickly than a soaking in water; and I always have with me on the stream such a rubber band for use in making my leaders perfectly straight. This trick was first shown to me by an erudite and curious friend who owned a trout stream in Wisconsin, and I

(Concluded on Page 76)

PREMIER is a fine, old, aristocratic family name. For more than a quarter of a century Premier motor cars have been among the best. Now comes a Premier—the finest of a fine line—a car so exclusive and so distinctive that, even among the finest cars you know, there is none with which it can be fairly compared.

For in no other car can you find an aluminum engine.

And the gears of no other car are shifted *electrically*.

The new Grecian body edge can be used by no other motor car.

All of which are mere superficial comforts and satisfactions.

When you get at the wheel of this car and drive it for one day—no one can ever weaken your fanatical devotion to it. You do not find the same POWER, the same smoothness, the same velvety road indifference in any other car—not even in the finest and most extravagant European Importations.

PREMIER

MOTOR CORPORATION

INDIANAPOLIS—U S A

THE ALUMINUM SIX WITH [illegible] TIC GEAR [illegible]

(Concluded from Page 74)

took it that the thing grew upon that very spot. Perhaps it may have been noticed in some angling book by the man who showed it to me. In any case, as now appears, it was nothing new under the sun after all. My informant says that he has been unable to find this reference in his edition of Salmonia, by Sir Humphry Davy. That book had a second edition in 1829 and a third one in 1832. The reference to India rubber perhaps first came out in one of the later editions.

There are other things in use by anglers to-day which are not new, as my friend pointed out. In Ronalds' Fly Fisher's Entomology, 1836, he mentions a self-winding reel very much like the automatic reel of to-day. In Shipley and Fitzgibbon's book, A True Treatise on the Art of Fly Fishing, 1838, there is mention of Chesterman's self winding reel, which is not highly praised, because of its habit of winding up the line so fast.

"From what I read about those old-time fly fishermen," my informant writes, "they never attempted to cast against the wind and one or two of them say that it is impossible as we who use modern rods know it is not. They used long limber rods, ending with six inches of whalebone, so it is not surprising they could not cast against the wind to any extent.

"I wonder if you can tell me where I can get a list of American books on fishing. Out of forty-seven volumes in my library I have only eight American titles which date back, and the last seven are these, which may be of interest to note: Fly Fishers Text Book, Theophilus South, 1841; Practical Angler, Stewart, second edition, 1857; Handbook of Angling, Ephemera, 1847; Salmonia, Sir Humphry Davy, 1828; Scenes and Recollections of Fly Fishing, Oliver, 1834; A True Treatise on the Art of Fly Fishing, Shipley and Fitzgibbon, 1838; and The Fly Fisher's Guide, Bainbridge, fourth edition, 1840. These are American reprints, like those of Walton.

"I wonder if you know about the Fearing collection? He died in 1916 and bequeathed to Harvard University library ten thousand volumes on fish and fishing—practically every book that ever mentioned fishing. They are working on a catalogue, but I suppose it will be several years before it is finished."

The Thirty-Third Degree in Sport

"One of the most interesting books I have is a copy of Walton's Complete Angler by The American Editor, 1848, which is the same as the edition of 1847, which was the first American edition of Walton. The first edition was published by Wiley and Putman, 161 Broadway, and the latter issues, which were of the same book, were published by John Wiley at the same address with the title page changed to conform with the change in business. There were numbers of Walton editions up to the eighties. Mine has a long bibliographical preface and numerous notes. At that time, 1847, not many American angling books had been printed—The American Editor mentions only two—An Angler's Guide, 1845, by an American, and The Sportman's Manual, no date or authorship given, but published in Philadelphia. The American editor mentioned was George William Bethune, D. D., I think a Philadelphian. I believe he is an American and not an English writer. His favorite rod for fly fishing was 14 or 14½ feet long, made of a combination of woods and cane and ending at the tip with eight inches of whalebone well spliced in. The reason they used these tremendous poles in those far-off days is because they only had soft woods from the temperate zone. The rods were long and slender and their cast was usually a line about twice the length of the rod. In Walton's time they had trout rods five or six yards long. With these rods it was difficult to cast across or against the wind. Fly casting then was merely a sort of improved blowline fishing. When greenheart became available, a tropical wood, the length of the rods began to come down. The first solid-dressed-silk lines also helped matters out. I wonder how many trout we could catch with the weapons of a hundred years ago.

"While I am upon the matter of odds and ends of information it might interest you to know that a stuffed specimen of the great auk was sold on September 23, 1919, for £330—or almost $1650 at the normal valuation of the pound. It was purchased by Roland Ward, the London taxidermist.

"Last year in India 1001 people were killed by tigers, 325 by leopards, 138 by wolves and bears, sixty-one by elephants and twenty-six by snakes. In that same year there were killed in India 1259 tigers, 531 leopards, 2270 bears and 1614 wolves."

Mr. R. L. Montagu, who sends in these interesting notes, is a fly fisher of what you may call the clear-cut type, using an old Americanism. It is an excellent and lovable art, with an extensive and copious literature, and I know of no sport of value to anyone who cares to take the thirty-third degree.

There are to-day a great many anglers who don't get much above their degrees of records in long-distance fly casting and bait casting. I have never known Mr. Montagu to write me about any such things as that. I presume that we ought to

A Glimpse Down a Wooded Sierra Ravine

and indeed must take sport as we find it under the conditions of to-day, but the best principles underlying sport have never changed from the time those old authors began to write until to-day. They did not compete with one another, but with the Salmonidæ which they sought, and it was that pursuit and the methods of it which made their literature. The thought herein may be of use to certain anglers of to-day, who need not apply it as criticism of themselves but only as some sort of description of the thirty-third degree, which they also can take as quickly as they get ready to apply for it.

I have often been criticized for making statements such as the foregoing, and perhaps that sort of thing would stand a little explanation. Certainly I never would believe in any man laying down rules for other men to follow, because no man has ever done that for me in any phase of my life, and turn about is only fair play. At the same time there comes no good to any of us except from taking the best that other fellows have offered to the world. It is simply a question of what you want to be and what you want to do. We classify ourselves, and we ought not to object that other men accept our own classification

It seems to me that perhaps we might group all American sportsmen of to-day into two general classifications—those who like proficiency and those who are out after efficiency. In the old times and quite as much in later days there always has existed a very large group of men who have loved sport and who have felt that a part of an American gentleman's education meant a certain proficiency in the use of his country's weapons and in his country's means of sporting enjoyment. We know that George Washington was very fond of horses and hounds. He was proficient in all those sports which gentlemen practiced in his day, and if he had not been he would not have gone quite to the inner heart of the best social circles of his time and place—there were certain things then which a man had to know and had to do. He needed to know the use of the rifle and of the fowling piece—such as it was. He needed to know at least something of the dueling pistol.

Even at that old time a lesser number of American gentlemen took up the older English art of fly fishing. The American frontiersmen did hold contests with the rifle and their curious old competitions in candle snuffing and nail driving have come down to us as the first examples of competition in sporting equipment. But I don't read of George Washington doing anything in trap shooting or in long-distance fly casting. Apparently he never had any medals in golf or that sort of thing. He did not care at all, nor did the men of his time care at all, about efficiency in bringing home the bacon. But there was a sort of unwritten iron law which lay upon him and upon his contemporaries that they should be proficient in certain of the arts of sport.

That love of proficiency in a gentleman's accomplishments has never really changed. It is country. I don't think we have ever improved upon it when we have founded another and additional class of sportsmanship which has efficiency as its watchword. Those of the latter class have quite their right to do as they like, but I don't think they get their ideas of their doctrine or their creed from America. It has a sort of foreign sound of a certain sort to me—that word "efficiency." It sounds sort of heartless sometimes to me—sort of foreign, and not American—this whole efficiency business. The four-foot stiff casting rod, slinging a wooden plug with fifteen hooks hung onto it to catch a bass, sounds to me a good deal the same way that the twelve-hour day for the laboring man sounds; a good deal the way a card-index system of church members would sound. It is efficiency, but I don't love it any the more for that reason, nor do I think it is for that reason any the more admirable in practice in the diminishing America of to-day.

The Bacon or the Sport?

I detest to go afield with the man who grumbles when he misses, who grudges every fish and bird that gets away and who measures the size of his day's sport by the practical nature of the slaughter he has committed during that particular day.

All of our modern tendency in sporting equipment has been toward efficiency. We have made the killing of fish and game pretty much a science. A bird or a bass has mighty small chance of getting away from us the way we are fixed up now. We are as efficient in sport as Germany ever was efficient in business. We have divided ourselves deliberately into two classes of sportsmen, and one of those is made up of men who believe in bringing home the bacon no matter how they get it. They surely have that right and they surely are not going to be restricted even in numbers by anything I am apt to be able to write or that anyone else will be able to write. These things seem to go in cycles and in epochs, and the world changes, I presume because it has to.

None the less the older idea of good ethics in sport is never going to be killed out by these modern disciples of business in sport, these men who want the most deadly gun, the most deadly angling lure, the most deadly rod, and who believe in giving a bird or a beast just as little chance as possible. You can run your eye over these old figures, these old dates and these old paragraphs from earlier sporting books, and you can reflect if you like that they are quoted and practiced and enjoyed by many a proficient sportsman of to-day who does not feel obliged to abandon the doctrines which seem to him to mean proficiency. These two schools exist side by side and I hope that there always will be two schools, or at least that the older never will merge with the younger.

If I were educating a son of my own as an American gentleman I should want him to read some of these old books and to retain some of these old ethics just as much as to have in mind the last trap-shooting or fly-casting record. As an American gentleman I should want him proficient in the use of his country's weapons. I should want him to love a good horse and a good field dog—and I should not want that dog to be a mere running machine, but a real bird dog. If I caught him bringing one of these bass-killing machines into the house I think I should [illegible] with the water-snake. In sport, so far as my own preferences are concerned, I lean toward proficiency in sport and against efficiency alone. I don't propose anything so foolish as any sort of demarcation between the two much-abused terms, gentleman and business man, which are or ought to be—the same, one and indivisible. But if I had to draw any sort of line between the two countries which stood for these two sorts of ethics I might point out with a certain pride that a bunch of men proficient in arms who came from G. Washington's country once upon a time—a year or so ago—helped lick the everlasting stuffing out of the country commonly accredited with the invention of efficiency in business, in sport and in war.

And every lad may be

Aladdin

IT looks like an ordinary room—but enter it reverently.

This is the home of heroes, the scene of battles, and the castle of high romance.

Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer live here; the Knights of the Round Table; the Pirates of Treasure Island, and the brave gentlemen of Ivanhoe.

They will be part of your boy's life forever, if only you are wise. Whatever else your bed-room may have, put books and an Edison MAZDA lamp at the head of each bed.

For a lamp is a magic thing. By its light every lad may be Aladdin. He opens his book, touches the lamp, and the genii appear.

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G-1

The Real Stories

The Stories that Count About Tires

There are strange tales told about Miller Tires nearly everywhere today.

Not merely tales of exceptional mileage. It is uniform mileage, nine times in ten, that these Miller enthusiasts cite.

Those stories center here. We get them by the thousands from users and dealers. Two great books of them lie at the writer's hand now.

But note that we rarely quote them.

The Real Tire Tests

It is not by mileage that we measure tires. That varies too much with conditions.

An undersize Miller and an oversize Miller may vary 50 per cent on one car.

We figure comparative mileage. We insist that Millers, under like conditions, must outlast any other tires. And only such records count.

* * * * * *

For example: The Eldorado Stage Co. of Los Angeles use hundreds of tires on 12-passenger Packard busses. These busses average 153 miles daily on difficult roads, with a loaded weight of 8,600 pounds.

They compared 22 makes of tires—compared them for average mileage. And when Millers won it signified more than a thousand individual records.

So on stage line after stage line.

* * * * * *

Taxicab service gives another heroic test.

The Hudson Taxi Co. of Detroit find the average mileage on Miller Cords to be 15,000 miles.

In other taxicab tests Miller Tires have won against all rivals in million-mile comparisons.

We never fear the verdict in any broad test like that.

Then in truck tests. The Chandler & Rudd Co. of Cleveland tested 15 well-known makes for four years, on 500,000 miles of road. Miller passenger car tires won.

Adam, Meldrum & Anderson of Buffalo average 75 miles daily with each truck, and about 100 stops. Yet never one Miller Tire has failed to give the expected mileage.

It was tests like those which gave Miller Tires their nation-wide distinction.

No, We're Not Surprised

We showed these records to a visitor—file after file filled with them. He said, "They must amaze you—such records from everywhere."

More Mileage—50% to 75%

Green & Swett Co., Boston tire dealers, sell largely to owners of heavy cars. They report that in hundreds of cases Miller Tires increased mileage from 50 per cent to 75 per cent. And only 13 Millers, out of more than 2,000 sold in one year, proved defective in adjustment

But we took him to our testing department. There 16 tires are run by geared-up machinery under average rear-tire conditions—each 650 miles per day. Here leading makes month after month are constantly compared with Millers.

Here four Pierce-Arrow cars are run 320 miles a day. And from here 50 Akron jitneys run, just to prove what Millers do.

No, we are not surprised. Day by day we prove that Millers are the best tires built. Wherever they confront a comparative test we never have reason to worry.

* * * * * *

Don't count too much on the tales you hear about the Miller mileage. You may get more and may get less. It depends on size and care, on load and road.

Judge them by the records won when a score of makes were pitted against Millers.

Judge them by your odometer when your favorite tire runs opposite a Miller.

Mileage to Expect

In our factory tests we average 15,000 miles on Miller Cords. There we try to simulate average rear-tire conditions.

In our road tests where cars are undertired to make tests extreme, we average 10,000 miles.

Where oversize tires are used Miller Cords will often exceed 20,000 miles.

Expect a Miller, under like conditions, type for type, to excel any other. Expect it to outrun any maker's warrant. If it doesn't we shall never urge you to buy another Miller.

Expect the tread to always outlast any Miller Tire. Expect uniformity, tire after tire. These things we've accomplished for you, and we urge you to prove them out.

If you buy a new car, insist on Miller Tires. Twenty makers now supply them and they cost no extra price.

Tread Patented

Center tread smooth with suction cups to firmly grasp wet asphalt. *Geared-to-the-Road* side treads mesh like cogs in dirt.

THE MILLER RUBBER CO.
Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Uniform *Geared-to-the-Road* Tires—Also Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—Makers also of Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals.

Miller Tires

Cords or Fabrics — The Record-Makers — Geared-to-the-Road

Registered U. S. Patent Office

To dealers we offer a rare opportunity

MAPPING MIRAGES

By ENOS A. MILLS

ALL one winter day that I snowshoed across a high, level, white plateau I was entertained by mirages which appeared before me, to the right of me and to the left of me. This mountain plateau seemed much like the treeless plains that went away white and level to every horizon. It was more than twelve thousand feet above the seashore and nearly two thousand feet above the timber line. Behind me my snowshoe tracks led back into measureless snowy distances. Ahead over the smooth white swells of the plateau not a track or a shadow could be seen.

Suddenly off on my left two perfect spruce trees towered splendidly upon a snowy sky line perhaps three miles distant. The uppermost trees at timber line far below were small and ill-shapen and not so tall as one's head. The conditions on this Arctic-zoned plateau told me that even tiny dwarf trees could hardly live here. But looking through my glass the two were the best impersonators of Engelmann spruces that I had ever seen. I headed straight for them.

After advancing about a block there was a shimmer of light and the two spruces melted. Where were they from? I stood waiting, thinking that they might flash back. But they did not. Before me two slender grass stalks stood above the snow. I circled back to where I had first seen the spruces. They were in view again, but this time they were upon a snowy rim of a cañon—the magnified overlapping snowshoe tracks that I had made by the grass stalks.

A little later when a real Arctic ptarmigan, pure white, stood upon the snow within fifty feet I stood and watched it for some time, unable to judge if it be real or a magnified and reflected bit of shaped snow. Nor could I figure the distance; twenty feet perhaps. Then as I looked it certainly must be a quarter of a mile, but finally I thought I might touch it by bending forward. The fifth step I took toward it it ducked into its snow burrow; it was seen at seven steps.

An hour later a ridge purplish black with forest stood out in the air on my left. Beneath and beyond the real mountains could be seen in place. The mirage did not rest on anything or have any attachments; it was detached and afloat in the air, but absolutely becalmed. Presently it shimmered in the heat waves and then melted into the viewless air.

The Seesawing Mountains

Half a mile ahead the level plateau ended in a narrow peninsulalike projection that stood a thousand feet or more above its surroundings. On the right of this point a towering snowy peak suddenly flashed into place, attached to the plateau without a flaw. For a moment it reeled and flickered in peculiar light, then stood still—a snowy summit old in story. Suddenly a snowy peak had a place on the opposite side of the plateau. I could not tell where it came from, but my ears listened for the sounds which should have been loosened with its creation. Serene and beautiful, it stood with its cliffs casting rough-edged and bluish shadows over its drifted snows. With a lurch it sank, and the peak opposite rose. Then with a tilt the first one rose again. Up and down they rose and sank, teetering as though upon an invisible support laid across the peninsula. Sometimes they balanced or swung back and forth slightly as they seesawed. Though they had no visible means of support, they alternated perfectly. Having exhibited their specialty, they vanished in a shimmering screen of air waves.

As I stood on the edge of the plateau trying to account for them, where they had been imported or perfected from, there appeared off in the distance a heavy yet graceful long ice bridge across a mountain cañon. The heavy pillars were ice; the arches, the banisters and the roadway were all of ice. Beneath the wide middle arch floating ice cakes crowded the flowing river.

Mirages are common on deserts, on high dry mountains, in Arctic regions, and are sometimes seen on wide plains and on the plains of the sea. Deserts have the most frequent displays, and then, too, mirages are more varied on the desert; they often feature lakes, streams and the green luxuriance of moist mild climes. Deserts also often exhibit mixed mirages—several scenes focused at the same instant on the same space.

White mountain tops and the icy Arctic are more given to the magnifying, distorting of near-by objects or the placing of new mountain ranges above the horizon's far-off rim. In the Rocky Mountains there is an area equal to that of New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware that is entirely above the timber line and more than two miles above sea level. Here are extensive moorlands, Arctic tundras, snow fields with Arctic flowers, peaks, glaciers, lakes and cañons. In this region in winter is often exhibited the magic and spectacular scenery—the mirage. This mirage sometimes confuses explorers of the heights by adding a mountain range to local topography or by a scenic screen causing local scenery to appear a part of the cloud scenery of the sky.

During a snowshoe trip across the Colorado Continental Divide I had traveled two hours since leaving timber line on the eastern slope without arriving at the summit. It was late in the afternoon and clouds were beginning to envelop the surroundings. After passing a cliff where I expected to look down on the slopes below I was confronted with miles of snowy plateau which in the distance went up in a snowy peak. This could not be passed before dark, so, making a hurried sketch map of it, I turned back to timber to camp so as to have a full day for crossing the summit.

The next morning on arriving at the place where I had mapped the plateau and distant peak I found these missing, and within a stone's throw was a cañon which dropped away rapidly down to timber on the Pacific slope. I had mapped a mirage.

Was this mirage mountain a bit of broken lowland magnified and uplifted, or was it a distant bit of mountain that had been transferred—placed by reflection? Anyway, it proved a most deceptive piece of background scenery.

A mirage is a moving picture, a reflection of the real—by wireless. Like a fragile package, it sometimes is thrown out of line and distorted in transit. It may be magnified, multiplied, minimized or mixed and arrive with other somethings, but as started it was one hundred per cent real. Often it joins the local scenery as though a part of it.

In all the places where the mirage performs with artistic legerdemain the effects are often so realistic that the apparent scenes seem a part of the local topography, and Indians, prospectors, sailors, cowboys in new scenes have mentally recorded parts of the mirage as parts of the landmarks of the region. Surveyors have mapped them, mountain climbers have set off to scale Mirage Peak. Under the Northern Lights the mirage has deceived the greatest explorers from many nations; islands leagues long and mountains high have passed skeptical scientists and censors and taken a brown place on the map.

For nearly a century several northern explorers had given reasons for the existence of an extensive land area to the northwest of Grant Land. In 1906 Peary's Eskimos reported seeing it; and in June of that year Peary satisfied himself of this, named it Crocker Land, put it down on the map and wrote of it in Nearest the Pole. He placed it about one hundred and twenty miles northwest of Grant Land.

He heard of a new land far to the north, and rest was not his until he saw it. In July, 1913, the steamer with the MacMillan explorers aboard moved northward and their first object was "To reach, map the coast line and explore Crocker Land, the mountain tops of which were seen across the Polar Sea by Rear-Admiral Peary in 1906."

Vista Across the Sierras

Wireless Movies of the Arctic

After traveling one hundred and fifty miles northwest to where he should have been thirty miles inland, MacMillan asked himself: "Could Peary with all his experience have been mistaken?" But, "April twenty-first was a beautiful day; all the mist was gone and the clear blue of the sky extended down to the very horizon. We ran to the top of the highest mound. There could be no doubt about it. Great heavens, what a land—hills, valleys, snow-capped peaks extending through one hundred and twenty degrees of horizon! The landscape gradually changed its appearance; finally at night it disappeared altogether." The following day was clear and "we scanned every foot of the horizon—not a thing in sight, not even our almost-constant traveling companion, the mirage. We were convinced that we were in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp."

There are heat waves on mountain tops and in the icy north. These may shimmer over ice fields with the thermometer showing forty below. Under these conditions the mirage is likely to be the master shifter of scenes; the distant ice fields are lifted into mountainous islands and rounded snow fields become hills and valleys. But sometimes they are transformed into fields of towering cacti or forests of giant mushrooms with rounded stems of varying lengths.

The wireless movie often brings far-off scenes into the Arctic. During the Franco-Prussian War a number of scattered and independent observers in Northern Sweden and Norway saw mirage armies marching through the air, equipped like the real ones who were fighting a few hundred miles to the south.

A range war in Central Wyoming was nearing the end, and one combination of cattlemen was making a drive on the opposition, which was holding the fort in two ranch houses. The attacking parties were pressing matters vigorously when the besieged saw the coming of reënforcements already overdue and sorely needed. At two points on the horizon oncoming parties were identified as friends.

Hoping to surprise the besiegers, whose position did not enable them to see these reenforcements, the besieged sent messengers to the coming reënforcements and signaled them where to strike. Then out from the ranch houses they poured. This surprised the other side, but it did not stampede it. So rapidly did it throw lead that the besieged, though not captured, were driven off and the ranches taken.

But where were the reënforcements? They were coming, but the mirage had served the enemy by causing the two bands of cowboys to appear twenty or more miles nearer than they were.

One snowy day out in the level white plains of Wyoming I saw smoke on the horizon. Going to the highest point, this appeared to be rising from the sod house of a settler. A wagon stood near, and behind the house were two horses on the sunny side of a dilapidated straw barn. Apparently this sod house was two miles distant, but I

(Concluded on Page 81)

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(Concluded from Page 79)

knew the nearest one of this type was in Western Nebraska, perhaps one hundred miles away.

While fossil hunting to the north of Red Desert in Wyoming I noticed one morning a dust in the sky as though a herd of cattle was below the horizon. Presently I saw the trail boss lolling in his saddle as his black horse stood in sleepy pose. Then the herd came into view—part of it—the upper part—for of the several hundred pairs of horns showing, most of the owners were slit horizontally through the body and were without any legs; yet they were sliding forward. A moment later heads and upper parts of their bodies vanished and their legs with a narrow slice of the lower body went legging across the dusty plain. All the time the cowboy trail boss lolled in his saddle in view, and I could not understand why he did not sit up in astonishment at the cutting of his herd to pieces. But the fact was the entire herd was behind the horizon about twelve miles distant.

Mirages give almost a continuous performance somewhere on the desert. They are of infinite variety, and—like camera pictures—of every degree of excellence, including the showing of several on a single negative and those in focus and those not.

The Artistry of Mirages

A vague or confused mirage brings interesting comments, and often reveals something in the mind of the onlooker. While talking with a number of covered-wagon emigrants on the desert road near Ogden a dim mirage village was shown. A minister in the party at once saw a chicken yard; a mother looking for a lost son wondered if he could be in this place; while the figure of a gigantic skunk was pointed out by a gentleman of the party who in the dark night before had stumbled over a black-and-white chemical extinguisher.

A geologist long remained in camp in the Great Basin. Here are piled broken geologic ages which are readily seen—there being no clothes, not even concealing drapery of vegetation.

One evening the cowboy of his camp rushed in with: "Get onto that dinosaur group! The whole Cretaceous period is on exhibition—the age of reptiles is giving its last show."

There it was, and even the cold and exacting geologist confessed it a good prehistoric group of the reptilian horizon.

During an interview with Clarence King he said to me: "My first sunset was in the barren desert of Central Nevada. As evening came on those naked rhyolite rocks shone in more glorious colors than any autumn colorings I have ever seen. The peaks stood out in sharpest lines of silhouette, then came broken and colored clouds on the horizon. As the sunlight failed one of the cloud mountains became realistic sky scenery—a volcano with throat of red and black that showed a broad lava flow of molten rubies against the sky of night."

Many of the desert mirages have a distinct artistic quality. Many unimportant details are lost and striking features are intensified by exaggeration or position. Many well-known artists have commended the desert because of its artistic and striking suggestiveness, and one well-known artist who has given many glimpses of desert landscapes declares that his best picture is about ninety per cent a copy of a transient but telling mirage.

The mirage frequently uplifts islands and vessels from below the horizon, placing them against the sky or a background of clouds. There seems to be less distortion of the sea pictures than those on land, and seldom are the pictures piled on several deep and confusingly, as often is the case in desert mirages. But sometimes in a sea picture an upraised island is shown in duplicate, one reflection resting upon the other. Generally the image shown is not moved to one side, but just uplifted above the horizon's rim. That these mirages often are directly above the real I have proved with islands in the Pacific by taking a compass course and sailing directly to the real island.

Deserts have a monopoly of the jazz revels of dust devils which dance in the heated air. But they have one thousand and one other displays, and often exhibit scenes from side lines.

"Beef on the hoof!" called the cook, and bacon-fed fossil hunters rushed from dusty tents.

It was several weeks since fresh beef or any fresh food had been served at the camp among the desert sand dunes. The teamster of one load was misled by a mirage and lost, and the second load was overdue.

A whole herd of cattle appeared to be rapidly trailing and grazing across a distant grassy hill. I had just arrived in camp and there was no such hill within two days' journey that I could recall. It was a mirage masterpiece.

Nearly everyone in camp declared the scene must be a real one, perfectly reflected from somewhere. The cowboy—horse wrangler—had been watching without a word.

"How about this?" said the artist, turning to him.

"A good picture," he replied. "But the critters are too long for their height and look like the work of an artist who was not strong on anatomy."

The artist and everyone laughed, but all kept eyes on the animated hill. Presently one of these live critters caught another in its mouth and walked off with it like a dog with a big stick. While we were staring and commenting another one of these movie cattle fell backward off a cliff, struck, bounced and then picked itself up and hurried after the others as though nothing had happened.

Then the cowboy burst out with: "I guess she is projecting ant hills to-day!"

Several times while I was in this camp we had semimirage effects. One evening the cowboy was bringing in strayed horses. Halfway up on the sky we saw him and two unwilling horses reflected. One horse broke back; after him the wrangler rode, swinging his hat. The other horse paused to watch the result. Then all advanced toward us, but turned to go up an arroyo. All this time they were projected into view, but in reality were out of sight behind sand dunes. As they passed over the top and into direct range of our eyes the transition from the reflected to the real was but a mere break barely detected.

The Minister Does Stunts

A few years ago a well-known minister held services among the picturesque granite rocks on Sherman Hill on the summit of the Continental Divide a few miles west of Cheyenne. The day selected was an ideal one in June. Several hundred people, a number coming more than one hundred miles, were on the ground waiting for the sermon.

It was already time for the service to begin, but the minister, with car troubles a few miles away, had not arrived.

But he was on the way. A number climbed to the top of the highest crag, hoping to see his car rushing in. They saw it, and it was giving a spectacular performance. Off in the northeast was a broad cumulus cloud and over the surface of this his car seemed to be dashing. He was doing things on high. He was registering with sky pilots. His car leaped several cañons in the clouds, and at the edge of the cloud where this blended with the earth the car sailed over it like an airplane coming into a landing. On arriving the minister admitted speeding and of having seen a minor mirage, but denied all knowledge of a movie performance.

One of the most realistic mirages that I recall I saw on the desert to the southwest of Great Salt Lake. A mountain with a snowdrift cut into the sky a forested slope and a cañon with a concealed river reached out to the foreground, where a splendid waterfall leaped in white glory. By it, standing close to us, was a scattering of spruces in a meadow opening. The edges of the picture were ragged and irregular, but shaded off gradually into the desert or the dull background so that the effect was startling and magnificent in the extreme.

There were a number in camp at the time and all saw the same picture. There was nothing indistinct, nothing ambiguous, nothing that one individual resolved into one figure and another person saw in it something else.

A dog of his own accord looked at it with every show of surprise and uneasiness, and two horses gave one look and started eagerly off in that direction. Explain it by any alchemy, legerdemain or hypnotism if you will, but this was a scene so real that though it came on suddenly it deceived both man and beast. The scene probably is somewhere in Utah, but it could not be mapped as visible from the place where we saw it.

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THE DEAR ECCENTRIC

(Continued from Page 27)

other hand it seemed very wrong of Malluc to let her come to his house in that stealthy fashion so unbefitting a woman of her class and be let in by a secret passage to the operating room. The possible harm to Martha seemed all in exposing her to the risk of being seen, just as I had seen her. I felt that I could scarcely be blamed for having thought the worst, and if I had not acted on the questionable impulse to follow her I should still be thinking the worst and be frightfully cut up about it.

The chances were, I thought, that she had contrived to see Malluc in the course of the previous day, possibly slipped over to his laboratory to ask what his plans were for Jeannot, when to relieve her anxiety he had told her and she had insisted on being allowed to help. Though it relieved her of all blame, this left still rather an uncomfortable situation. I could not help but believe that her solicitude was for Malluc rather than Jeannot, and it seemed to prove that she was pretty well along in her infatuation.

I went softly out through the latticed door, then as quietly up onto the portico, or whatever they call those round-bowed verandas with high columns and a roof. Malluc's keen, observant eyes had probably guessed at once the reason for the lost space and been quick to see how he might use it in his peculiar line of rescue work. Malluc's guests certainly could not be criminals wanted by the law. For one thing most of them seemed old, prematurely perhaps, but gave the impression of being folk exhausted by the vicissitudes of life—sort of shells of people of whom the tried souls seemed partially disembodied. Besides, he took them about openly enough in his motor cars and boats and made no effort either to shield them from the public gaze or discourage visitors. I concluded that this was merely another feature of his kind and sympathetic nature; that he sought out poor and discouraged gentlefolk, possibly déclassé socially from some tragedy of life, and brought them there to give them rest and a few happy days. This conclusion seemed verified by what Len had said about his fetching different parties every few weeks. If so, this big-hearted man was conducting independently a very splendid charity—a sort of grown-up fresh-air fund for which he furnished not only the fund but the personal sacrifices of his time and pleasure. But no doubt it was his pleasure.

I went back into the library, not wishing to risk meeting Martha when she came out, and as I was turning the pages of a metaphysical magazine I heard a little rustle outside, and Suzy came in. She looked uncommonly pretty in a cool half-evening dress, short of skirt and showing her small round ankles. She gave me her hand with a shy little curtsy, which like most well-bred girls of her age she had not quite accustomed herself to forego. I joked her a little about it.

"My own age and dignity don't warrant that reverence, Miss Malluc," I said.

"I know I'm too old for it," said she. "I told father so the other day, but he laughed and said that in politeness it was always better to make the mistake on the safe side. I'll be nineteen next month and then I'll consider myself grown up. It's too bad to keep you waiting, but father is very busy with some work he's got to finish to-night."

"He has my permission to keep me waiting till your bedtime," I said. "I suppose I ought to tell you that Leonard is coming over pretty soon."

"That will be my bedtime," she answered.

"Sounds a little hard on Leonard," I said, "but it's very nice for me. I hope Mr. Parker, who has come to see him, is a sticker. So is Len, I imagine, but I can't say that I can find it in my heart to blame him. Your father is a very hard worker, isn't he?"

I said this in an effort to discover if she had any idea what her parent was up to, and from her next words decided that she had not, for she answered indifferently.

"That depends on what you call work. He's the sort of man that seems to make play out of anything, like a little boy learning his alphabet with blocks. But he never does the same thing two days running."

"That must be how he keeps his freshness of youth—ever changing interest. You're awfully good pals, aren't you?"

"Well, you see, he's always been father and mother and brothers and sisters for me, besides being a pal. I suppose that's the reason I'm so jealous of him." She sighed. "Every time I see a woman trying to steal him I want to kill her."

"Does that happen often?"

"Every time he meets a new young one. I'd like to know Miss Hobart well, but she's too pretty."

She changed the subject abruptly.

"We are only here in the summer. Father has a schooner yacht and through the winter we cruise round the West Indies. I like that better, because then as soon as some woman begins to make eyes at father I insist on going somewhere else."

"You seem to be a bit of a tyrant," I said. "Some day you may feel like making a few eyes yourself. Then you'll see it differently."

As if to verify this, she opened her eyes wide at me.

They were very big eyes and I found their look of mischief upsetting.

"Keep on," I said. "There is nothing I should like better than to emancipate your father."

"I think you are trying to flirt with me," she said.

"No," I answered, "I am trying to help you flirt with me."

"You'd better look out! You might be sorry."

"Well, it's always something to have something to be sorry for."

"Do you flirt with Miss Hobart?"

"No. I tried the first day or two, but she put me in the infant class—your class."

"Nonsense! You're old enough to be my ——"

"—— husband," I said. "Old enough, but I fear not clever enough."

"Oh, I'm not clever like father! Do you know you remind me of him—a big boy that will never grow up. Have you ever been in love?"

"Ah, there you've got me! I could have answered no an hour ago, but now I'm not so sure."

She raised her chin and her dimple appeared without the slightest shadow of a smile. I commented on this.

"That is a very rare variety of dimple," I said. "I've made quite a study of dimples. Some day I shall write a monograph on them for the Revue Physiologique. It is not one dimple in a thousand that can materialize unassisted by the lips. You have excellent control of your lips." I leaned closer to examine them. "I wonder if your custody of them is of the same masterly degree?"

"Your eyes," said Suzy, "appear to be quite as undisciplined as your tongue. I should advise daily exercises in keeping both from going too far."

"At this very moment," said I, "my eyes fetch up short at about eighteen inches, which is the distance to yours. They are held there as though eye-cuffed. And my tongue feels as if it would be quite satisfied to have its range and the fuse of its projectile regulated to the distance of your ears."

"I see that you understand the strategy of a strong offensive," said Suzy. "Are you trying to send me down in flames?"

"I would rather lift you up in flames. That would be a suitable revenge for giving me a head spin. I understand now why Len keeps flying over your lines. How soon did you say you expect to be of marriageable age?"

"The close season will be up in about a month. Am I to consider that a tentative proposal?"

"Oh, never mind the tentative!" I said. "I intend to ask your father if I may have the honor to offer you my addresses."

"How many have you got?" asked Suzy.

"Only one for you," I answered.

She looked at me with a sort of wondering curiosity.

"Leonard was a flyer too," she said, "but he has never developed anything like your speed. You remind me more and more of dad, except that I've never known him to flirt. But you seem to go about it with a sort of gathering force."

"You dared me," I said.

"No, I warned you."

"A warning is a dare. At least it's considered so in war."

Suzy nodded.

"I've heard daddy say that the only difference between war and love is that in the first a complete victory is followed by peace. You like war, don't you?"

"I think I should prefer love," I answered. "But then I never tried—that is, to any extent."

"Neither have I," said Suzy.

"Well then," said I, "let's!"

The dimple appeared again, but this time it had a little assistance from the lips.

"All right," said Suzy. "How do you start?"

"There are a number of ways," I said, "just as there are in war, but in each case the most straightforward way is by a declaration of purpose and intent, the gist of which is, 'I declare I am going to make war upon you until you accede to my terms.'"

"Very well," she answered. "My reply to that declaration is that I shall not accede to them until obliged by *force majeure*. By the way, what are your terms?"

"Unconditional surrender," I answered.

She raised her eyebrows.

"That's not difficult to remember. Is your object annexation or to establish a protectorate?"

I found this question hard to answer. Though our sparring had been a sort of game such as is often played by a girl of eighteen and a young man, I had stated a definite purpose, a threat or dare which I was now called upon to qualify. It struck me that this alert-minded girl had led me into a sort of trap. If I now said "annexation" it was the equivalent of stating that I intended to marry her, whereas any construction at all could be put on the other. Suzy was uncommonly fascinating, but there was no love at first sight about it any more than there was the slightest intention on my part of amusing myself at her expense. But it was necessary to say something right away or else make a fool of myself, so I answered:

"That shall have to be decided by the cost of victory."

"You don't seem very sure," said she mockingly.

"Well, if I should happen to win, your fate is already decided. I shall reduce you to vassalage, so you had better proceed with caution."

We heard a step outside at this moment, and Len came in.

"It didn't take you long to get rid of Parker," I said when Suzy had greeted him.

"Why, no," he answered. "I told him to go right ahead and I'd back him up in anything he saw fit to do."

We talked for about half an hour; then as it was getting late and Malluc did not appear, Leonard—no doubt feeling that we ought not to keep Suzy up any longer—rose and said that we had better go. I made no objection to this, so we said good-night and went out. I did not want to risk possibly meeting Martha, so I suggested

"I Think You are Trying to Flirt With Me," She Said. "No," I Answered, "I am Trying to Help You Flirt With Me"

(Continued on Page 85)

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More Heat
Less Care

(Continued from Page 82)

we follow the road round for the sake of a little stroll before turning in.

"Confound it," said Len as we walked along, "this thing of being the son and heir and white hope of the family's posterity has its drawbacks! I'm crazy about that girl—and mother's guessed it."

"It doesn't take much guessing," I answered. "Has your mother filed a protest?"

"She has. She and father are by no means snobs, but they're awful sticklers for social position and antecedents and all that sort of thing. Nobody knows anything about Malluc, and you can't very well go to him and ask, 'Who the devil are you anyway, and who was your wife and where were you married and by whom and what were your parents and whence the source of your evident wealth?' I'd like to marry Suzy when she gets old enough, but it wouldn't be right to go ahead and pay my attentions unless in a position to see the thing through. And if I don't, some other chap may. You might yourself."

"Quite so," I answered. "I've thought of that."

"Can't blame you. Besides being a beauty in a way, there's something uncommonly alluring about Suzy. She's got charm and magnetism like her father."

It flashed across my mind that the exclusive Mr. and Mrs. Hobart were in a fair way to get a hard jolt through their mysterious neighbor. I could not help a smile at the thought of their dismay if they could have known that their stately daughter was at that moment assisting Malluc in an operation to achieve the escape of a soldier sentenced to twenty years in Leavenworth and their son was admitting his tender sentiment for Suzy.

"What do you intend to do about it?" I asked. "I'd rather like to know."

"Touched a little bit yourself?"

"Well, one can never tell."

"Oh, well," said Len resignedly, "it's an open game of course. Guess I'd better haul in my horns before it's too late. Malluc's a corker, but somehow I can't help feeling that he's got a peculiar history and that there is something queer about his guests. Of course you noticed that he didn't offer to introduce us."

I told him my own opinion about the guests, and he nodded.

"That may be," he answered. "Speaks all the better for him though. Anyhow, I doubt if I'd get far with Suzy. She doesn't even respond to a romantic tentative."

"Doesn't she?" I said to myself but without any vanity.

It struck me that Len might be pretty close to the truth about Malluc, and that Suzy, knowing their position, had no wish to start anything which she might not care to finish with a young man whose family would receive her under protest. It was different with me. I was an orphan and French citizen with no close affiliations. For though mother had quite a host of relatives, I had not yet taken the trouble to look them up. Besides, Suzy said that I reminded her of her father and nothing could have been more strongly in my favor than that.

Len let out a few sighs, then started to tell me about a girl he had met at the dance who was visiting some old friends of the family, from which I fancied that my possible rivalry with Suzy would prove no strain on our chummy relations.

V

RATHER to my surprise, Mrs. Hobart found occasion to ask me the following day when we happened to be alone how I had been impressed by Malluc and his daughter.

"Leonard has stopped there several times for meals," said she, "and wants me to ask them for luncheon. I don't like to be unneighborly, but on the other hand I am very averse to invite to my house people whom I don't know everything about. All the rest of you have met them and pronounce them charming."

"Does Martha want them to come?" I asked.

"She doesn't object, and Martha has always been even more particular than myself. She merely said that Mr. Malluc gives every indication of being a gentleman and his daughter seems very modest and well-bred. I have not had the opportunity of forming any opinion of my own."

"Then perhaps the best way," I suggested, "would be to ask them this once and try to form it."

"Oh, dear!" said she. "Then what if I should find out afterward that I had made a mistake?"

"I don't think Malluc would come if there were any danger of that," I said.

"Of there being a mistake, or of my finding it out?"

"Both or either," I answered. "He seems perfectly independent and not seeking any social advances, though at the same time not avoiding them. He impresses me as a person who has spent most of his life in travel and study, probably never living long in any one place or forming any circle of his own. I imagine one meets more people like that in Europe than over here. I had a little talk with his daughter before Len came over last night. She's a bright girl and seems well educated."

"She's very pretty in an unusual way," said Mrs. Hobart. "Len told me that she spent three years in Santa Maria Convent in California while her father was off on some expedition."

Mrs. Hobart decided to extend the invitation, no doubt as much from curiosity as anything else. A little to my surprise, it was accepted and Malluc appeared entirely at his ease, while Suzy after a little shyness seemed to enjoy herself and feel under no constraint. It was amusing to me to observe Mrs. Hobart's subtle efforts to find out something about her guests and the ease with which Malluc met and parried all her leads, apparently so unconscious of achieving this that I scarcely knew whether to put it down to Machiavellian astuteness or a sort of natural baffling frankness which fell short of imparting any actual information through the sheer lack of interest in himself which ignored the possibility of such interest to others. For instance, Len had just made some reference to his crew at Harvard and when he finished speaking the dialogue was something like this:

"Do you happen to be a graduate of one of our Eastern universities, Mr. Malluc?" asked Mrs. Hobart.

"Unfortunately not. I'm almost ashamed to say where I collared my degree. It was at Heidelberg. You see, we had a higher opinion of German kultur in my youth."

Everybody looked a little shocked, this information rousing the doubt of possible enemy nationality. Malluc must have guessed this, for he continued: "My ancestors were all New England folk, thrifty farmers, and my father a bit of a miser, I'm afraid. He died the year before I came of age, and having always been keen to travel I went abroad to study and decided on Heidelberg as the result of what was told me by a steamer acquaintance."

Here was not much to investigate—an obscure New England farmer parentage and the annals of Heidelberg University. Mrs. Hobart tried again.

"You have lived a great deal in Europe, I suppose," said she with the polite inference that, had a person of his distinction lived in America, direct questioning would be superfluous. Malluc shook his head.

"Only two years after graduating," said he, "which were spent principally in Italy and France. My travels were mostly in the Far East and South Pacific. Suzy's mother was the daughter of a Danish mining engineer who was my chief in Peru. We went afterward to Mexico and from there to the Argentine. Unlike most engineers, some of my claims turned out very profitably, so that I was able to retire from professional work, and we have since spent all of our time in my favorite recreation of travel and study. But unfortunately one ages after a while and feels like settling down."

Again a perfectly natural accounting of his past which baffled all close inquiry—Peru, Mexico and the Argentine and the South Pacific—all might have been Mars to such people as the Hobarts, whose voyaging had been always on the beaten paths. But if Mrs. Hobart was foiled in her attempt to check up his past, she hoped at least to learn something of the future.

"Then you expect to make this your permanent summer home?" she asked.

But here again she came against an impalpable quantity.

"That depends a good deal on my next fad," said Malluc. "I'm obliged to confess myself a very unstable person. Several times I've bought property with intention of making it my permanent abode, but each time some new interest has carried me off to another part of the world."

"Scientific interest?" Mr. Hobart asked.

"Not always. Two years ago it was a commercial one. I invented a concentrated army ration, which I offered to the French Government gratuitously and likewise offered gratuitously to take the direction of its manufacture. They were going to accept it, when America came into the war and there was no longer the need of it, natural food being, of course, preferable to any sort of manufactured."

"I suppose you hate the Germans like all the rest of us," said Len.

A fine line, not of displeasure or even annoyance but rather, I should say, of that sort of regret with which a thoughtfully humane person might watch a child killing flies on the window pane, drew itself straight down between Malluc's brows.

"I got over hating anybody or anything a good many years ago," he answered slowly. "We all would if we lived long enough. I think I may say that in my own forty-eight years I have actually lived three times that number."

We were all considerably surprised, not at this statement but at his age. He did not look a day more than forty—if that. If it had not been for the gray in his beard and mustache one would have given him thirty-five. I say "all" carelessly, for as I glanced at Martha I guessed that he had told her his age.

"Well, do you know," said Mr. Hobart, "I would have been willing to place a large bet that I was ten years your senior instead of only four? That's what comes of active and varied interests. You must have taken splendid care of yourself."

"Only in the matter of personal indulgences," Malluc said. "I've been through some pretty terrific physical strains. The doctors tell us we are only as old as our arteries, and mine still seem resilient. I have never been ill in my life except for occasional slight touches of fever."

"Have you ever interested yourself in religion?" asked Mrs. Hobart, a strict Presbyterian.

"Yes," Malluc answered, "in all of them. My own includes Christianity, Judaism and Buddhism, with a certain soft spot for the faith of Islam."

My hostess left him alone after that. Her husband looked at her mischievously, feeling no doubt—as do the best of husbands at times—a little pleased to see his self-confident spouse come a cropper. And the best of it was that Malluc had not only answered all her inquiries in full but even volunteered personal data.

At least he had done himself no harm in the good lady's estimation. There have to be some rolling stones to give society its polish, and Malluc appeared to be one rich in ore also.

Then, as if feeling he might as well finish the job by giving Suzy her kennel register, he said: "Suzy's maternal grandfather was rather more than a chief mining engineer—he was a Danish nobleman, Count Constantin Thorwald. He was exiled for some political offense and his estate confiscated."

Mrs. Hobart looked at Suzy with a smile. I think she had been immediately taken by the girl's quiet modest manner, while to her type of exclusive society woman a noble ancestry meant a good deal.

"Were you very little when your mother died, my dear?" she asked sympathetically.

"I was five," Suzy answered. "I scarcely remember her."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Hobart pityingly. She looked at Malluc. "And you've taken the child round with you in all your travelings?"

"Yes," he answered, "except for the three years when she was in school. Things were going rather badly with me then."

His face set rigidly, but only for an instant. Then I looked at Martha, whose gray eyes were fixed upon him with such a devouring stare that I was afraid the others would notice it.

"We've been very great vagabonds," he said. "Now we're trying to settle down and render a certain duty to society as an acknowledgment of our fortuitous blessings in the matter of gold and silver mines and a few profitable investments."

"What line of research are you engaged on in your laboratory?" said Mr. Hobart—"or perhaps I shouldn't ask."

"On the contrary," said Malluc quickly, "I'd be glad of your assistance. Just now I'm at work on the simple little problem of what makes the willow wand duck down over a subterranean water source."

That started this discussion and we left them at it. I felt a little as Len, who said as we walked out to the kennels: "If the blooming wand would only duck for hidden oil or gold or whisky or something that we needed I'd cultivate the gentle art, but

The Men Who Smoke

'Way back in the jungle-days of this country, the Indians! They were stoics and great fighters. We white men learned how to smoke from them.

Over four hundred years later, the Argonne! Yanks fighting from rock to rock and from tree to tree, Indian fashion. Stoics, singers, great fighters—and great smokers. A combination not to be beaten. They made the Hun run.

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we're rather overstocked with water in this country just now."

He wanted to show Suzy his brace of *chiens policiers* which he had brought back from France, where they had done service on the battlefield under the Red Cross, and how he had trained them to follow a scent. Len was a dog lover and had quite a kennel full of various breeds. We let out the two dogs, the wolfish *chien berger* race, and played hide and seek with them. The dogs of this breed do not follow a trail as a rule, but find their objective by ranging until they get the close scent from the air. But Len with the aid of a basset hound had educated the intelligent animals to the advantage of following the ground scent, as you can do with any good dog with a fairly keen nose. The basset yapped, but Tambour and Clairon ran in eager silence, often forging ahead of the plodding teacher. They found each one of us in turn and were rewarded with a bit of sweet biscuit. They would have been no use for hunting, of course, because they would not track animals, only people. But they seemed very keen about this sport.

I left Martha and Suzy and Len and went back to the terrace, because Malluc appeared to have hypnotized Mr. Hobart, and I saw Mrs. Hobart alone with her needlework.

"Well, my chatelaine," I said, "what is the finding?"

"I think they're charming," said she. "After all, I suppose there's no reason why people shouldn't knock round the world if it pleases them."

"Engineers have to," I said, "and that appears to have been Malluc's profession before he struck it rich."

"I was afraid he was some sort of crank," she said, "but he's not even eccentric, as Len claims."

"He might be though," I answered.

"No, I think that he's one of these highly evoluted individuals who has worked out a sane and kindly philosophy which takes the place of religion in some intelligent mentalities. I'm not brilliant enough myself, so I have to hold fast to church."

"A very good emplacement," I said—"that and the home. I believe that I shall try to cut Len out with Suzy."

This roused her maternal jealousy and it was amusing to see her obvious struggle between relief and having the joy and pride of her life cut out in anything, even if for his good.

"Well, he might do worse," she said. "Len is so susceptible. You needn't be in any hurry about it, Dick. Besides I don't believe you could."

"I object to being put on the reserve. You've got to tell me right now whether or not to start my campaign."

"Oh, dear! But do you think it's very gallant to Martha?"

"I would have about as much chance with Martha as with you," I answered. "Both ideas have occurred to me only to be sadly set aside as wasted effort."

"Oh, you—Frenchman!" said she. "No respect for age, no regard for virtue."

"Age is only entitled to respect when evident," I said, "and virtue is a lure like the snowy top of an unconquered Alp. I don't see why women should consider it an insult to be made love to. We don't do it through a sense of duty or, if so, very badly; and that's an insult anyhow. May I hold your skein of yarn?"

"I think you are rather a dangerous boy," said she. "I'm very glad that there are not many disturbers like you and Mr. Malluc."

"Do you think him a disturber?"

"I don't know." She looked a little troubled. "I don't quite like the way Martha watches him."

"Suzy told me last night that women usually look at him, but that he never looks back."

"Well, I hope so. There is a young clergyman whom I am so anxious for Martha to marry. She says that she is not going to marry at all."

"I don't believe her," I answered. "She's simply waiting for the one man and 'she won't need her mother to tell her what to do when the right man comes along.'"

The others came flocking up, followed by the dogs. Then Mr. Hobart and Malluc joined us, the former quite pale with excitement.

"Mr. Malluc has a wonderful hypothesis—wonderful!" said he.

"But not an original one," said Malluc—"at least so far as the atomic energy and etheric current part of it are concerned. The conductivity of human beings to release this is a different matter. That's why I'm working at the electricity of nerve and muscle—if the innervation is electric, which I don't believe. I don't know just what it is that passes through a nerve to produce the maximum force of contractile tissue. For instance, there are any quantity of men much stronger muscularly than myself, yet I never met but three who can do this."

He took a fifty-cent piece from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"If you were to pinch half of that in an iron vise and try to bend it," said he, "you would find a surprising amount of force necessary to do so, far more than it would seem humanly possible that a man had in his fingers. If you were to bend it by hammering you might possibly break the vise. And yet by the application of a certain peculiar stimulus which I happen to possess I can bend it in my fingers without much difficulty—like this."

He took the piece between the thumbs and forefingers of his hands, which were well shaped, but showing certain evidences of such use as might be expected from an athletic man, and with a quick motion which did not seem to require much effort bent it to an angle of forty-five degrees and laid it on the table.

"Please don't think I'm trying to show off," said he. "I merely want to demonstrate my theory. I don't consider this a test of strength or a trick. The secret lies in the quickness of the impulse, which does not give the molecules of the metal time to adjust themselves for resistance. I could not possibly bend that coin by a slow output of energy, but on the other hand if you were to place it in the vise and direct a steady force of, let us say, a hundred pounds against the rim of the free half it would bend in time, just as a rod of almost any substance would bend if supported only at its two extremities, or like a stone bench which eventually sags and cracks in the middle. Its molecules get fatigued. The impulse is quicker in some men than others and in many lower animals than in man. An example of this is in the blow of a leopard, which has been known to leave the imprints of its claws on a gun barrel without knocking the weapon from the hands of the hunter.

"Now if you can think of the fluid force passing from the hands of a man into a good conductor of it, like the willow wand, to charge it with some peculiar magnetism for water you can see how Uncle Abner may operate," said Malluc. "Or perhaps it may be his particular lack of this very force which makes him a good conductor. The rod will not dip for me, which seems to indicate that this force which most of us possess may be inhibitory. The same may hold true of the so-called medium, who instead of possessing some especial power gets his results by the very lack of it. But one thing is certain: Whoever can isolate this force will have a most potent and dangerous mastery of matter."

We were all staring at him rather goggle-eyed and feeling perhaps that the topic was rather too abstruse. Malluc changed it a bit abruptly, saying: "I can't help but feel that we are on the verge of some tremendous discoveries in regard to dynamics. But I contend they should not be called psychodynamics any more than that we should call electricity or gravity a psychic force. They are all physical forces and to be investigated as such. No doubt we are better off without too much knowledge of them."

He had left the bent fifty-cent piece lying on the table and once or twice his eyes passed from it to me. I picked it up, Malluc watching me with a singular intentness, held it as he had done and with a quick output of energy straightened it, then tossed it back. The others exclaimed at this, but Malluc merely nodded.

"I rather thought you could do that," said he.

Len, a bigger, stronger chap than myself, tried to bend the coin, but without the slightest result. He was rather nettled, I think. Martha tried in a way that made us smile, then dropped it in her pocket.

"I shall keep that," said she, "and when I hear some youth talking strong let him have a try at it."

"That would hardly be fair," said Malluc. "A strong man might push a shingle against a tree until it broke, but some subtle force in a cyclonic storm drives it into the trunk intact—straws also. It's the peculiar character of the force, and it seems to circulate

(Continued on Page 89)

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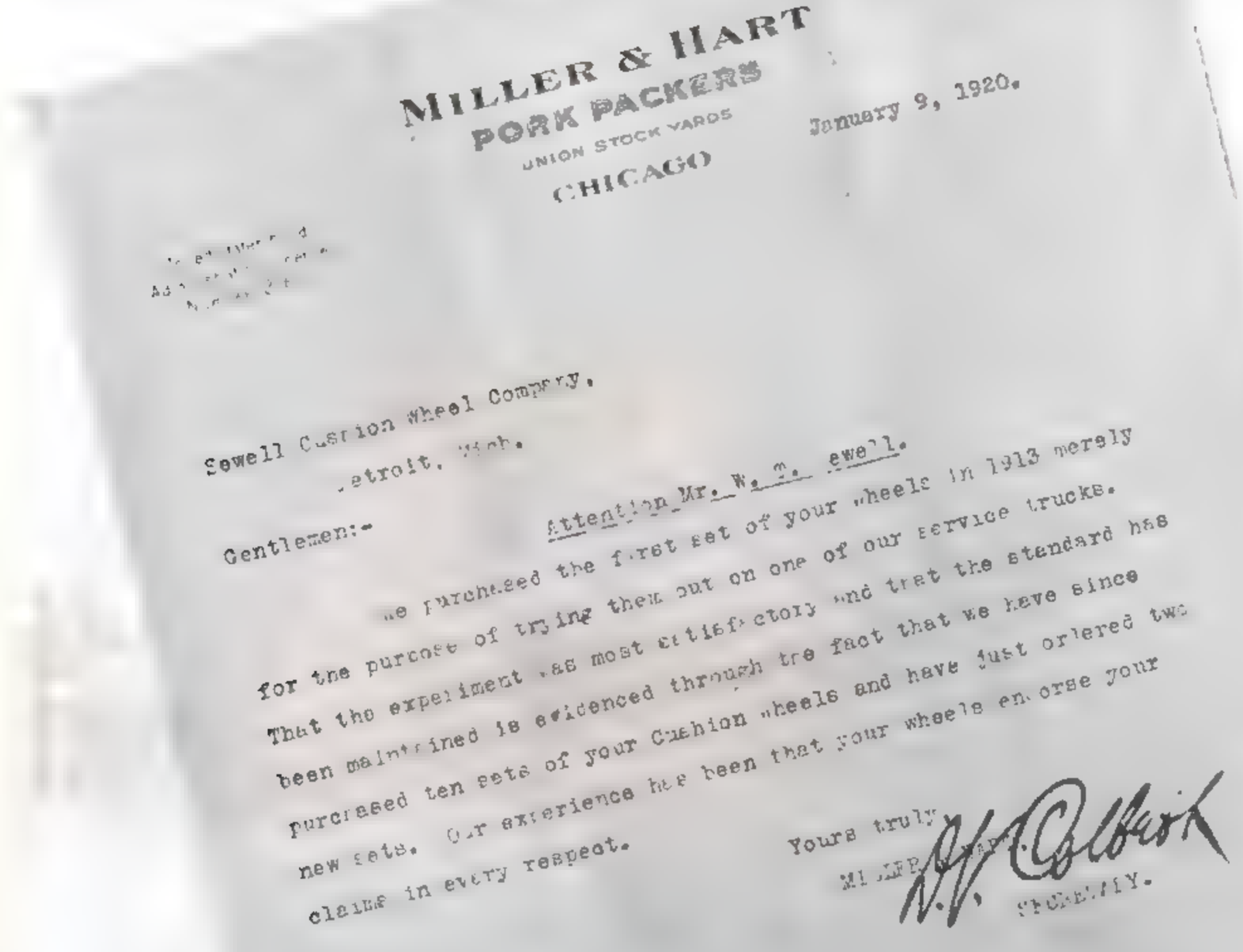

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(Continued from Page 86)

in this youngster. The others I have seen do it were Russians. You remember the story of how the Frankish crusader cut the iron bar in two with his broadsword and Saladin matched the feat by tossing up a silken cushion and whipping it in halves with his scimitar."

He excused himself presently, leaving Suzy to make up a set of tennis, she and Len beating Martha and myself rather badly. Len and I were evenly matched, but Martha—though a good player—was no match for Suzy, who went at her game with a sort of ferocious eagerness as though it were a fight and her racket a weapon of which she had most excellent mastery. She played every stroke to the limit of her girlish strength, such as might have been shown by a very strong and active boy, yet with infinitely more grace, reminding me often in her feline swings of a kitten leaping to catch a butterfly.

I could not blame Len for having fallen a victim to her fascination, though I did not for a moment believe he was actually in love with her. Suzy suggested some pretty wild creature which is neither tamed nor trained but voluntarily presents a docile manner for the sake of the benefits which this may provoke.

I doubted that she had really absorbed any of her father's high philosophies at all, or that the precepts of the convent had sunk into her more deeply than they might into the pet cat of such an institution. She imitated Malluc and seemed to watch him always very closely with a devotion that was no doubt her real religion, except that I did not think she would be willing to share her worship with any other.

It was rather late when we had finished our third set.

Martha had asked some friends for tea, but Suzy said that she could not remain, having her duties as hostess for a similar function. Len had played himself into a dripping state and was advised by Martha to go and change. So as it was time for the guests to arrive, I asked if I might walk back with Suzy, promising to return immediately.

"Well, you may begin," said she as we strolled off under the trees, "or to be more accurate, you may continue your offensive of the other night."

"No," I said, "my plan of campaign has been changed. I have decided to annex you—to Len."

"Why?" she asked.

"You strike me as being such a well-fitted pair," I said. "He is such a big, lovable chap and would make you an anchor which you could not drag."

"I do not want to lie at anchor," said Suzy.

"Well, you could take your anchor on your bow and sail round when you felt like it," I answered, and was about to praise the advantages of such an arrangement when Suzy stopped and laid her hand upon my arm, stooping forward to peer through the low-growing pine scrub.

"What's that?" she asked.

I followed the direction of her eyes and saw a vague shape that resembled the crouching figure of a man stealing off in the direction of a tangled swampy swale which flanked the Malluc property.

"It seems to be some prowler," I said. "Wait a minute. I'll go and ask him what he wants."

But Suzy followed at my heels. We reached the spot where the slinking fellow had disappeared and found footmarks in the sandy loam. But though we cast about a little, we could find no further trace of him.

"This locality seems to be infested with bushwhackers," I said. "Is it like that all about?"

"I imagine so," Suzy answered. "We haven't lived here very long, but since the war there are quantities of vagrants. One reads every day in the papers of bandits and robbers and things. It might be Johnny Jones. They haven't found him yet—and I hope they don't!"

I glanced quickly at her face, but it seemed devoid of any guile. We struck across to the path, and coming out presently on the rugged meadow where the laboratory stood heard from within a sound of hammering.

"Father's at work on a model—a new invention," Suzy said. "He jumps from one thing to another without stopping for breath. He's never idle even for a few minutes, and I'm sure I don't know when he sleeps."

"His extensive entertaining must take a good deal of his time," I said.

"No, scarcely any, because our guests are always people who come for rest and change and there are enough of them to amuse each other. You see, father believes that rich people should offer hospitality to those less fortunate and not do their spending on other rich ones. He is something of a social leveler, though by no means a socialist."

"He certainly seems to put his precepts in practice," I said, "and so do you. I know you were dying to stop for tea at the Hobarts, and I think it is very nice of you to go back to your guests."

Suzy paused and looked at me with a certain gleam in her slaty eyes.

"You are flattering me," she said. "I do it because I'm told to, not because I want to. I would walk into a blazing house if father told me to."

"Would you marry as he directed you?" I asked.

"Of course I would," she answered with the tone of finding my question a foolish one.

"And play the game to the limit?" I asked curiously.

"Naturally. There's no good in half-hearted obedience. But, of course, I couldn't do it all. My unfortunate husband would have to help."

"I don't think he would be unfortunate," I said, "or need any great amount of goading."

She gave me a look of malice.

"You might try yourself," she suggested.

"Perhaps I shall. But just for the moment I'm backing Len."

"While you carry out your own campaign in another field? Well, I don't think there's much doubt of the issue. I'm glad you came.

"Miss Hobart ought to get married."

"Nonsense," I said, "she looks upon me as a cub."

"You are—a lion cub. I think that father must have been like you when he was young. And the way you bent that coin. Your face looked like his when you were doing it." She spoke a little breathlessly.

"Perhaps that's the reason I feel so natural with you. Nothing that you could say or do would seem very out of place."

"You drive a spike in flirting," I said. "You put me in the kinsman class."

"No, it's not quite that. I don't know what it is." She stopped again and studied my face thoughtfully. "Do I make you feel like that?"

"Not a bit," I answered, "but then you see I don't know anybody like you. If I were to try to express the way you make me feel you might not like it."

"Antagonistic?"

"In a sense. The undying duel. But this is not the way to talk. You'd better tell your father about that man we saw, and I suggest to Len that he loose the dogs again at night."

"No," said Suzy quickly, "please don't. It might be Johnny Jones—or some other poor unfortunate. I think it's dreadful to put any human in the dangerous-brute class."

"Some are rather lower," I said, "but if you'd rather not I shan't. I'll play watch-dog myself instead."

"That's better."

We had reached the edge of Malluc's grounds and could see through the trees that tea was being served upon the terrace. There appeared to be about eight people, and I caught sight of the old lady with snowy hair who had so pathetically deplored the flight of time since she had seen a well found by a seer on her little farm. Suzy paused.

"I ought not to keep you any longer," said she. "Then you'll not tell Len to loose the dogs?"

"No, on the whole I feel as you do. Besides, we're soldiers, not policemen."

"I think you are a dear—Dick. Do you mind my calling you that?"

"It's an honor, Suzy," I answered.

She stood for a moment looking into my face with an expression which I could not read, then asked suddenly, "What would you think if I were to give you a kiss?"

"That you are what you just called me," I answered. "But I have thought that all the time."

So she gave me the kiss—and I walked slowly back wondering what sort of people we all were anyway.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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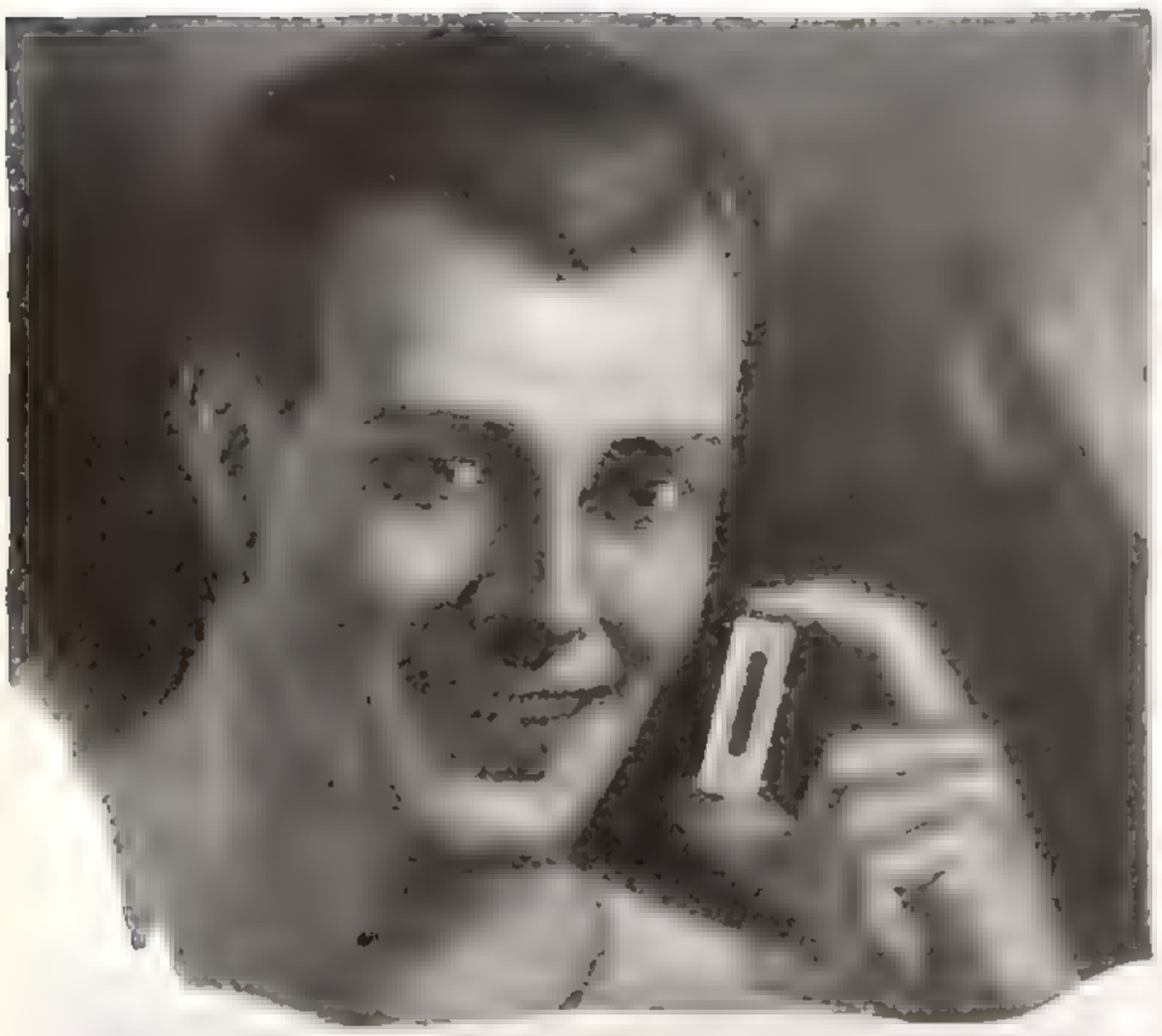

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DECLASSED

(Continued from Page 25)

Yet she knew that Julia did care, would not be afraid of sacrifice either, if it took some properly accredited form. Something was wrong somewhere.

She listened to what Julia said next with a surface appearance of attention, but all the time her mind was fixed on Peter and herself, and she was doing some of the fiercest, quickest thinking of her life. When the callers had gone she joined her family in the library. Her father was moored at his desk, forgetting the world in a detective story. Her mother sat at one side of the library table, on her face an expression of commiseration at the hard lot of her recent caller, but mingled with that was the least bit of complacency that her own lines had fallen in sufficiently pleasant places. Elsie and Ned were getting their lessons on the other side of the table.

Cyrilla stood frowning upon the scene. She was going to make her family sit up presently.

"Mother," she announced, "I intend to buy May Alden's electric washer."

There was a period of arresting silence, then Cyrilla resumed placidly: "In answer to your urgent questions let me state—please don't look as if I had stolen a sheep—I've been taking stock of my abilities, and I've made up my mind that I'm too decorative. Take me out of the decorative class and put me in the earning class, and what would I net? The only equipment I have is a good back, good strong arms and some common sense. I've used my back dancing and my arms playing tennis and driving my friends' cars—mostly. That ends to-night. The reason I'm buying an electric washing machine is that I am going to do the family washing and ironing."

"Cyrilla!" protested her mother.

"It'll take me maybe a week to get used to it. When I'm able to get up speed on it I'm going to ask you to discharge Kate and let me do the work. Perhaps mother and Elsie can help me out there, but I've come to the conclusion that father, on a salary of six thousand, with a wife and three children to support, two of them still to be educated, and an endowment insurance to keep up, can't afford to have two servants when he has a strong daughter eating off her head in idleness. That's all. I give you leave to explode all you please, only I'd like father to begin."

Sheldon was polishing his spectacles. Mrs. Sheldon was making the feeble gestures of one who wards off buzzing insects. Ned and Elsie were giggling as if Cyrilla had been making them an informal show.

"Explode all you like," said Sheldon serenely, "but I approve completely of what Cyrilla proposes. I had to overdraw my bank account this month. We've got to cut down expenses somehow."

Then began the expected explosions, chiefly on Mrs. Sheldon's part. The youngsters didn't count, since all that happened in their family life was, to them, a screaming farce. Cyrilla actually forgot Peter until bedtime, so engaged was she in combating her mother's objections and in leading her to the point where she could be persuaded.

"However am I to manage a house of my own if I don't get a chance to practice?" said Cyrilla at the psychological moment.

They both thought of Peter then—Mrs. Sheldon with a smile as of one who sees a great light, and Cyrilla with a tightened heart. She would learn how to run a house, how to encourage—but even so, how did one manage on a thousand a year? Live in a cheap quarter of the town, wear cheap clothes, drop one's friends? Julia had meant all that and more when she said declassed. Love had to be pretty strong to alter radically one's standard of living. Yet she would do that rather than be a weak coward like Julia. After all, one needn't step entirely out of one's class because one was poor.

The second decision which determined Cyrilla's future was made after Peter came home. He was shipped back with a load of other casuals before the armistice was actually signed, and arrived in his own town the last of November. He slipped in one morning so inconspicuously that his town didn't have a chance to begin to make a hero of him till later. He at once proceeded to arrange his future by an interview in the morning with the president of the university, in the afternoon with a business man, and in the evening with Cyrilla.

When Peter came Cyrilla was not singing The Sunshine of Your Eyes, though her mother had called in from the library to suggest that she try over some music. When his ring sounded she opened the door with a hand that insisted on trembling. How often in fancy she had seen him his lean dark face; his deep-set hazel eyes; his wide shoulders; his arms held a little out from his sides. And now he had come!

Five minutes later Peter was delivering himself of a serious monologue, which he had evidently carefully rehearsed, which hadn't a single word of slang in it or even of breeziness, and to which Cyrilla listened with a gradually sinking heart.

"You are such a warm friend that I want to tell you what I have decided. When I went over to France I was twenty-six years old and had just begun to teach here in the department of architecture. Young men of that age in trades have been earning for some years, and are usually married. My slow beginning is partly because my eyes failed in my first year at college, and I stayed out for two years doing other work. Then there was the time I spent abroad, studying design, making myself fit to be a big architect.

"I get back here to-day with something like five hundred dollars saved. When I walked up the hill to talk to the president about getting my old position again I had a notion that perhaps my salary would be advanced to fifteen hundred dollars. The president said that I could come back at a thousand, but he could not conceal that at that the university will be carrying me at a dead loss. Since I have been gone things have changed. The age of retiring has been extended from sixty-five to sixty-eight, and two of the professors in my department who were to withdraw are still there. Then there are a couple of men on fellowships, due to remain till the end of midyear, who are doing the work I did. As a matter of fact, I'm not needed.

"A thousand a year, and three months' vacation yearly that I don't want. It isn't good enough. Now those two years that I was out of college I spent with a cousin learning the painting and papering trade. I'm a handy man. I've always liked manual work. When I was overseas one of my buddies was Mike Kerrigan the plumber, whose brother Bart Kerrigan has a painting and decorating shop downtown. You must have seen it. The window always seems full of yellow stuff. Bart Kerrigan is a contractor too. Mike took me to him this afternoon—Mike and I were both demobilized three days ago—and I asked him for a job. I start in with him day after to-morrow.

"Bart doesn't do anything active himself except tend the shop. He pretends he's lazy, but he looks to me like a sick man. He has a foreman, a fellow named Fritz Schmidt. He'll be my boss. Cyrilla, a painter now gets about five dollars a day. Allowing for Sundays and liberal holidays, if I get steady work and some overtime work I ought to make sixteen hundred dollars, and—that's all, Cyrilla."

Cyrilla's mind and emotions worked at lightning speed. She could see it all: Peter, a common workman in overalls, taking orders from their former maid Kate's young man; Peter, tired, grimy, wet with perspiration, stopping to eat his noonday meal out of a tin pail; Peter's friends gradually falling away, most of them because of differing interests. Her dream of her exclusive little university circle all, all vanished. The world lost, but Peter gained. Cyrilla was a brave as well as a sensible young person.

She smiled at Peter and said: "I hope you don't expect me to try to argue you out of this, Peter. It would hardly be consistent, since I have joined the ranks of the servant girls myself. I think you are wise."

Somehow she found herself in Peter's arms, and the understanding had merged into an engagement. Technically Peter never did propose. Indeed for a short time he tried to shy away from his happiness.

"Wait, Cyrilla," he said, when they were sitting close together on the sofa. "How does a fellow break off an engagement just five minutes old?"

"There is no way," said Cyrilla happily. "The lady clings—like this."

(Continued on Page 92)

Right-Posture Boys' Clothes

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(Continued from Page 90)

"But, listen," said Peter, after a swooning moment of bliss. "I can't let you in for this. It wouldn't be—well, chivalrous, for me to drag you down."

"Peter, that's the way Will Brownell talked to Julia Starrett—except that she listened to him and I'm not going to listen to you. Julia and he talk of their being declassed. Well, what of it?"

"But, Cyrilla," said Peter slowly, "don't you see that a man owes something to his self-respect? When he loves a girl he wants to give her everything. It hurts him if he has to ask her to take infinitely less than she's had."

"I believe I know what you mean, Peter," said Cyrilla slowly. "It's a feeling a man naturally would have, but that's one of the sacrifices you must make for me. I want you to give up that feeling because I love you so much, Peter."

Peter held her to him with a solemnity that stirred her deeply. As soon as she could command her voice she said breathlessly: "We'll get a teeny-weeny flat over a shop. I think we could get four rooms and a bath for eighteen dollars, if we don't mind a back flat. I'll think of ways of making money too. You know I took courses of interior decorating at college. I'll read up, and one of these days I'll be going out among the farmers' wives and beautifying their homes. Maybe some day you'll be an architect again, and I'll be an interior decorator.

"I'll not need any clothes for a long time. I've got heaps of out-of-date suits and things that can be made over. I'll learn how myself. I'll go to the tailoring school here for lessons. They let you work on your own goods, you know. Then we'll be married quietly and father'll give me the money we'd spend for a fussy wedding."

"Cyrilla! Oh, Cyrilla!" Peter said. "I don't know much about girls, but I know what it means for a girl to give up a wedding. Can I ever make it up to you?"

"Just by loving me always," Cyrilla said.

But after Peter had gone Cyrilla went to her room with a grave face. She had her own fight to make all over again, and then she would have her family to encounter. Again and again she visualized all that her adventure with Peter would mean: The loss of the social prestige that almost all women value, that seems to them, especially when they are young, only a little less important than domestic happiness and religion; the hard physical work, for she meant to be Peter's partner as well as his wife; the necessity of keeping up the refinements of life, so that hard physical labor need not lower their real standards of living. There would be dozens of pitfalls that neither Peter nor she could at present foresee. Their way would be more difficult than that of most young journeying lovers. They must achieve magnificently to justify themselves.

"After all," said Cyrilla, "what are we but pioneers? The old pioneers had the arrows of the Indians to fear, and we'll have the pin pricks of people who are so little sure of themselves that they lose caste by seeming to approve of us or even associate with us. We're not afraid."

And so at last, after two or three hours of facing hard facts, she let herself sink into delightful hazy emotional dreams of Peter.

Early next evening, just about the time Cyrilla was telling her mother that her mind was made up, and for mercy's sake to receive Peter as if he were a son-in-law-to-be, and not a prize burglar—just at that time Peter was beautifying himself in a cheap little room to call on Cyrilla. He wasn't alone. On his cot bed sprawled a burly gray-eyed young man, who watched his proceedings with a gaze that was satirical when Peter was watching him, and affectionate when Peter's eyes were on his own proceedings.

"I'd put on a little rouge," suggested the young man, whose speech had more than a touch of Irish brogue. "It's very fetching. A little black under the eyes is also much admired. I believe that's why the women look at me so fixedly when I'm leaving their houses after a plumbing job."

"If they look at you, Mike Kerrigan," returned Peter, "it's to see how you can have the face to present your bill."

"But they smile, they smile, Horatio," said Kerrigan. "Tie that tie a little tighter, sergeant. A seductive doughboy you are, but on these occasions it won't do to look rollicking. A touch of formality marks the earnest heart under the gay exterior."

"Oh, do dry up, Mike!" laughed Peter. "I enjoy these remarks. If I'd given them to you two months ago you could have given me K. P. I like the contrast. Listen! I hear determined footsteps approaching."

A knock sounded, the door opened, and a dark, squat, gloomy, keen-eyed man entered, who said: "'Evening. My name's Schmidt."

Mike Kerrigan affected to be in a profound slumber. Schmidt stared suspiciously at the recumbent form. Peter held out his hand.

"Mr. Bart Kerrigan's foreman, I know. Also secretary of the union that I hope to join."

Schmidt frowned. He gave Peter the impression that truculence was his favorite mood and that out of it he was not quite at home.

"Well, I want to ask you about joining. Understand that you're a highbrow, and those fellows don't always see the need."

Peter did not like Schmidt's tone, but he said quietly: "I know that except for the unions painters wouldn't get their present wages."

"Mind you," said Schmidt, "we don't let everyone in. We want only good workmen and men that'll be loyal to the union and not too much out for themselves. We have a committee to consider the application, and then the name's voted on in meeting. I'll rush you through the committee."

"Thanks," Peter replied.

"Don't thank me. I have to do it if you're working for me. I understand from Bart Kerrigan that he told you to begin to-morrow. I told him I couldn't have given you a job if one of my fellows hadn't quit to-day. You can report at the Central Hotel in the morning."

"All right," said Peter.

Mike Kerrigan affected to wake up, and rose on his elbow as if drunk.

"Who's zish? Ish it you, Schmidt?"

"Yes, it's me," said Schmidt, lowering.

"I had just one little small lonely drink," said Mike plaintively, "and now I can't tell whether it's you or a whole roomful of dirty buccaneers."

"You think you're smart," Schmidt said, his hand on the doorknob.

"Not half as smart as you, me bucko," returned Mike. "From all I hear, you'll be running the town next."

"There's many a true word spoken in fun already," said Schmidt, and departed with a vigorous slam of the door.

"Can you beat that, Pete?" inquired Mike. "How's that for horny-handed conceit? What I want is to provoke him to give me so much lip that we'll have a row, and I'll get my brother to discharge him and give you the job."

"Nothing doing," said Peter. "What I win I earn."

"You may go now," suggested Mike. "There's a becoming flush that she'd like on your damask cheek, brought into being by the urge of conscious virtue. If I were you ——"

The ensuing wrestling bout brought Peter to Cyrilla's doorstep a full five minutes late, in spite of the fact that he'd been counting the hours till the stroke of eight, at which time she had said he might appear.

The next morning Peter arrived at the Central Hotel something before eight o'clock and found his way to a bedroom on the third floor which held a huddle of pails, brushes, paint cans and rolls of paper. Peter sat on a broken-backed chair and waited placidly. After about fifteen minutes Schmidt appeared with two other men, whom he introduced as Farley and Swanson.

"New broom, you are," Schmidt said good-naturedly enough. "That's all right. It does the proprietor good to see us come early."

The trio laughed. Then they sat down on the bedstead, lighted their pipes and spent several minutes in a silence which might have been contemplative but was not.

"Well," said Schmidt at last, rising, "let's go, boys. Barnes, you can take the job of sizing the rooms on the side of the hall. Begin at the last room."

Peter got his materials and went to the room indicated. At first he worked slowly, and Schmidt passing the doorway stood and watched him with a noncommittal stare.

But presently Peter was sure that his old knack was back again and he worked fast and sang in time to his strokes and thought of Cyrilla. At eleven Schmidt looked in on him.

"Good enough," he said. "But say, you don't have to work the new-broom stunt now. You don't have to kill yourself, you know."

"All right," called Peter.

At noon, when he knocked off work, Schmidt was again in the doorway, this time frowning.

"Say, didn't I tell you not to work so darn fast?" he demanded.

"What?" demanded Peter. "I worked the way I always used to when I was a painter."

"That was several years ago, wasn't it? Well, things have changed since then. I bet you didn't belong to a union then. Say, listen; if you are a workingman you need to get a few principles fixed in your skull. You got to have class consciousness. This job only lasts so long. If we work too fast we get out of a job too soon, see? Another thing: Some fellows can't work as fast as others. Look at Swanson. It ain't in his power to do more than half of what you're capable of. If you go at top rush, trying to speed up the gang—why, you run the risk of getting Swanson fired as a slacker. You got to remember fellows like Swanson. If you don't you ain't got class consciousness."

"I was thinking of my employer too," said Peter slowly. "Hotels don't pay any too well just now and ——"

"Forget it! I'm your employer," said Schmidt. "You got to learn to take it easy. Capital has had its own way too long. If I had my way we'd have soviets controlling this town."

"Stop right there, Schmidt!" said Peter. "I'm an American citizen, and I won't stand for any talk born of Russian fanatics or German power grabbers."

Schmidt's face grew crimson; then with an effort he controlled himself.

"I guess you don't know what a soviet really means," he said. "The workingman ought to be progressive. Talk of soviet government ain't any more astonishing now than talk of unions was thirty years ago. Anyhow, it's the job you're on I'm talking of."

Peter was silent. He did not want to begin his life as a workingman by antagonizing his brother workers. He recognized Schmidt as a man of influence to be reckoned with, and he longed to pit himself and his ideals of honest dealing against Schmidt's. There must be plenty of honest workmen who felt as he did. It would be easy enough to throw in his lot with them. He needn't work long for or with Schmidt.

"All right, Schmidt," he said. "You show me what you call a day's work and I'll do that and no more. I can't promise to work slowly as I work, but I can reduce the output."

"Suits me," Schmidt said briefly. "We're knocking off for dinner now. Farley's in with the cook downstairs, and she's sent us a nice little feed; so you don't have to open the old dinner pail. We get a nice free lunch every day off the proprietor," he added with a wink. "It's working people have to stand together."

"I'm afraid," Peter said, "that I'd rather not eat a meal I'm not paying for."

"Suit yourself," said Schmidt gruffly; "but if you're above a little friendly graft you won't last long in this world. You can't tell me either that it isn't found in every class."

"I agree with you there, Schmidt. It's only my own principles I'm talking of."

Peter ate his dinner with the other men, exerting himself to interest them with stories of his life at the front and succeeding so well that they overlooked his refusal to share in the cook's gift.

That night Peter's right arm ached from finger tips to shoulder. He sat lax on the Sheldon living-room sofa, with the door shut to keep out Mrs. Sheldon's sighing, and told Cyrilla the events of the day.

"Thank goodness all working people aren't like Schmidt!" Cyrilla said; "but those that are need to be taught consciousness of kind as well as consciousness of class. May Aiden—she's the woman I bought the washing machine from—she was over here this afternoon, weeping as usual; and with some cause. They had to move their furniture from their house to the three rooms they've taken. They chose Mitchel the Mover instead of the University Transfer Company, because the University company has only horses while Mitchel has motor trucks. Jim and May carried every last bit of furniture out and had most of it piled on the sidewalk by the time the movers came. The men pretended that the truck broke down on a bad piece of road, but it didn't, for May's cousin saw where they halted and loafed for an hour and a half. Mitchel charged them thirty dollars. If those men had really worked the job could have been done in four hours. If they're so thoughtful for poor people why don't they remember that Jim and May have only eighteen hundred a year—less, you tell me, than Mike Kerrigan makes?"

Cyrilla paused, breathless, and Peter said: "I've got all sympathy for the workingman who wants to get enough pay to keep his family decently and who wants to look forward to steady work. I've worked both with my brains and with my hands, and I know it's an easier life to work with your brains. I'm sorry for a man like Swanson, that couldn't keep up with a crack workman. But the workman that feels the inequalities of things in this world and soldiers along and takes it out of his employer blames the employer and thinks he ought to pay him more. The employer can't. It isn't his fault—the wastage, the inequalities; it's the fault of the institutional arrangement. I can't change the system. But for myself I have a sense of duty to my employer. I want to give him the best that's in me for eight hours. I propose to seek out jobs where I can do that."

"It's not quite so simple as a teaching job, is it?" sighed Cyrilla. "I must say I prefer conditions to be as they are in villages, where working people get union wages and do full-time work, and the employers are neighbors and not enemies. Peter, we must be neighbors with the people we work for. And—and Peter, are you sure you love me; sure you haven't made a mistake?"

Upon which Peter forgot all about the problems of labor.

But they recurred to him frequently during the next few days. He hated to do but five hours' work when he was paid to do eight. Unless he was honest he did not see how he could keep on terms with himself. The only solution was to ask Bart Kerrigan to put him on one-man jobs. Yet that seemed a partial solution. He confided his perplexities to Mike Kerrigan, with whom he was smoking a companionable pipe one evening when it was too early to call on Cyrilla.

"Listen here, you slacker," he said in the doughboy language dear to Mike's heart. "I want to discuss seriously the strangle-hold talk Schmidt and his gang are spreading. You know, Mike, it's plain disintegrating. These men nick their employers, but they hurt themselves too; their characters go down."

"They should worry if they get their pay," responded Kerrigan. "Listen. I'm not going to talk like little Mick the happy, happy plumber boy, who pulls down eight bones a day, charging for the sweet-faced lad who holds the wrenches and runs back and forth for tools that should have been carried in the bag in the first place if I hadn't thoughtfully taken them out, and who never lets the sweet-faced lad learn the business for five years, so that the number of plumbers may be kept few and far between. No, old socks, I'm talking serious now. I left the soul of that lad over in France, and the one you see here before you intends to give full measure. But what other folks do with their time isn't eating me."

"Well, it is me," declared Peter. "There must be other men like you and me in this town. Why can't we get together? Why can't we put the unions on the highest possible plane?"

"You remember how the sob sisters in the newspapers used to talk of us overseas guys as crusaders?" remarked Mike. "Are you one of them pure-souled guys?"

"Oh, rot!" said Peter testily. "I only want to have a decent atmosphere to live in, that's all. I hate these class struggles, and I fear them. No reason why there shouldn't be a big union of all the classes, giving each other a square deal."

"That's Utopia," said Mike; "but I don't like the looks of all this unrest and wild-haired talk myself. There was a fellow with me to-day, and the way he talked you'd suppose he went round with a bomb in his pants pocket. All that doesn't get the world anywhere."

"Well, let's clean it up," said Peter.

"All right, buddy. Lay down the barrage and I'll leap out of the trench by your side. No, I'm not joking; only I ain't got

(Continued on Page 95)

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(Continued from Page 92)

what you call a constructive mind. What d'you propose to do?"

"Don't know," Peter said. "Attend the meetings of the union—did I tell you I was elected?—and try to make myself felt, I suppose. Use all my opportunities and try to make more."

"Stand back and gimme air!" cried Mike. "All right, go to it; and holler to me if you need help."

Meantime Cyrilla had been making strenuous efforts to persuade her family to consent to her engagement to Peter Barnes. Peter was unaware of the struggle and strategy she had to employ. She said to herself that if it were true that a wife must always keep some things from her husband for the sake of his peace of mind it was just as well to begin during engagement days. All Peter noticed was that the family kept out of his way. But when one Saturday night Mrs. Sheldon sadly invited Peter to Sunday dinner, and remarked that it was hard to lose a daughter, and Peter countered with the highly original remark that she had but gained a son, Cyrilla knew that her battle was won and that her family stood ready to support her against the wonder or criticism of her world.

"Let's make Sunday a real lovers' day," Peter said, "and just dream."

"So be it," Cyrilla agreed; "only I'm afraid, Peter, that you and I can't quite get away from the practical. We must wind our dreams about that. I want you to come out Sunday morning and see the lot grandfather left me. You can't object to my having that, even if you won't let me take any money from mother."

"I'm haughty, Cyrilla, but I'm not crazy," Peter said.

Therefore on Sunday Cyrilla borrowed her father's flivver and drove Peter in the lambent December weather up the steepest hill in town and out to the very edge of the residential district.

"It's a strange thing, Peter," Cyrilla said, "how much more one's possessions mean when one is engaged. There are several things in our house that really belong to me, but I've always thought of them as the family's. Never took any particular care of them. There was a big leather chair in the library that grandfather always said was mine. Ned likes to get his lessons in it and he kicks all over it! Well, believe me, Peter, since we've been engaged that chair's been up in my room!"

"Sure," agreed Peter. "We can't afford to have young hellions like your brother scuffing up our property."

"As to this old lot," Cyrilla said, "I don't believe I've thought of it twice a year, but now when it's a part of our capital I regard it with new eyes. Oh, Peter, do look!"

Peter was looking at her, but he obediently turned his head and gazed down at the long blue lake, with the blue hills beyond, their high tops lightly touched with snow.

"How lovely!" Cyrilla murmured. "And to think I'd see no special beauty in it if you were engaged, say, to Julia Starrett."

"I wouldn't give a curse for a landscape," Peter said, "except as a background to love. I don't mind telling you, dearest, that I shall never forget this particular moment."

Wishing to savor the moment it was a little while before Cyrilla spoke again. Then, exactly at the right time, she drove on, saying: "This lot of ours, now—it was a part of the land that was grandfather's farm sixty years ago. He left one lot to each of the five of us Sheldons. Mine's the corner one, which is an advantage, and it has a little stony stream running through it. But then, it has a lot of junk on it—remains of buildings that will have to be cleaned away, I suppose, if we ever do anything with the land."

She slowed down at a crossroads, saying: "Here we are, Peter. Here is the lot—my lot. Has a frontage of two hundred and sixteen feet, and it runs back three hundred or a little over."

Peter was staring at a beautiful tree-clad sloping expanse. Near the corner was a large, gaunt, half-finished barn. Perhaps a hundred feet away from it were the foundations and the lower walls of a stone house. Peter sat transfixed.

"What's the matter, Peter?" Cyrilla asked. "You look like a goggle-eyed poster registering amazement."

Peter dismounted, helped Cyrilla out, seized her hand and pushed across the dead, brown grass to the barn

"And she called this junk!" he said. "But then if she hadn't I wouldn't have had the chance to feel superior"

He examined the building, testing the beams, approving the joining and the proportions, gloating over the solid foundations.

"Sound as a nut," he said. "This barn was started in the days when if you asked a carpenter to build you a house he didn't have any more sense than to go ahead and see how good a house he could build. Why ever wasn't it finished, Cyrilla?"

"Grandmother died and grandfather left the farm. He'd torn down most of that house to build her a new one of brick ——"

"Let's jump the brook and take a look at the stone house," cried Peter.

His lean, handsome face was alight with excited interest. His arm about her waist he swept Cyrilla forward, down one frozen slope and up another, and took stock of the gray pile.

"Listen, sole prop of my declining years," he said. "Listen to what your junk really means. It contains our first investment and the germ of our future fortune. This barn—I can make it into a house. I'm a fairly good carpenter, and I can also get help. Mike Kerrigan will do the plumbing, and he'll work like a tiger for me. Also he'll get me secondhand fixtures. I'll get secondhand lumber, and we'll build so as to make the upper story into a separate flat that we could rent.

"Then the stone house—the cellar's perfect, good foundations, walls eight feet high, heaps of stone. Some day we can build a house here—lower story stone, upper story cement. One lot, Cyrilla! We could cut this land into three or maybe four lots! If only I had more time!"

They looked at each other with a sense of happy elation. Quickly Cyrilla perceived that this discovery meant more to Peter than it did to her. She would have been content with just love, and what Peter could earn. Cyrilla, despite her practical nature, had a high sense of romance. She would have been glad to take the materials of their lives at their most meager state and shape them gradually into something large and fine.

Perhaps Peter divined her feeling, for he said: "You see, dear, your having the property and my being able to go ahead and develop it give me a creative sense, a sense of wide horizons; lift me above the five-dollar-a-day class. Every American with ambition, whether he's a workman or a capitalist, wants to stretch himself to a size larger than he is. It's just our American slogan—'to get on in the world.' I wouldn't like it if I thought I had to stick to my present work always. This creative stunt of ours keeps me fresh and contented and reaching up, sustains me against 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' in the shape of greasy overalls and the tin dinner pail. And I value all this the more because I owe it to you, dearest."

Regardless of a grinning country family driving by to church they embraced. They saw the old stone foundations upon which they stood as the symbol of the house of life which they two would rear, and which would endure eternally.

Presently they returned to the barn, and Peter began to plot and plan its rebuilding. Momentarily he forgot Cyrilla as he pencilled a sketch on the back of an envelope. She strolled to the doorway and looked out over her property with happy dreamy eyes. Presently she saw Julia Starrett and Will Brownell walking in from the country road.

"Poor things," she thought, "they can't quite give each other up, and yet they don't want to be seen together in the populous places."

Suddenly an idea struck her.

"Peter!" she called. "I see Julia and Will. Let's call them down and tell them we're engaged; then it'll get all over town at once without our having to bother with a formal announcement."

"Suits me," Peter said abstractedly.

Cyrilla hailed her friends. They waved a reply and started down the slope toward the barn.

"Whatever are you doing here?" called Julia.

"Do you want any help?" Will said.

"Help?" laughed Cyrilla. "Certainly not. I don't need a thing I haven't got. Come in, you two."

They entered the barn and beheld Peter. The sight of him caused them unmistakable embarrassment.

"Oh—er ——" said Julia uncertainly.

(Continued on Page 97)

SIMONDS
FILES

THE name SIMONDS on a file carries today as much prestige as the name SIMONDS on a saw. Nor does the file borrow such prestige from the saw. It has attained the implied superiority through sheer force of SIMONDS quality and merit, inbuilt into *every* product of SIMONDS making. Eighty-eight years of conscientious manufacturing and merchandising stand back of SIMONDS prestige.

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WHEN Washington devoted himself to his home nearly 150 years ago, who knows what he may have thought about the length of time it would survive him?

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¶

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Every storm beats upon the iron mill stack and leaves it streaming with moisture. No harm if the stack is kept properly protected with a surface coating, much harm if it is not. Save the surface and you save all.

Illustration © Brown Bros.

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(Continued from Page 95)

"H'lo, Barnes," Will said in a manner equally uncertain.

"Good morning," said Peter.

His voice was equable, but there was a touch of unaccustomed color in his cheeks.

"If this is the way people are going to act," thought Cyrilla fiercely—"why, darn people!"

Aloud she said in her warmest voice: "Julia, I want you and Will to know first of all that Peter and I are engaged."

"Oh, my dear!" cried Julia and melted on Cyrilla's shoulder, while the men shook hands stiffly.

"Well, I hope you'll have better luck than we've had," said Brownell abruptly. "Of course before you're engaged more than a couple of years your luck may change."

"Goodness knows engagements can last long enough," sighed Julia.

"As to luck changing, Brownell," Peter said, "when Cyrilla marries she'll be marrying a workman."

"And as to a long engagement," Cyrilla added, "Peter and I are going to be married just as soon as we possibly can."

Strictly speaking Peter had not asked Cyrilla to name the day. Afterward, when he wanted to tease her, Peter used to say that she seized on him before he had even proposed to her and bludgeoned him into an early marriage.

"We-ell, in these days," said Julia slowly, "with the cost of clothes what they are, it won't take long to assemble a trousseau."

"There isn't going to be any trousseau," Cyrilla said; "nor any wedding. Some day we're just going to wash our hands and faces and get married. We're working people and we're going to live simply for a while and save."

Her vivid face proclaimed her pride in Peter and her glance proclaimed the other couple as cowards unwilling to meet the challenge of love as she and her man had met it. But her proud look melted under the sorrowful eyes of Julia, whose face said that perhaps she could be persuaded to daring if Brownell would. Cyrilla felt a surge of pity. Poor Julia! She would have to stand by Will's decision and pretend to approve.

"May I drive you home?" Cyrilla asked. "We're going presently."

"Goodness, no!" said Julia with a choked laugh. "We've got to talk you over, you know; and we can't exactly do that with you present. Good-by."

"I'll probably see you to-morrow, Brownell," Peter said with a set smile. "I'm going to be painting in your bank."

"Just so's you don't gum up my desk," replied Brownell.

After they had gone Cyrilla said musingly:

"After all I don't know that it is wise to let our engagement seep out through those two. They're awful crape hangers."

"So much the better," Peter said. "The fair-weather gang will have full warning."

As they drove toward the Sheldon house they met Schmidt walking with two Russian workmen. They wore overalls, they were unshaven and they smoked grimy pipes.

Schmidt hailed Peter.

"Hey, Barnes, stop a minute!" he called.

He walked leisurely up to the car and said: "You can report by yourself to-morrow at the bank. I can't spare anyone else on that job till Tuesday."

"All right," replied Peter.

Cyrilla started the car, her face pink. She hadn't liked Schmidt's manner in the least. He had shown a grinning consciousness of the fact that he, who used to sit in her kitchen, was now giving orders to her fiancé.

Presently Peter said: "They're not for us, Cyrilla. Neither of the two groups we've met this morning. From this time on you'll have a chance to see what is meant by 'All for love, and the world well lost.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sense and Nonsense

Easy Money From Icebergs

FOLLOWING the big snowstorm that caught New York unawares, paralyzing traffic so that the city was practically helpless for a week, all kinds of queer schemes were suggested, and tried, to remove quickly the huge banks of snow. It was announced that a detachment of flame throwers, a unit of the chemical-warfare service, would hurl flames on the snow, "just as they did on the Germans," and that the city would be rid of the great blanket that was making its officials sweat and others fear influenza.

A New York crowd will respond to anything it reads about in the newspapers. They came by the hundreds, expecting to see terrifying flames leap from asbestos nozzles and devour everything in their path.

The exhibition was a complete flivver. The flame would gnaw a hole in the snow about the size of a barrel, only to have the melted water trickle to the next pile and freeze right up again. And there were miles upon miles of snow—more than two feet deep!

"So they think that little flame is going to melt up this snow, do they?" asked a skeptical sailor, standing with some soldiers watching the start of the experiment.

"Oh, sure, they do."

"All right; if that's so I can make a million dollars a year out of the steamship companies, hanging round the north seas and sticking matches to the icebergs."

A High Per Cent Customer

THE head of a big insurance firm in New York makes a point of lecturing his assistants once a week on efficiency.

He pounds into them the theory that to persuade a customer to take out insurance—to outtalk him, in other words—the agent must be at least ten per cent more efficient.

While skating on the park ice during the cold snap the insurance head fell and broke his wrist.

The medical examiner, at his request, marked him thirty per cent efficient, or seventy per cent disabled. The insurance man thought that sufficient for him to go out and get business.

His first task was to sell a Wall Street man a fifty-thousand-dollar policy, which would require considerable talking. The next day the insurance head called the medical examiner on the phone.

"You were right," he said. "You better put me down totally disabled for at least a month. I went up to talk a man into taking out a big policy to-day and before I left he had sold me a thousand shares of oil stock."

A Painter's Conclusion

FOLLOWING the sensation among residents of New York City caused by the announcement that house rent in many sections would be raised more than a hundred per cent a well-known man along Broadway planned to point a lesson by living in a tent. He erected a rather commodious house of canvas on a pretty Long Island site, planning to move in as soon as it got a little warmer. A painter was instructed to put an attractive sign across the entire front of the tent bearing the words: House of Refuge.

This he figured would at least prick the conscience of the profiteers. His chagrin therefore can be imagined when he inspected the job a week later and discovered that the painter had made the sign read: House of Refuse.

Protecting His Regular Trade

A TEN-YEAR-OLD boy may be seen most any day stationed near the Flatiron Building in New York, where he is said to earn a livelihood chasing hats blown off by the gusts of high wind that nearly always sweep that corner.

A woman reporter's hat was blown off the other day and the boy promptly made a dash for it, retrieving it in quick order. The newspaper woman had gone there purposely to get a story about this lad, and after giving him the usual ten-cent tip for recovering her hat she tried to draw him into conversation about his job.

At that moment an old gentleman, wearing a broad-brimmed Western hat, emerged from the building and—zip—away went his hat!

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the boy, pulling away, "but that's a regular customer."

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CROSSETT Shoes are designed by style authorities; their materials are carefully chosen by men of broad experience in shoecraft. The workmanship put into Crossett Shoes is the highest which money and a long-standing reputation for fair dealing can secure.

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LEWIS A. CROSSETT CO., North Abington, Mass.

MISTUH MACBETH

(Continued from Page 13)

of the fact that the low comedian's wife had become passionately enamored of him until the comedian in question mentioned the fact and suggested that the immediate resignation of Mr. Jones was all that could prevent sudden and sanguinary hostilities. Whereupon Mr. Jones, being himself a member of the New Orleans Chapter of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, had sought and made the acquaintance of Mr. Simian Gannit. Immediately thereafter had come his introduction to Chlorine, Simian's pretty little wife, mention of the fact that he was an actor—and a resurrection of her old ambition to tread the boards.

L. Jupiter Jones leaped headlong into the scheme. It meant many dollars and a siege of work that he loved. He assembled his cast and started rehearsals. The talk that circulated was complimentary neither to Mr. Jones nor Mrs. Gannit, who was cast as Lady Macbeth. Nor did his sudden shifting of abode to the polite boarding house owned and operated by the wealthy and comely Mrs. Delight Sabb cause the gossips' tongues to become less acid. Had L. Jupiter Jones been blessed with poorer facial control trouble would have been stillborn. But years of footlight experience had imparted an unfathomable inscrutability of countenance, and there were none who knew—unless it be the lady herself—that Mr. L. Jupiter Jones had fallen wildly, violently, genuinely and absorbingly in love with Mrs. Sabb.

Jupiter's capitulation to the manifold feminine charms of Mrs. Sabb was as complete as it was sudden. It left even Jupiter tongue-tied in the presence of the woman whose slave he had on the instant become. In the sanctuary of his room in her house he wrote sonnet after sonnet paying tribute to her beauty, but each was destroyed in a fit of bashfulness. The fact that she was a woman of means did not affect him. His love for Delight was as unsmirched by commercialism as the passion of Abelard for Héloïse. In brief, L. Jupiter Jones had for the first time in his life fallen for a woman—and the fall was hard!

Delight Sabb was a widow in a million. She was pretty in a deliciously soft chocolate-creamy way. She had poise and considerable education. And she was sensible enough not to let Mr. Jones see that his passion was reciprocated. Mrs. Sabb's first matrimonial venture had been successful only in the amount of life insurance which the defunct spouse had unwillingly bequeathed her upon the occasion of his flirtation with a mail train, and she was taking it slow and easy on her second attempt.

And so L. Jupiter Jones blundered along, his love for Delight Sabb blinding him to the fact that Birmingham's colored folk found rich gossip in his intimacy with the wife of the mammoth Simian Gannit. In Chlorine Mr. Jones saw only a woman who promised to be an excellent foil for his histrionic talents. The very fact that she was a hopelessly bad actress assured his possession of the spot-light position when the play should be produced. As a woman he did not know she existed, the trouble being that Simian did not know that Jupiter didn't care, and that Simian cared a very great deal.

Simian had heard gossip. In fact, everyone had heard the gossip save L. Jupiter Jones and Mrs. Delight Sabb. And because the Widow Sabb had not heard and was not suspicious, she continued to keep company with L. Jupiter Jones, and it was this fact—and this fact alone—which had thus far prevented Simian from exploding.

"Mistuh Jones is rushin' Delight Sabb, ain't he?" he snapped once when a friend volunteered the suggestion that something should be done to save the Gannit honor.

"They's mo' men'n him which has played two wimmin off 'gainst each other," came the cheerful response.

"Delight ain't no fool. If'n she thunk they was anythin' betwix' my wife an' Mistuh Jones she'd bust off with him. An' if'n she don' b'lieve it, then I ain't gwine to."

"But s'posin' she should bust off with him, Simian; would that prove sumthin' to you?"

Simian nodded slowly, whilst the enormous muscles of his forearm tensed.

"If'n Delight Sabb ever jines in the talk which folks is talkin', then all I is got to say is that Bumminham is gwine git along 'thout no Macbeth in Macbeth."

No word of this came to L. Jupiter's ears. He was absorbed in rehearsals of his play and his love for Delight Sabb. At times he dared believe that she might eventually consent to be his, and at times she was almost convinced that his love was genuine and not mercenary. Until ——

It was the eighteenth day of the month—thirty hours before the curtain was due to rise upon the first act of the jazzed-up production of Macbeth. Mrs. Delight Sabb and Sis Callie Flukers were strolling down Eighteenth Street. Sis Callie led the way into an alley. It so happened that on the corner of that particular alley and Eighteenth Street the home of the Gannits was located. From the alley a plain view was afforded of the Gannit dining room. The month was May, the weather warm, the windows raised.

"Lookit there!" sibilated Sis Callie.

Delight needed no further instructions. She looked—and as she looked her heart cracked. She saw L. Jupiter Jones' strong arms encircle the form of Chlorine Gannit and she heard his resonant voice:

"Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swears, that sticks silver tips on all them fruit trees ——"

She saw Chlorine strive ineffectually to extract herself from the embrace as her words came back.

"Don' you go swearin' by that moon, that unconstant moon, les' thy love go prove variable too."

And Jupiter's passionate retort: "I swears by ev'ything what is, fair gal, that all the love which men has had in this heah world ain't nothin' on'y a fake compared to the love Ise got fo' you. Upbend yo' lips to mine an' let us cling fo'ever."

The lips of L. Jupiter Jones and Mrs. Chlorine Gannit met. They clung.

Mrs. Delight Sabb departed. So did Sis Callie Flukers. And Sis Callie went straight to Simian Gannit, where she related in detail the scene she had just witnessed.

"They wa'n't on'y rehearsin'," rumbled Simian.

"Mebbe so they wa'n't," came the answer, "but kisses is kisses, an' the kiss what I seen ——"

As a matter of fact they had only been rehearsing—been rehearsing the fourth act of Macbeth as conceived and written by Mr. L. Jupiter Jones. Mr. Jones had seen clearly that Mr. Shakspere had his defects as a playwright. He had dared write a vehicle for a male star and allow him to be killed in the final act. That, figured Jupiter, was exceedingly faulty dramatic technic.

Thereupon L. Jupiter Jones had rewritten Macbeth and altered the tragedy considerably. He had injected considerable pep into the plot by causing Macduff to return to the castle in disguise and apparently conduct an affair of dishonor with Lady Macbeth. That situation, he knew, was certain to please his audience. It also lent a note of modernity to the play. Accordingly in his revision Macbeth is exceedingly peeved with his wife during the third act. True, she has committed a couple of murders at his behest; but he is not willing to overlook her fancied unfaithfulness with Macduff as the party of the second part. Intensive interest is thus added to the subsequent meeting of Macbeth and Macduff on the battlefield.

It was in that great stage moment that L. Jupiter Jones had excelled himself. For in his version of the well-known drama Macbeth slays Macduff with a dagger, and in his last dying moments Macduff gasps out a confession that Lady Macbeth is as pure as a newborn daisy. Whereupon Macbeth summons his wife, forgives her, and they play the brief love scene—lifted more or less bodily from another play written by Mr. Shakspere and known as Romeo and Juliet—in which all ends happily. It was rehearsal of that final gripping scene upon which Sis Callie Flukers and Mrs. Delight Sabb had looked.

L. Jupiter Jones parted from Chlorine Gannit, forgetting even to bid her farewell. He moved blithely down the street toward the boarding house of Delight Sabb. The sun was shining brightly; the little birdies were singing in the trees; the world was indeed a good place in which to live. Of recent days Delight had commenced to unbend. Mr. L. Jupiter Jones, a philosophic solipsist in all affairs save those of the heart, had commenced to hope that there might be some faint ray of chance for him. He had even gone to the extent of making discreet inquiries as to a job.

Things were indeed bright in prospect. According to his contract with The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise, as drawn up by Lawyer Evans Chew, he was entitled to fifty per cent of the gate receipts, as and when received. The ticket sale already exceeded his fondest anticipations, and he had pocketed two bits from the price of each ticket sold. Enough money was certain to guarantee him a regular honeymoon if Delight accepted him.

The sable Thespian turned into Twenty-fourth Street, upon which thoroughfare the residence of Mrs. Sabb was located. He quickened his pace, eager to be under the same roof with her again. There was the house, its tiny front yard resplendent with spring flowers, its gate invitingly ajar, the sidewalk before it.

The sidewalk before it! Mr. L. Jupiter Jones stared at the sidewalk before it and became conscious of the fact that something was wrong. There was something on that sidewalk which did not belong there; something which caused a tremor of apprehension to slither through Mr. Jones' anatomy. The something which was on the sidewalk was a trunk; a battered, road-worn trunk of an appearance forbiddingly familiar. Even at a distance Mr. Jones knew that he knew that trunk. He knew that the trunk was his. Of a sudden the sun seemed to slide behind a cloud and the birdies to cease their caroling. He experienced a gelid trepidation and thrust his hands deep into trousers pockets. That trunk—on the sidewalk ——

Closer he came—and closer. He didn't need inspection to tell him that the trunk was his. He glanced first at it, and then at the house. The front door was closed. He looked at the trunk again. It said nothing, but spoke volumes. There was a suspicion crystallizing in the mind of Mr. L. Jupiter Jones that all was not as it should be. Things were wrong—how wrong even he had not yet begun to suspect.

He walked nervously through the gate and put his hand on the knob of the front door. It turned, but the door refused to yield. He pushed harder. From within came a voice—a voice which he recognized as the property of Mrs. Delight Sabb. But its timbre was strange to him. There was in it a hint of tears and more than a hint of animosity.

"Who's there?"

"It's me."

"Who's you?"

"Jupiter."

"Jupiter which?"

"L. Jupiter Jones. It's me—which boa'ds with you."

"Ain't no L. Jupiter Jones boa'din' with me. They was a wuthless no-'count cullud man which said that was his name useter stay heah, but he don' no mo'."

L. Jupiter Jones leaned limply against the frame of the door. Delight and angry with him. The day became very murky indeed. A great gob of gloom descended and perched upon the shoulders of his black-and-white-checked suit.

"Delight ——"

"Mis' Sabb is the name I goes by."

"Mis' Sabb then."

"An' I don't go by no name with you."

"They—they mus' be sumthin' the matter," he quavered.

"They is—a plenty."

"If'n I c'n esplain ——"

"You go esplain to Chlorine Gannit. She's mos' likely mo' interusteder than what I is."

"Esplain to—my gosh! Delight, you ain't gone an' thunk that I is interusted in that gal!" There was real horror in his voice.

"If'n you ain't interusted in her, then you is sho'ly the greatest actor which is."

"I—I—ain't care a snap on my fingers fo' her. I swears ——"

Delight's voice came to him through the door, cold and hard.

"If'n you don' git away fum heah with yo' trunk you is gwine swear sho' nuff!"

"B-b-but what you said 'bouten me an' Chlorine ——"

"I ain't sayin' nothin' I don' know!"

"They ain't nothin' between I an' her."

"If'n they ain't they oughter be!"

"Delight, I - I ——"

L. Jupiter Jones found himself at loss for words. It was then that Mr. Shakspere came to his aid. His voice took on a soft and pleading nuance as he delivered a speech from Coriolanus: "Darlin', I swears Ise chaste like'n to an icicle tha's curdled by the fros' from pures' snow an' hangs on Dian's temple. An' an' that's the hones'-to-Gawd's truth, Mis' Sabb."

"Hmph! You is gwine git chased pretty quick! Now git!"

"But Delight ——"

"Git!"

"I never ——"

"Git!"

Mr. L. Jupiter Jones got! He got away and he got a truck to tote his trunk to Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel. To Sally he explained that he had decided to move from the domicile of Delight Sabb. Sally, portly of frame though she was, had a mind exceedingly nimble, and she put two and two together and made eleven. Despite his being the actor that he was, L. Jupiter Jones had not been even a trifle successful in concealing his lugubriousness. It was not until the following morning that Sally found Sis Callie Flukers and told to that skinny and acidulous lady the story of L. Jupiter's advent to the Cozy Home Hotel. Sis Callie's eyes sparkled with divine mischief, and she hied straightway to the coal yard where the giant Simian Gannit was employed as driver. To Simian she told the story of L. Jupiter's change of residence.

"So there y'are," she finished triumphantly.

"There I is which?"

"Ain't you said yo' ownse'f that the reason you di'n't pay no 'tention to the scandal bouten yo' wife, Chlorine, an' this heah L. Jupiter Jones was cause'n Delight Sabb went on keepin' company with him?"

"Yeh."

"An' ain't you reemahked that if'n she ever busted off with him that'd be proof that things what folks was sayin' was so?"

Simian was not especially long on mental agility, but this conclusion had been driven home with a trip hammer. He had watched and seen and suspected. Now Delight Sabb had clinched things for him. He rose to his feet, towering menacingly above Sis Callie's attenuated form. It was these very Herculean proportions which had prompted L. Jupiter to cast Simian in the rôle of Macduff—that his battlefield triumph in the last act might be enhanced in dramatic value. But now the huge muscles writhed with fury.

"Go on away, Sis Callie."

"Me?"

"Yeh—you."

"Ain't you gwine do nothin', Simian?"

"Yeh, Ise gwine think!"

Sis Callie went, and Simian thought. He thought harder and longer than he had ever done before in his simple unaffected life. And there was good cause, for if ever woman was loved by man, Chlorine was by Simian.

Sis Callie lost no time in circulating her end of the toothsome scandal. The news spread like wildfire, gaining in tragic potentiality with every retelling. Those in charge of the ticket sale for that night's performance of Macbeth were besieged by eager bidders for reserved seats. The situation had developed an emotional appeal that even the mind of Mr. William Shakspere had never anticipated. For that night was to be presented Macbeth. In the title rôle was to be seen Mr. L. Jupiter Jones. Opposite him was his supposed *femme de cœur*—Chlorine Gannit. Playing Macduff was her husband, and as Lady Macduff was the widow who formed the fourth side of the quadrilateral. Even Florian Slappey—suffering from acute pre-stage fright for fear he might forget his brief lines as the melancholy Dane—found himself rising to heights of enthusiasm at what the evening might hold in store.

The performance was scheduled to start at eight-thirty o'clock. By seven-forty every seat in the lodge rooms was occupied, and long lines of disappointed spectators were offering premiums for choice seats. By eight-fifteen extra prices were being offered, and refused, for any sort of a seat. At eight-twenty the doors were closed, every seat and every available inch of standing room having been filled.

The day had been a miserable one for three persons—for L. Jupiter Jones, for

(Continued on Page 103)

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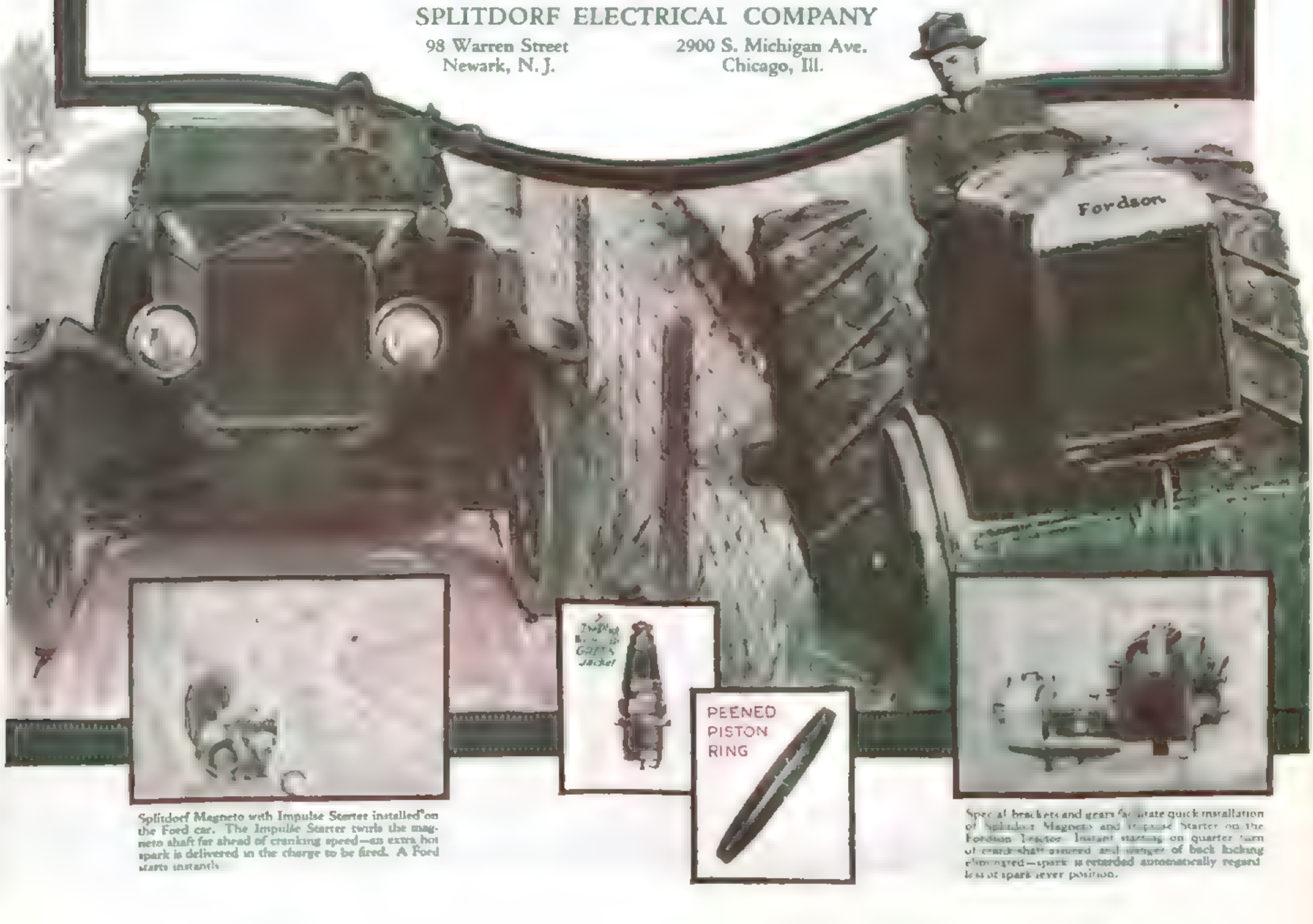

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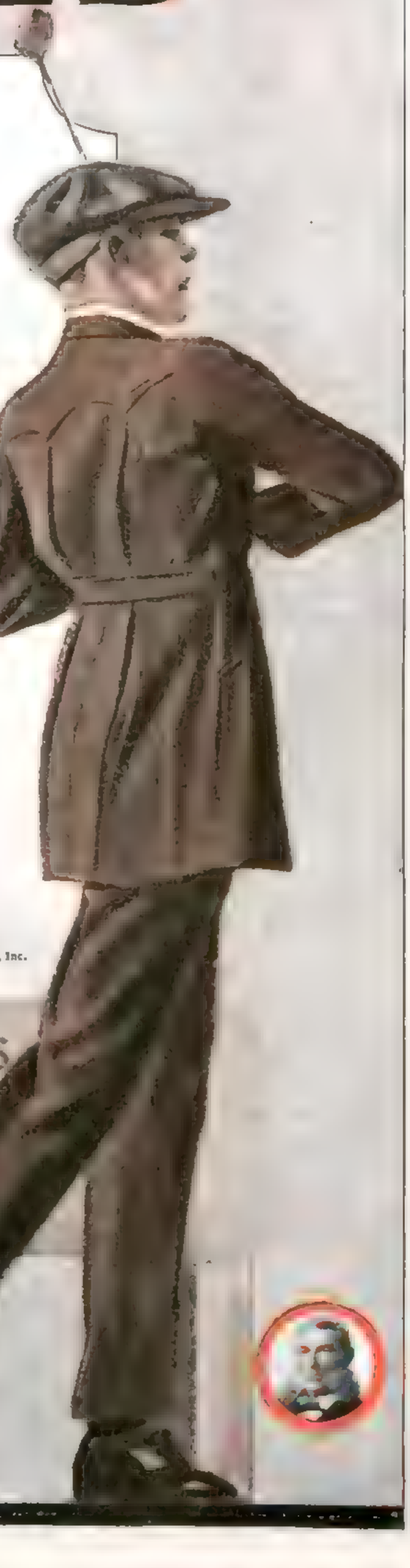

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Continued from Page 98

Simian Gannit and for Chlorine, his adoring young wife, who had not been able to fathom her huge husband's sudden and complete silence toward her. Nor had Mrs. Delight Sabb been experiencing any delirium of happiness.

Of the quartet L. Jupiter Jones arrived first at the theater. He was greeted affably at the stage door by Keefe Gaines, the perennially smiling undertaker. The coincidence did not affect L. Jupiter with any surge of delight. He was shaken by premonitions, and he was shaken hard. He repaired immediately to his dressing room, where he commenced the sad work of fitting himself into his costume.

The male costumes had been designed by L. Jupiter Jones, and were masterpieces of economy. He bent over and rolled up his trousers. Then he stepped into a pair of stockings which had been borrowed from one of his lady friends. Over these he pulled a doublet and a pair of bloomers reaching to the knees. The effect was startlingly mid-Victorian. The whole was heightened by a lady's velveteen hat, which he placed upon his noble brow. The hat was decorated with a large once-white ostrich plume. His belt was of white glazed leather. A sheath had been sewed thereon and in that sheath was fitted a stage dagger—a trick affair the blade of which was designed to slide harmlessly into the hilt at the moment when he was supposed to be plunging it into the faithless heart of Macduff. L. Jupiter Jones had paid cash for those trick knives—one for himself and one for Simian Gannit, who was to play Macduff, and even in rehearsal they had looked horribly realistic. Once costumed, L. Jupiter Jones seated himself on an overturned box to think things over.

Out front all was bustle and turmoil. Florian Slappey, clad in black tights which had once done duty as a feminine union suit and upon which the art of the dyer had been practiced, ran importantly about the stage getting in everyone's way and trying futilely to assist the stage hands. The three witches — Magnolia Morton, Christeen Gethers and Callie Flukers—fluttered nervously about the flies, tremulous at the thought of having to open the show.

Mrs. Delight Sabb, costumed in a New York model bought from Birmingham's largest department store, took little pleasure in the beautiful picture she reflected in the mirror. True, she was sure that she looked a perfect Lady Macduff, but even that held little of interest to her now. She had lost L. Jupiter Jones. Worse, she had given him up, and the future seemed a dull drab thing.

In the next dressing room the giant Simian, clad as Macduff, vouchsafed not a word to his wife, who, garbed in the melancholy white of Lady Macbeth and with blond wig carefully adjusted so that her sleep-walking scene might be more effective, perched tearfully on an old and battered dressing table. Simian finished his dressing, turned and made his exit from the room. He crossed the stage and went straight to Keefe Gaines. His voice was low and confidential.

"You is gwine guard this heah door, Keefe?"

"Yassuh, Simian, I sho'ly is."

"An' you ain't gwine let nobody gitten out?"

"Not nary soul."

"Pretickerly L. Jupiter Jones?"

"Pretickerly him."

"He's li'ble to try."

"Let him. Ise bigger'n him, an' 'sides the do' is locked."

"Good."

"You is espectin' hum to try to git away?"

Simian Gannit eyed the other peculiarly. There was something in his glance which caused even Keefe Gaines, undertaker par excellence though he was, to tremble.

"He's gwine try git away all right," postulated Simian. "But you is to see he ain't to do it."

"But ——"

"Fo' one thing," finished Simian, "L. Jupiter Jones is a'ready been paid half of ev'ything which has been tooken in. If'n he was to git scared an' run fum this heah hall we'd have to give back the ticket money 'cause'n the show di'n't finish, an' we'd be a dead loss fo' all which we has paid him. Is that nuff reason?"

Keefe Gaines nodded.

"Fo' an undertaker—yes."

Simian raised his eyes. Across the stage, standing weakly in the wings, was his wife—the personification of tragedy in the white of Lady Macbeth. Instinctively Simian longed to cross to her, to take her in his arms and protest that he knew his suspicions of her and L. Jupiter Jones were ungrounded. But just at that moment, when his love for his young wife threatened to engulf all other emotions, he saw Delight Sabb leave her dressing room, glare balefully at Chlorine and pass without a word. Simian's teeth clicked together. Delight's suspicions crystallized his own. Had Delight not thrown L. Jupiter over, Simian might have believed that Chlorine had not been untrue. And it was plain that Delight believed of Chlorine and Jupiter what everyone else believed.

And then—the call went up. The three witches took their places on the stage. The blare of Professor Alec Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra ceased and the curtain shot to the top of the low proscenium arch. Macbeth had commenced to Macbeth.

Sis Callie Flukers' witchy voice showed a decidedly earthly tremble as she uttered the first lines of the play—"When is we th'ee gwine meet again—in thunder, lightnin', or when it's rainin'?"

Magnolia Morton took her cue.

"When the hurdy-gurdy's done; when the battle's los' an' won."

And then Christeen Gethers.

"That's gwine be ere the sun sets."

CALLIE: "Where at?"

MAGNOLIA: "On the hearth."

CHRISTEEN: "There we is gwine meet Mistuh Macbeth."

CALLIE: "We's gwine be there."

ALL: "Fair is foul an' foul also is fair; hover in the fog, also air."

The curtain dropped zigzaggingly upon the first scene. There was a tense silence out front, then a burst of applause led by Spokane G. Washington, who was book-learned. There was a long pause as the scene was shifted.

The play went well. Under other circumstances L. Jupiter Jones would have been in a seventh heaven of triumphant delight. But now he tasted only the bitter dregs. In some manner he and the three other principals of the drama within the drama remembered their lines and managed to wade through their scenes. In fact, save for Florian Slappey, no member of the cast foozled a speech.

But the acting was mechanical. It lacked the punch and verve and pep for which L. Jupiter Jones had so long and so faithfully striven. But what the actors may have lacked in dramatic punch was more than atoned for by the pall which hung suspended over the stage.

It was there—sans Shakspere, sans lines—that the drama lay. The actors knew it, the audience knew it. The applause from out front was nervous and expectant, the air behind the scenes pregnant with dire potentialities. And yet for the first three acts nothing happened. But no one was fooled. Everyone knew that something was going to happen. Macbeth, stalking about the stage with the giant Macduff, was aquiver with apprehension. He felt the baleful eye of Simian Gannit upon him and knew that he was playing with Simian Gannit, husband, and not with Macduff as Shakspere had conceived him. The situation was driven home to L. Jupiter during the passionate love scenes—children of his own brain—between Lady Macbeth and Macduff; scenes which had been carefully calculated to rouse the audience's enthusiasm when in the final act Macbeth should kill his friendly enemy and forgive his almost faithless wife. Delight Sabb played her rôle with all the reserve any peeress of the realm could have commanded, and if the woman in her was yearning for a reconciliation with the quivery Macbeth she gave no sign.

Toward the end of the third act L. Jupiter Jones experienced a sudden surge of terror. He didn't know why, save that he was convinced that things were about to happen. He took his curtain calls and finally left the stage amid enormous applause. But something prompted him to remain in the wings. Doing so, he glanced across the stage through Birnam Wood—and there concealed amidst the foliage he saw Macduff.

But Simian did not see L. Jupiter Jones. Simian was busy. He was intent upon his work. So was L. Jupiter Jones. The actions of Simian Gannit were peculiar. First Simian drew his knife from the sheath. He tested the trick blade. Then he deliberately walked to the window and threw the stage dagger into the alley. Jupiter saw Simian smile. There was something in Simian's smile which did not cause the watching Jupiter any especial happiness. Nor did he dance with glee when he saw Simian reach through his doublet and into the pockets of his everyday trousers and therefrom extract a dagger which was very real indeed, test its edge and drop it into the sheath where the stage dagger was supposed to rest.

Simian turned away, convinced that he had been unobserved; secure in the belief that the foliage of Birnam Wood had screened his substitution of a genuine dagger for the trick one.

But L. Jupiter Jones had seen! And so too had Chlorine Gannit!

L. Jupiter staggered to his dressing room and collapsed limply on a stool upon the seat of which he had three weeks before elaborately painted a star. In an instant things had become plain to him—too fearfully plain.

Simian Gannit—Macduff—had substituted a genuine dagger for the collapsible stage affair with which his duel with Macbeth was to be fought. The fourth act was at hand—Birnam Wood was destined to move to Dunsinane—Macbeth meet Macduff upon the field of battle—the fight—the flash of a knife—and L. Jupiter Jones shuddered at the prospect of himself pitching headlong upon the stage spitted upon a dagger that was noncollapsible.

The trick was diabolically clever. Macduff would stagger back and step out of his rôle into that of Simian Gannit. He would register horror and regrets! He would claim that L. Jupiter Jones had supplied the dagger and that he himself had believed it was a trick affair.

L. Jupiter Jones shivered and groaned. The prospect of a hereafter was not unpleasing ordinarily, but with that hereafter imminent L. Jupiter Jones decided unanimously that he preferred the mortal coil upon which he had lived for thirty-one pleasant years. He was galvanized into action. From his dressing room he streaked to the stage door. Mr. Keefe Gaines insinuated himself before the struggling actor.

"Wha's ailin' you, Mistuh Jones?"

"Lemme out!" wailed Jupiter. "Fo' Gawd's sake, lemme out!"

"Cain't nobody git outen this theayter ontil the show been over."

"You don' on'erstan'!" howled Jupiter. "Simian Gannit is gwine kill me!"

"Reckon you is mos' likely mistaken."

Jupiter met the eyes of Keefe Gaines, undertaker, and was reminded of the ornate sign which hung before that affable gentleman's embalming emporium: "We bury others—why not you?" There seemed to be a sinister light in the eyes of Keefe Gaines; the appraising air with which a professional man looks upon a prospective client.

L. Jupiter Jones cringed. Not only had Simian exhibited an unsuspected cleverness in planning Jupiter's extinction, but his master stroke was the assignment of the undertaker to bar the lone exit. Of course Keefe rather preferred the tragedy. L. Jupiter Jones fled wildly to Florian Slappey, and found that dark and excessively rueful gentleman stalking up and down behind Birnam Wood. To Florian Jupiter retailed his troubles. Florian turned upon him angrily.

"You deserves to git kilt."

"What is I done?"

"What ain't you done? Ain't you done wrote me a paht of Hamlet I coul'n't even remember?"

No help there! The fourth-act curtain was about ready to ascend. Keefe Gaines had passed the word round that Jupiter was attempting to jump the theater and so ruin the show and make necessary a money refund to the spectators. Glances in which hostility was blended with suspicion were turned upon the miserable star wherever he stepped. And so he stepped into his dressing room.

Meanwhile Chlorine Gannit, who had also seen the substitution of the genuine for the stage dagger, had not been inactive. Her first move was to seek Delight Sabb. Delight froze up as Chlorine entered her dressing room. To Delight Chlorine told the story of Jupiter's impending demise. Delight's eyes widened with horror and she clutched the edge of her chair. But jealousy would not down entirely, even in that crisis.

"You seem mighty interusted 'bouten whether Jupiter gits hisse'f kilt or not."

"I don't keer nothin' 'bout Jupiter Jones," moaned Chlorine. "But I hates to see my husban' git hisse'f 'rested fo' killin' him. Tha's what Ise wo'ied 'bout."

Delight glanced at her closely.

"'Bout you an' Jupiter—ain't you been ca'yin' on?"

Chlorine raised tear-stained eyes.

"I an' him? My Lawd! Mis' Sabb—what I wan's with a no-'count wuthless actor like'n to Jupiter Jones when I is got my husban'? Ain't you see—ain't you see I don't care 'bouten nobody on'y Simian? I swears to you, Mis' Sabb, Simian is the fondes' thing Ise of!"

Delight believed. And believing, she took command of the situation. She grabbed Chlorine's arm and hustled her from the dressing room.

"You go fin' yo' husban' an' do yo' bes' to call him off; fin' him an'—no, wait a minute!"

Chlorine waited. The call was sent out for places for the final act. Said Delight, "Yo' husban' is on the stage at the beginnin' of the ac', ain't he?"

"Yeh."

"An' you said you seen him th'ow his stage dagger outen the winder into the alley?"

"Yeh."

"Go git it!"

Chlorine went. Keefe Gaines allowed her to leave the hall. She found the dagger easily enough, and returned with it—a cheap, tinny, collapsible affair.

"Now what?" asked the distraught wife.

Delight glanced on the stage. Simian Gannit was standing rigidly in one place, mouthing his lines with a fixed tensity.

"When Simian comes off you 'splain to him; an' when you 'splains to him you hug him; an' when you hug him you swipe fum him the dagger which he is got an' slip this heah fake dagger back in the sheath. On'erstan'?"

Chlorine nodded and sped away. She was waiting in the wings as Macduff made his exit, and she flung herself into his arms. Simian haughtily disengaged her. He refused to speak with her. But when he left her the stage dagger was reposing in his knife sheath and Mrs. Chlorine Gannit took the real one to the window and threw it far into the alley.

The call boy rapped on L. Jupiter Jones' dressing-room door.

"You is mos' jue to go on, Mistuh Jones."

L. Jupiter groaned.

"Ain't gwine on. Ise sick."

The call boy carried word to Keefe Gaines. Keefe entered L. Jupiter's dressing room.

"Git on the stage, Brother Jones."

"Says which?"

"Git on the stage!"

"Ise sick."

"You is gwine be sicker if'n you don't!"

There was again that something in the undertaker's eye that warned L. Jupiter Jones. He dragged himself from his dressing room. In the passageway he met Delight Sabb. She stopped him.

"Jupe?"

"Yeh?"

"I is misjedged you."

"You sho'ly has."

"I is sorry."

"So is I."

"I is mo' sorrier'n what you is, Jupe."

"Hmph! You on'y thinks you is."

"Does you love me, Jupe?"

"Yeh."

"I loves you—strong."

"Well—love me quick, 'cause in five minutes I is gwine be ain't!"

"You knows 'bouten the dagger?"

"I knows mo'n that. I knows he's done even got the undertaker heah watching me so's Ise gwine git embalmed quick."

From the stage came Macbeth's cue. The actor in Macbeth responded. Instinctively he started toward the wings. Delight spoke quickly.

"Don't you wo'y 'bouten Simian Gannit, honey. 'Splain to him that I an' Chlorine is frien's an' that we knows you ain't been bad like'n to what we thunk you was. Then mebbe he won't kill you."

"Mebbe!" grunted Jupiter miserably. "I ain't never heard of mebbe savin' no lives."

Keefe Gaines was at Jupiter's entrance position, and he prodded the unhappy actor.

"Better go th'oo with it," he advised.

Jupiter favored him with a fearful glance.

"Treat me gentle when it's over," said he, "an' be sho' Ise daid."

And then he made his entrance. There was a burst of applause from out front.

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He was late on his cue, and stage conditions had become static.

Jupiter was trembling. Simian Gannit looked fully a mile high and unbelievably menacing. The situation was very plain. If only Jupiter could make Simian understand that Chlorine and Delight had made friends and mutually forgiven; if only he could get that idea across he realized that the naturally soft-hearted Simian would postpone the massacre—perhaps call it off altogether. If only he could get Simian off stage just long enough for Delight to explain that she had taken Jupiter back to her heart.

Jupiter was shriveling. The battle scene with himself in the rôle of massacree was not overly inviting. What Jupiter did not know was that the dagger in Simian's girdle was the original stage dagger, incapable of harm. And not knowing it, he suffered a thousand deaths as he delivered his first line:

"They is done tied me to a stake; I cannot fly, but bearlike I is got to fight."

Simian interrupted with an improvised speech:

"You said it, Macbeth! You sho' done said it!"

MACBETH: "Who's you? You wa'n't bohn of woman. Such a one I is got to be skeered of—or none."

MACDUFF: "Gittin' skeered seems to be the on'y thing you don' never do nothin' else but."

MACBETH: "Have mercy, Macduff, befo' I kills you! I assuahs you 'tis all mistaken. Yo' wife an' my gal is done made up."

MACDUFF: "Liar what you is! Yo' hour has come!"

MACBETH: "I tell you ev'ything's all right. Honest t' Gawd it is! They ain't no cause fo' us to fight."

MACDUFF: "Tyrant, lemme see yo' face. If'n thou be kilt an' by no stroke of mine my wife an' chillun's ghos's is gwine ha'nt me. I ain't gwine fight with no bums. Jes' lemme kill you an' I ain't got nothin' mo' to ask!"

MACBETH: "They ain't no reason I should play the Roman fool an' die on my own dagger. While I see enemies alive the gashes does better on them."

Simian Gannit stepped closer. Jupiter stepped back. If only he could make Simian understand. He dropped his voice to a pleading whisper:

"Hones', Simian, Chlorine an' Delight is done made up."

"You is lyin', cullud man!"

"I swears they has!"

"Ain't!"

"Is!"

"Nossuh!"

"If'n you was shuah of it woul'n't that prove all what you think is so between I an' Chlorine ain't on'y lies?"

"Mebbe so," grunted Simian. "But I is gotten you where I wan's you, an' you ain't gwine git away. So git ready!"

Simian dropped his hand upon the hilt of his dagger. Jupiter cringed as the voice of Macduff boomed across the stage. The audience sat forward tensely.

"Turn, hell-hound, turn!"

MACBETH: "I sho' is tried to git away fum thee. But git thee back! My soul is too much charged with blood of thine a'ready."

MACDUFF: "I have no words. My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villyun than anyone is reemahked!"

MACBETH: "I tell you they ain't a thing between I an' yo' wife!"

MACDUFF: "Jes' the same, Macbeth, you is gwine git yourn, an' git it a plenty."

Simian walked across the stage, turned and slipped his dagger part way from the sheath. Then he paused and a look of inquiring surprise crossed his face. For Simian had made the discovery that the dagger he was carrying was the original imitation dagger! No longer was he girded with a vicious thing of steel. In its stead someone had placed there the collapsible toy which was incapable of harm. He looked narrowly at L. Jupiter Jones. That gentleman wore a hunted, haunted look in his eyes. It was plain to Simian that Jupiter thought he carried a real dagger.

And as Simian fingered his harmless weapon he saw Jupiter plunge his hands into the pockets of the trousers he wore under his costume.

Jupiter's fingers probed his trousers pocket. And suddenly they closed round something reassuringly hard. For a brief instant a smile crossed the face of L. Jupiter Jones. An idea had come to him. Keeping his hand in his pocket, he turned again toward Simian, and there was an expression upon his face that brought a surge of terror to the heart of the big man who now knew that the dagger he wore was made of tin!

There was no doubting the fact that L. Jupiter Jones had undergone a transformation. Simian narrowly watched the hand that was in Jupiter's pocket. Perhaps it held a gun, or at least a knife—a genuine knife.

Jupiter radiated confidence, and Simian recalled wild tales he had heard of the scrapping ability of the cornered rat.

Jupiter expected to be murderously attacked, and Jupiter had suddenly become confident of himself. That much was evident. Simian backed away and took counsel with himself. Perhaps he had been too hasty. Perhaps Chlorine and Delight had really made friends after all—and Simian knew that if they had it meant that his suspicions of Chlorine and Jupiter were groundless.

Simian was realizing that he had bitten off a considerably ample chew. He regretted it—and terror came to him. He dropped his voice and attempted to placate L. Jupiter Jones. The shoes had suddenly changed feet. Before it had been L. Jupiter who was sparring for time; now it was Simian who sought to postpone open hostilities.

Said Simian: "They ain't no use why I an' you shoul'n't be frien's, Jupiter."

"Play yo' paht, Simian. The audience is waitin'."

"I reckon I is done you an injestice."

"Play yo' paht!"

In the wings appeared the terrified Chlorine with her arms about Delight Sabb. Simian saw—and understood that Jupiter had indeed spoken the truth.

"Le's call this heah fight off, Jupiter."

"Me an' Shakspere written this show," snapped Jupiter, "an' it gits acted! Come on!"

And then Macbeth stepped into his lines again, that right hand still clutching the hard object in his pocket, his manner easy if watchful, his enunciation clear:

"I will not yield to kiss no groun' befo' young Malcolm's feet, an' to be baited with the rabble's curse. Though Barnum wood come runnin' to Dunsinane, an' you ain't had no mother, yet I will try the las'. Befo' my body I flings my warlike shield."

Simian tensed himself. His fearful eyes saw Macbeth's right hand stealing slowly from the pocket. Gun—or knife? Knife or gun? He made a last despairing plea:

"Jupiter—please ——"

And then L. Jupiter Jones, actor, rose to heights of histrionic grandeur. His vibrant voice carried to the farthest corner of the hall. His hand emerged from his pocket, clutching something. This something he shook with a peculiar rattling sound. He stooped and sent them clattering merrily across the battlefield, and then he gazed triumphantly at Macduff and then again at the dice which had come to rest with four-three showing.

"Roll on, Macduff," he declaimed, "an' see if you can roll 'em good enough!"

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BOUILLON

(Continued from Page 9)

its rays of light down upon the track ahead of him. Occasionally he would shake it, when the pencil of light would spurt out into an intenser brilliancy. There was the sound of dripping water all about him, and little rivers gurgled and rippled in the rocky ditches on either side of the car tracks, in the center of which he walked. Black mouths of cold, dank crosscuts opened up to the right and to the left of him every hundred feet or so, for he was in the old deserted workings of the mine. A quarter of a century before he had worked there himself with pick and hammer and drill, helping to gouge out and blast out the rich silver ore in those tunnels and stopes. Now a mile farther on men working under his directions were gouging out and blasting out the leaner extensions of those veins.

He recalled the wonderful finds that had been made in those crosscuts and drifts; the thousands of tons of rich ore he had seen taken out. If he could only strike rock like that of those former days! If the old mine would only come back—now, when danger was threatening him! He knew Vance was after him. He must be careful now not to make a misstep of any kind. If he could make a rich strike—what excuse would Vance have then for getting rid of him?

"I'm not too old!" he muttered. "I'm good for another ten years! Ten years more and I'll be willin' to quit! But if he fires me ——"

He broke off in his soliloquizing, for he suddenly found himself in pitchy black darkness—his lamp had gone out. He uttered an imprecation and drew his hand sharply over the little wheel on the side of the reflector. A shower of tiny sparks shot out from the flint beneath the wheel, but there was no leap of flame. He lifted the lamp toward his ear and shook it.

"Cripes, it's empty!" he growled. "I thought it was filled. Now I'll have to feel my way in to the station."

He went slowly forward in the almost palpable darkness that surrounded him, feeling with his feet for the running board between the car rails, finding his way easily, avoiding jutting rocks and sharp turns as though some sixth sense were guiding him. Five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen he walked, and then far ahead of him his eye caught the twinkle of a pin point of light—the station lamp. As he drew near the lighted place he heard the sound of raised voices, loud talking, shouting, laughter.

"What is it—a party?" he mumbled, going cautiously now, careful to make no noise.

"Humpty-dee! Humpty-di! Humpty-dum! Seven!"

On the floor of the station near the shaft he saw three men. They were on their knees. Two of them he recognized as trammers on that level; the third, a short stout little man, was Coningsby Sugg.

Connie Sugg was one of old Dan's many trials and tribulations—Connie Sugg, mine and mill roustabout and handy man, with his irrepressible crap-shooting proclivities; with his exasperating triweekly requests for a couple of dollars to buy a few groceries with; with his eternal good humor, his persistent joviality, his never-disappearing grin.

"Cripes, Connie, wipe that grin off your mug and look serious!" the old superintendent had yelled at him a thousand times. "Look serious once in a while! You make me sick with your damned happy-happy stuff!"

And a thousand times had he threatened to discharge the man, always for the one offense—crap shooting about the mine and mill. But he never had discharged him and he knew he never would. There was a big warm spot in the old man's heart for the good-natured, grinning offender, Connie Sugg, for all the foolish fellow's faults. He couldn't—he couldn't possibly get along without Connie Sugg—he was his faithful Achates, his man Friday, his liege man, his trump, his flunky. But he wished he could break him of that crap-shooting habit. It was a bad thing for the working force. Here he was again at it in working hours, neglecting his own job, keeping other men from their jobs, rolling dice! A stop would have to be put to it—that was all!

The osseous cubes had again come to the hands of the little squat man kneeling on the station floor, and he was blowing his breath upon them as he rolled them about between his palms. Now they were tumbling over the iron plate above which the three were bent near the shaft.

"It's Giant Dick from Boston!" chortled Connie Sugg. "Watch me make it! Watch me close, boys! Humpty-dee! Humpty-di! Humpty-dum! Seven? Jeeminy jack rabbits! I lose every time on that humpty-dum this mornin'! And last night I was takin' everything in sight on humpty-dum! Shoot, Terry!"

Old Dan, crouching in the darkness preparing for his spring upon the three unsuspecting dicers, chuckled as he watched them. He would throw a scare into them pretty soon that they would remember.

The dice were again in the hands of the eager Connie Sugg, and again they clattered over the iron plate.

"It's little Jo-Jo this time!" he announced. "Easy pickin', and there's six bits layin' on the board waitin' to be took! Watch me take it up! Humpty-dee! Humpty-di! Humpty-dum! Huh? A seven again! Jeeminy-jiggers! Dern that humpty-dum! I can't do nothin' a-tall this mornin' ——"

"What's goin' on here, hey?"

The roar of the superintendent's voice in the silence of the underground chamber was terrifying. Three frightened men leaped to their feet, the dice disappeared as by magic in the pockets of Connie Sugg, and that embarrassed and confused individual began hurriedly gathering up the sharpened drills which he had dumped down upon the floor a half hour before.

"What're you two men doin' here?" demanded the old man angrily. "Shootin' craps, eh? Why ain't you trammin' rock, hey? Why ain't you?"

"No cars come down yet—we was waitin' for cars," answered one of the trammers.

"Waitin' for cars! No excuse! Why didn't you go to work with your shovels cleanin' up that spilled waste in yonder? That's part of your job. Now you grab a shovel and lam in, and if I ever catch you at this trick again I'll send you down the hill so fast the trail'll smoke behind you! No cars! Cripes!"

The two trammers slunk away, and in a moment the scrape, scrape, scrape of steel on shattered rock was heard back in the tunnel.

"And you—you little sawed-off nubbin!" bellowed the old man, wheeling about and advancing upon the busy nipper. "What've you got to say, hey? Why weren't you gettin' them tools in to the miners?"

"I—I was ahead of time," replied Connie Sugg, swallowing hard.

"Yeah! Any old time you're ahead of time! That's a hot one! Now listen to me, Mr. Sugg! Lend me your elephant ear, Mr. Sugg, for I'm goin' to put a flea in it as big as a mud turtle! I'm goin' to jolt you! This is the limit—this is the last limit! I've warned you before—I've been warnin' you for fifteen years, and now I'm through! You can finish up your trip and at noon you can go home! Understand?"

Fright, surprise, doubt, sorrow looked out of the chubby man's big blue eyes. He essayed a grin, but it was a wretched failure.

"Huh? You—you don't mean I ——"

"I mean just that! Go home at noon! I've got enough of you and your crap shootin' about these works, and I'm sick of you and your darned groceries! Get out! Go home at noon! See Dancer and tell him I told you that!"

The steel drills the nipper was holding slipped from his hands and fell rattling about his feet; his thick red lips dropped apart and his staring blue eyes floated in a teary flood.

"All—all right, boss," he gulped.

Old Dan refilled his lamp with water and carbide, adjusted it, lighted it by rasping a spark from the little piece of flint it carried, and walked away. He entered another tunnel leading away from the station.

"Cripes!" he chuckled as he went along. "That's the time I throwed it into him right! That's the time he didn't grin back at me! Good little chap to have round, Connie is. Couldn't get along without Connie—couldn't possibly. But I wish he wouldn't shoot craps and bother me for money for groceries."

He continued on his way until he came to 87 Crosscut. He turned into it and in a few minutes reached the workings. Three cars of ore, which the muckers had just finished loading, stood on the track. He held up his lamp and studied the rock carefully.

"Great stuff!" he muttered as his keen eye caught the luster of the horn silver it carried. "Great stuff! Looks like the rock we used to take out of the old mine years ago. What if we should find the same old ledge!"

He moved on toward the face of the drift, where an air-driven machine thundered and roared over its mighty task, driving a six-foot bar of tempered steel into the living rock in front of it. The two men operating the machine glanced at him as he approached, then turned back to their work. The steel drill wabbled and twisted and turned, and lunged and beat and banged at the rock before it; the compressed air whined and shrieked through the intakes and outlets of the mechanism, and the whole machine trembled and shook until it seemed to the onlooker that every muscle of the man operating it must be vibrating and aquiver.

The superintendent watched the operations for a few moments, then gave a signal to stop the work. The terrific din that had been filling the narrow chamber was in an instant succeeded by a silence that was appalling. He stepped upon a little mound of blasted, pulverized rock that lay in front of the tripod supporting the machine, lifted up his lamp and began examining the ore vein.

"Looks pretty good, eh, boys?" he said as he ran his lamp up and down the glittering seam of multicolored ore that had been exposed by the last blast.

"I'll say it looks pretty good," returned the man leaning over the machine. "Another fifty foot of this and we'll sure be takin' out some valuable rock from the old hole."

"Yes, sir, it certainly looks good!" repeated the old man. "Look at that yellow stain! There's chloride for you, eh? Look at this piece, boys! Cripes!" For several seconds he stood musing, and his eyes shone unusually bright in the glare of the carbide lamps. "All right, men, let the good work go on," he said, stepping down from the little mound of pulverized rock.

With a snort and a howl, as the compressed air was released in its chambers, the machine resumed its interrupted labor, driving the long steel drill deeper and deeper into the hard granitic rock. And again the little chamber was choked with a bedlam of sound.

The superintendent returned to the crosscut, walked slowly back through it to the tunnel, into which he turned, to penetrate deeper and deeper into the mine. He came to a raise, climbed a long rickety ladder, climbed another and another through old damp stopes, walked half a mile through an ancient drift and came to the workings where the ore had been showing better values for the last two or three shifts. An examination of the rock there left him chuckling again, and as he emerged from the mine into the open above the mill a half hour later a smile was playing about his lips beneath the gray mustache.

"I must write and tell Pete about it," he was saying to himself as he entered his office. "Pete'll like to hear about this ore. He's always kind of looked at Argent Group as his mine, because he located the first claim here—made the first discovery."

He sat down at his desk, threw off his hat and raised his feet to a table.

"Take a little letter, Sampson!" he called over his shoulder. "Take a letter to Pete Randall at Virgin City."

There was silence in the room. He looked about. Hugh Sampson, his bookkeeper and stenographer, had returned no answer—he was not at his desk that stood half hidden behind a row of filing cases.

"Now, then, where's Sampson?" he growled. "Sampson! Sampson!" he bellowed.

A door leading into another room opened and a bullet-headed youth looked in.

"Sampson telephoned me that he couldn't come out to-day, Mr. Tinling," he announced. "He said his stummick's out of whack again."

Old Dan glared.

"What's that?" he roared. "His stummick's out of whack? Well, I don't wonder it's out of whack, with all the slop and other junk he's lappin' up all the time! Get him on the phone for me, Digby—I want to talk to him!"

Hugh Sampson, in charge of the office work at Argent Group Mines, was another

(Continued on Page 110)

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

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Mailohm
Marmon
Master Trucks
Maxim Fire Trucks
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McLaughlin (Canada)
Menominee Trucks
Meteor
Midwest Engines
Milwaukee Gasolene Locomotives
Minneapolis Motors
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Moreland Trucks
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Nash
National
Nelson
Nelson Tractors
Nelson & Le Moon Trucks
Netco Trucks
New Britain Tractors
Noble Trucks
Oakland
Old Reliable Trucks
Oldsmobile
Oneida Trucks
Owens Light & Power Plants
Packard
Paige
Pan
Parker Trucks
Paterson
Patriot Trucks
Perfect Power Sprayers
Phianna
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Pioneer Tractors
Pittsburgher Trucks
Porter
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Ranger Trucks
R & V Knight
Red Wing Thurobred Motors
Reo
Re-Vere
Reynolds Trucks
Riker Trucks
Roamer
Roberts Motors
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Speedway Motors
Standard 8
Standard Trucks
Stanwood
Stearns-Knight
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U S Pat No. 1,115,727, April 13, 1915 U S. Pat No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

Un-retouched photograph showing conditions encountered by Cord Tires in excavation and foundation work for the Federal Reserve Bank at Richmond, Virginia. George, Hankins & George, Contractors

GOODYEAR

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Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 106)

of old Dan Tinling's many cares and worries. Sampson was a transplanted effete Easterner, and that fact constituted old Dan's first count against the man. Then he was refined and nice and dainty and grammatically perfect in his speech, and that was count two against him. He wore creased trousers, silk shirts, gorgeous ties and kid shoes about the office, though every other employee of Argent Group that entered the building, from the superintendent down to messenger boy, was garbed in khaki overalls, laced boots, woolen shirt and slouch hat. Count three against Hugh Sampson. Finally he had a delicate, disordered digestive system—he talked much of dyspepsia and was finicky in his eating; he nibbled at queer health foods and he brewed over the drum stove in the office for his consumption innumerable cups of beef tea—"booyong," he called it. Count four. The man—his talk, his ways, his health—annoyed, exasperated old Dan. Sometimes—not always, for Sampson was a good workman—he wished he had a real Westerner on the job.

"Here he is now, Mr. Tinling," called the bullet-headed youth. The superintendent stepped across the room to a telephone.

"Hello! That you, Sampson?" he shouted. "Well say, Sampson, I'm gettin' pretty well fed up on this here stummick song of yours. Gettin' to be kind of a chestnut, you know, Sampson. If you'd put on a nose bag at meal time, like the rest of us do, and cut out this canary bird and goldfinch chow you're eatin' you wouldn't have so much stummick trouble. Here I've got a letter to write to Pete Randall right away, and I'd like to know how I'm goin' to do it! You know yourself that I can't spell for one-two-three, and if I wrote it with a pen Pete couldn't read it—and neither could I. And I'd rather tear down one of the mine compressors and set it up again than to try to monkey out a letter on that writin' machine of yours. Cripes, Sampson, why don't you order a new stummick? Hey? Uh-huh! Oh, that's all right, Sampson! You just take it easy for a day or two and you'll be all right—it isn't like consumption or paralysis, you know. I'll manage to get along all right. But you take my advice and cut out this here bullion-cube-tea stuff you're drinkin' all the time. So long, Sampson!"

He went back to his desk and sat down and glowered.

"Cripes! Why doesn't he do something?" he muttered. "Clever little man, Sampson is. I'd hate to lose him, dogged if I wouldn't. Too darned bad about his stummick. But I want to get that letter off to Pete—want to get it to him to-night. Pete might want to buy a little Argent Group stock if he knew it was lookin' good up here. I could telegraph, but that won't do—too many snoopers along the line between here and Virgin City." He turned and glared at Sampson's typewriter. "I'll have to try it, I guess. I'll make it a short one—but it'll be a bird of a letter, I'll bet!"

He took a handful of letterheads from a drawer, went to the machine and began laboring over the keyboard, punching the keys with his great, stubby, calloused fingers, muttering and growling as he worked. The sweat had broken out on his brow in big drops before he had finished; and he had bitten his tongue until it was sore; and the clock on the wall above him had ticked away an hour and more ere he pulled the sheet from the roller and laid it on the stand before him.

It was indeed a very short letter, and it was indeed a very queer-looking letter, but one could by study gather from it the information that Argent Group Mines showed signs of coming back strong; that there had been some remarkably rich ore uncovered in 87 Crosscut; and that it was the opinion of the writer that the long-lost ledge that had been searched for so diligently for so many years was about to be discovered.

"It certainly is a bird! It's a little loo-loo!" the old miner chuckled as he illegibly smeared his name at the bottom of the brief communication. "But Pete'll understand it. And Pete couldn't do any better, confound him! We went to the same school!"

He was folding the letter preparatory to inserting it in the envelope when he stopped.

"Guess I'll just stick on a postscript tellin' him I'm goin' to make a pretty nifty little shipment of bullion in a day or so," he said aloud. "That'll interest Pete too."

He went back to the machine, inserted the sheet and began punching the keys again. He had written but a few words when he lifted his big hands from the keyboard and rested them on the desk.

"Bullion!" he muttered. "Now, how in Sam Hill do you spell bullion—with one 'l' and a 'y' or with two 'l's' and a 'y'? Cripes! I've seen it in print a million and three times, and now I can't spell it to save my life! Bullion! Well, by cripes! Bullion!"

His eyes wandered away from the machine at which he had been staring. They came to rest on a row of small flat tin cans arranged in nice order on the top of Sampson's desk. Each of the cans bore a red label on which were printed the words, "Swiftman's Bouillon Cubes."

"There it is!" he exclaimed. "Sampson's bullion-tea stuff! Sure!"

He went to the desk, picked up and carried one of the cans back to the machine, sat down again and proceeded to spell out the word on the keys that was printed on the red label. The completed postscript informed Pete Randall that Argent Group Mines would make within a few days an unusually heavy shipment of bouillon.

"Yes, that'll interest Pete, all right. He knows we haven't been doing much lately. Cripes! I wouldn't take on a stenographer's job for a thousand a second!" the weary writer announced to the empty office, mopping his red face with his red bandanna. He sealed the envelope in which he had placed the folded letter.

"Hey, Digby!" he roared. And when the bullet-headed young man in the adjoining room put in appearance he said to him: "Get this letter in the box so Ballard will take it out—I want it to go to-night."

That afternoon at Jackwood's livery barn he ordered out and mounted his saddle horse to ride over the mountain ridge to inspect a number of new prospects four or five miles distant from Argent. He was going at Vance's orders. Vance proposed to acquire more ore-producing properties—a proposal that did not meet with old Dan's approval.

"It's a wild-goose chase!" he told himself as he rode away from the camp. "I know all about them gopher holes over there—I could write my report right here without havin' seen 'em!"

His inspection of the prospects was quickly over with, and he set out on his return ride. Down in the valley, a thousand feet below him, he saw a man on horseback flying over the sagebrush flat. He pulled up his steed and sat watching him.

"Cripes, that chap knows how to ride all right!" he muttered. "Wonder who it is? I guess I'll travel back to camp that way - must be a good road down there, judgin' from the way that fellow is hittin' it up."

He turned his horse and guided it down the rough trail into the valley. The horseman saw him descending the hill and came galloping across the flat to meet him. As he drew near old Dan reined in his animal and stared in amazement. It was Connie Sugg he saw approaching.

"What! That little bird!" he chuckled. "Now, where in Sam Hill did he ever learn to ride a horse? And how in Sam Hill does he manage to stick on with them short fat legs of his? Hello, Connie! What in Sam Hill are you doin' out here?"

"Been tryin' out my new mount," replied the little man, grinning broadly.

"Yours? That's Ed Shank's horse."

"No, it ain't—not no more. I shot Ed for it last night and took it from him. It's mine to-day."

"Say, Connie, you're goin' to shoot yourself in jail some of these fine days, you mark me! How'd you like to trade animals, Connie? I might be willin' to give you a little boot—say, five or ten dollars."

"Nope—nothin' doin', boss—don't care to trade. But say, I'll shoot you—your plug against mine. What say?"

Old Dan gave a snort of disgust and spurred his horse forward. Connie Sugg trotted after him as a page in the days of chivalry might have followed behind the knight he served. Once the chubby Sugg urged his animal to a gallop, and quickly left the older rider far behind.

"Cripes! The little tub rides better than I do," laughed old Dan. "I can't understand how he sticks to the saddle with them little fat legs. Makes me laugh to watch him. Good nag he's got too. I ought to get hold of it—he'll be gamblin' it off in a day or two."

At the livery barn the two men parted company.

"Dancer told me what you said I was to do," said Connie Sugg with a grin.

"Well, I just want you to keep your eyes open up there at the mill to-night and to-morrow night. I'm not exactly afraid anything will happen, you know, but I don't like the idea of all that stuff layin' up there alone—it might get lonesome. So you kind of hang round the compressor room where the bullion cupboard is. Might give an eye to Gadsen too, though I reckon he's all right. If you notice anything out of the way let me know, Connie."

"Sure thing! Sleep sound and leave it to me."

"No crap shooting up there, Connie, remember!"

"I should say not, boss!"

Sometime in the night old Dan was wakened from a sound sleep made pleasant by vivid dreams of ore veins so rich in silver that the ore was being sent directly from the mine to the refinery. He started up to find the telephone on the wall near his bed jangling wildly.

"Now what's the matter?" snarled the old man as he crawled from bed.

Connie Sugg was on the line.

"Hey, boss, you'd better come up to the mill!" he called. "Lot of old hen loose up here! Things are doin'!"

"I'll come." It wasn't unusual for him to make a trip in the middle of the night to the mill or mine—breakdowns, accidents to machinery, injured men often called him there. But this was the first time booze had ever routed him out of bed. He growled angrily as he dressed.

Ten minutes later he was climbing the rocky, slippery trail up the mountain side. The going was harder than it had been in the morning, for the night was dark and the uncertain path was covered with treacherous layers of ice. More than once he went down, one of the falls breaking the lamp of the electric torch he carried.

"Darn that old hen!" he kept muttering. "It's enough to drive a man back to drink—if there was such a thing as drink! Thought all my booze troubles disappeared when we voted this state dry, and here's this old-hen stuff flyin' in my face! Cripes!"

His wrath rose to higher bounds as he entered the mill and looked about. For some time, he saw, the mill had been left to run itself. The agitators and two of the great settling tanks were clogged; a filter was stuck fast; the tube mill was choked, and pulp and slime were piling up on the floor about it.

Gadsen, the foreman, came hurrying in from outside. Old Dan wondered why he was outside the mill at such a time. Surprise and something like fear showed in the man's eyes as they fell upon the superintendent.

"What's the matter up here, Gadsen?"

The foreman threw up his hands.

"Somebody scattered a lot of bad booze about the place to-night and the boys got hold of it," he replied.

"Who was it scattered it about, hey?"

"How do I know?"

"You're in charge here, aren't you? You ought to know who's foolin' round the mill after night! Well, hustle up the hill and tell Gerlach to send some of his men down here. Hurry up or we'll have a mess we'll never handle."

Gadsen ran out, saying, "I'll get them."

In the compressor room, sitting on a nail keg with his back against the door of the cupboard in which was stored the bullion, old Dan found Connie Sugg. The big blue eyes of the little man were singularly bright.

"What is it, Connie?"

"Don't know—don't know what to think of it, boss. I was settin' right here, just as I'm settin' now, after eatin' my lunch along about midnight, and I kind of dozed off. When I woke up I found this here bottle of old hen standin' on the floor there beside me."

He drew a flask of amber-colored liquid from the depths of the nail keg on which he sat.

"So that's old hen, eh?" said old Dan, taking the bottle, drawing the cork and sniffing at it.

"Doesn't smell half bad," he commented.

He tipped up the bottle and tasted the contents.

"Doesn't taste half bad either." And he smacked his lips. "You sure that's old hen, Connie?"

"That's old hen, boss, and no mistake. The proof of old hen ain't in the taste, but in the kick. And she sure hands out a hind-leg wallop. The mill gang's outside asleep in the snow."

"Well, what next?"

"Why, as I woke up and saw the old hen settin' invitin'-like on the floor I thought I noticed the coat tails of Gadsen goin' out that door yonder. Can't swear to that, though, as my lamps was still kind of blurred from the doze I'd been in. I got up and strolled out through the mill, and I saw that the old hen was gettin' in her work—the invisible waiter had served drinks out there first. So I come back here and called you up. Another little thing, boss - I'm pretty sure I heard a sneeze cart down the hill on the road behind the boiler house."

"You heard a what?"

"A sneeze cart—one of them little toy autos that everybody has nowadays."

"Oh, I guess not, Connie. Who'd have any business out there on that road after night?"

"I don't know, but just the same I'm pretty certain I heard a sneeze cart cough down there behind the old crusher house."

"All right, Connie, have it your own way. I think you'd better go out in the mill now and give Gadsen a hand—we'll have a bad mess of it if we don't get them agitators to workin' again pretty quick. I'll hang round here a while. If I don't think to tell you, you come out here again to-morrow night, and be sure you keep awake too!"

"Just you leave that to me, boss."

After the chubby man had gone old Dan took a key from his pocket and opened the door of the cupboard back of the compressor in which the bullion was stored between melting and shipping days. He counted the big white bars of metal he saw lying there. There were thirty of them.

"About sixty thousand dollars' worth of the stuff in that pile," he told himself. "A nice little stake of itself. Not bad at all, considerin' what we were doin' this time a year ago. Cripes! I wonder what makes me so nervous all at once about this melt of bullion? Been storin' it in that hole for ten years, and now something's givin' me a hunch to keep my eye on it. Darn that old hen! I wonder now"—he sat down and mused for a long while.

For the remainder of the night he busied himself about the mill, helping the green men who had been brought down from the hill to repair the damaged machinery and to get things again into running shape. He noticed that Gadsen worked feverishly, that he ran here and there, urging on the men, and he concluded the man was wrought up and worried over the trouble he had run into.

Just before daybreak the old man went down the hill to the camp and to his boarding house, where he ate his breakfast.

As he came out of the house he saw a small auto truck driven by a red-headed man draw up in front of the establishment of Tony Gasher, ex-saloonkeeper and ex-vender of all kinds of hard drinks—ex perforce by the recently made laws of the state of Nevada.

In the carrying box of the truck he saw a number of loose ore bags.

"Now where did that chap come from with a truck at this time of day?" he asked himself. "That must be the red-headed lad that Dancer was tellin' me about—the one that's helpin' Tony Gasher scatter old hen about these diggin's. I'll round up a gang of the boys some of these days and chase him and Tony Gasher both out of Argent! I'm gettin' tired of old hen!"

Back at the mill a few hours later he worked with the two men from the refinery, getting the bullion ready for shipment, helping them hammer down and smooth off the little knobs and irregularities on the surfaces of the bars, watching the careful weighing of the white metal on the Troy scales, assisting in the marking of the ingots with the steel dies employed for that purpose, stamping each bar with its weight, its lot number and the name of the producer. The work completed, the bullion was returned to the cupboard—there would not be time that day for its removal to Ore Valley for shipment.

"You tell Bryin when you see him to-day that he must take the stuff out to-morrow, Joe, and you and Lee be here to help him load it when he comes for it," he told the two workmen.

He went to his office. Sampson had not returned to work. The bullet-headed youth came in to say that the bookkeeper's stomach was still troubling him.

"I wish that invalid would either quit or get back on the job!" he mumbled. "Layin' off right when I'm needin' him most! Here I've got to get all this stuff together and write a letter to the mint! Fine work!

(Continued on Page 113)

Z i n c

ADDS LIFE to PAINT

To make every sweep of the brush deliver utmost value, the paint you manufacture, sell, buy, or use, should contain Zinc Oxide.

The tint, lustre, resistance against dirt and weather are improved—the very life of the paint is lengthened—by Zinc Oxide. Zinc paint provides a surface impervious to moisture, easy to wash and clean, and protected against rapid deterioration. The extreme fineness of Zinc Oxide gives to paint greater covering capacity, greater hiding power, and longer years of service.

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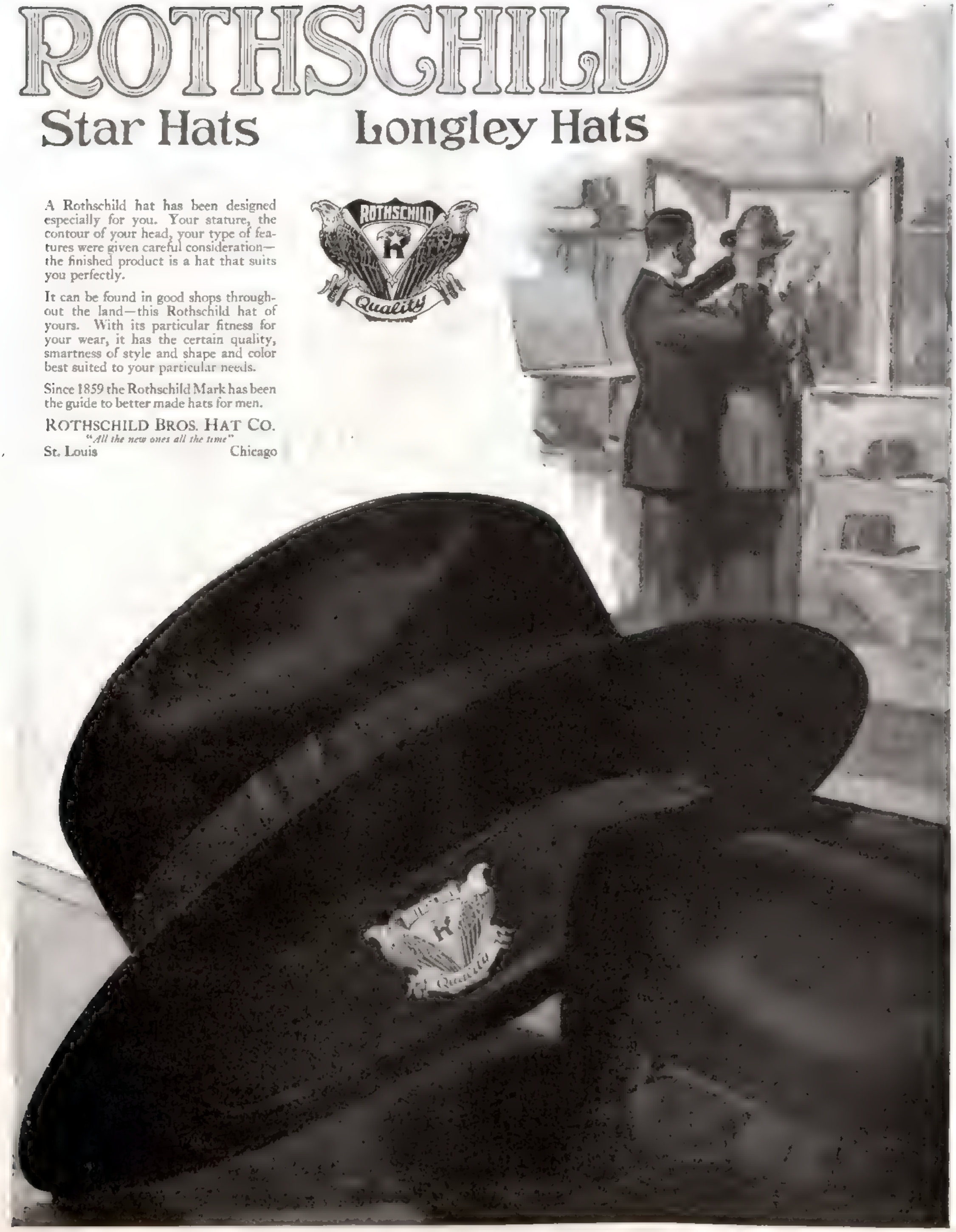


(Continued from Page 110)

It'll take me the rest of the day. Cripes! I wonder if I could use that addin' machine there to get my totals together?"

He walked over to the adding machine and stood before it, looking at its red and white keys. Then he drew his little notebook from his pocket, in which he had recorded the weights of the bullion, and began working with the keys, copying Sampson's methods of operation as he recalled them. Finally he pushed down the lever for a total, jerked out the ribbon of paper and looked at the result he had obtained.

"Seven million one hundred and twenty-two thousand six hundred and ten." That was the number he read aloud. "Bah!" he roared in disgust. "Seven million one hundred and twenty-two thousand six hundred and ten ounces of silver! I guess so—not! Some bullion, some bullion for a monthly clean-up at little old Argent! Old hen! Sick stummicks! Crap shooters! Addin' machines! Vice presidents and general managers! Letter writin'! Cripes, if we hadn't voted this state dry I'd go out and ——"

He did not complete his threat, but sat down and began transferring the figures from his notebook to a great sheet of white paper, and with much grunting and talking to himself, and with much licking of the point of the stubby pencil with which he worked, slowly added up the column he had assembled, going over his work again and again.

"Cripes! What'll Sir Vance have to say to that?" he chuckled when at last he was satisfied his computation was correct. "Ninety-two thousand one hundred and eighty-six ounces for the month, and forty-eight thousand one hundred and seventy-eight ounces of it for this half! Not bad—not bad at all! I should say it isn't bad! I wish Vance hadn't gone out to Virgin City yesterday—I'd just like to flash these figures at him! Well, now for the letter to the mint. It'll be another loo-loo! Darn Sampson's stummick!"

He went to the typewriter with a handful of letterheads, and again as on the day before he sat for a long time hunched up in the chair before the machine, punching the keys with his thick, stubby, calloused fingers, spoiling sheet after sheet of paper. And again as on the day before when he wrote he referred to the red label on the can that stood on his desk, spelling out the word it carried. And so in time he completed his letter to the superintendent of the mint at San Francisco, advising him that Argent Group Mines was shipping to the mint ninety-two thousand one hundred and eighty-six ounces of silver bouillon.

"It's a day!" he exclaimed as he sealed the letter and dropped it in the cigar box that was nailed to the side of his desk. "Hardest day I've put in for twenty-five years, dogged if it isn't!"

That night he was again wakened from sleep, this time from a sleep made terrible by dreams of silver ore so heavy with the precious metal that the timbering of the mine where he was uncovering it in vast and unheard-of quantities had broken down beneath its weight and had caught him beneath its glittering flood. It was all about him and over him, piling up and up about him, smothering him, crushing the life from his body. Then somebody had come to his assistance and was tugging and pulling at him, trying to drag him from beneath the sparkling heaps, shouting at him, encouraging him. He opened his eyes to find Connie Sugg bending over him, shaking him by the shoulder and bawling in his ear.

"What the devil!" he roared, sitting up in bed and rubbing his eyes.

"Tumble out, boss, tumble out!" snapped an excited Connie Sugg. "They've swiped the jack—they've got the bullion and skidooed!"

"Eh? What's that? What d'ye mean—swiped the jack?" There was a tremor in the old man's voice as he asked the question.

"Swiped the jack is right—got it and skidooed is right too!"

"Who?"

"Gadsen and the red-headed duck that's been picklin' this camp with old hen for the past two months! Tumble up, boss!"

"But—but what else?"

"Well, they served the new gang with old hen up at the mill to-night just like they served the other bunch last night. Got the whole lot of 'em stewed limber. We ought to've tumbled to the trick last night, boss, but we didn't. I told you there was a sneeze cart down the hill back of the mill. But you were snorin' and I was asleep, and I didn't get next to what was goin' on till it was rather late. I guess I kind of dozed off again to-night after I had my lunch down. They didn't leave me a bottle this time—I reckon they decided they couldn't land me that way; but here comes that Gadsen just as I woke up, honeyin' round and talkin' soft and wantin' to shoot me four bits. I couldn't stand it to let any chance go by like that, with a sucker like him, so I fell for it.

"Well, I won the bones and I'd just dropped down on my knees and had got to humpty-dee when up slips that red-headed ox behind me, piles his two hundred pounds of beef all over me and they had me fouled."

"You—you shot craps, eh?" inquired old Dan faintly.

"Yes, but they would have got me anyway, you know—probably would have cracked my coco with a sledge handle, for they was bound to get me. Shootin' that four bits with Gadsen saved my life, maybe. Well, they tied me up like I was a twist of perique tobacco, tossed me over by the compressor like I was a sack of spuds and told me they'd kill me if I opened my bazoo. Then they started to carry out the jack. They made fifteen trips between 'em."

"All of it—thirty bars!" groaned the old man.

"The redhead was for takin' me along with 'em," went on the little man, "and droppin' me off all tied up some place below, but Gadsen said they had load enough for that little truck. Anyway, he told redhead I couldn't do any damage before morning and by that time they'd be all right. So they busted the telephone with a hammer and left.

"All that time I'd been layin' my plans what I was goin' to do, and as soon as they'd gone I wiggled and squirmed and twisted myself over till I got up close to the fly wheel of that little compressor, you know, and then I just naturally let the edge of the fly wheel of that little compressor chaw the ropes in two that they had tied round my wrists. Then I beat it down the hill, and here I am."

"I see you," said old Dan in a whisper.

He was sitting on the edge of his bed, half dressed, his head falling forward, his eyes staring at the floor. He felt strangely helpless, unable to make a move, powerless to act. Anyway, what was the use now? The bullion had been stolen. It was in his charge—he was responsible for its safekeeping. Here was Vance's opportunity—Vance would discharge him, charging him with carelessness, perhaps with collusion with the robbers. Pshaw! And with a possibility of the old mine coming back! He had been counting on that new strike carrying him through the danger that was threatening him. Let him uncover a good big tonnage of hundred-ounce ore—and his last assays had gone better than that—and Vance wouldn't dare fire him! But now—stolen bullion—stolen by a man he had employed! He heard Connie Sugg speaking again.

"I knew the fix the mill would be in, so I stopped at Striver's on my way down, routed him out of bed and told him he'd better get up to the mill in a hurry or he'd be sorry when he went up to-morrow mornin' that he was day foreman up there. Then I stopped at Jackwood's barn and woke up Slim Gordon and told him to saddle up your plug and mine and have them ready for us. They'll be waitin' by the time we get down there. Let's go!"

"Eh? Go where?"

"Where? After the jack!"

"Chase an automobile on horseback?"

"Sure! They're not goin' to be able to go so awful fast with that load of metal. There's a lot of snow in the lower cañon, too, and if they happen to get off the road down in the flat and run into them old mill tailin's they'll linger a while there, you bet. So we'll just cut over the divide and try to head 'em off. Let's go!"

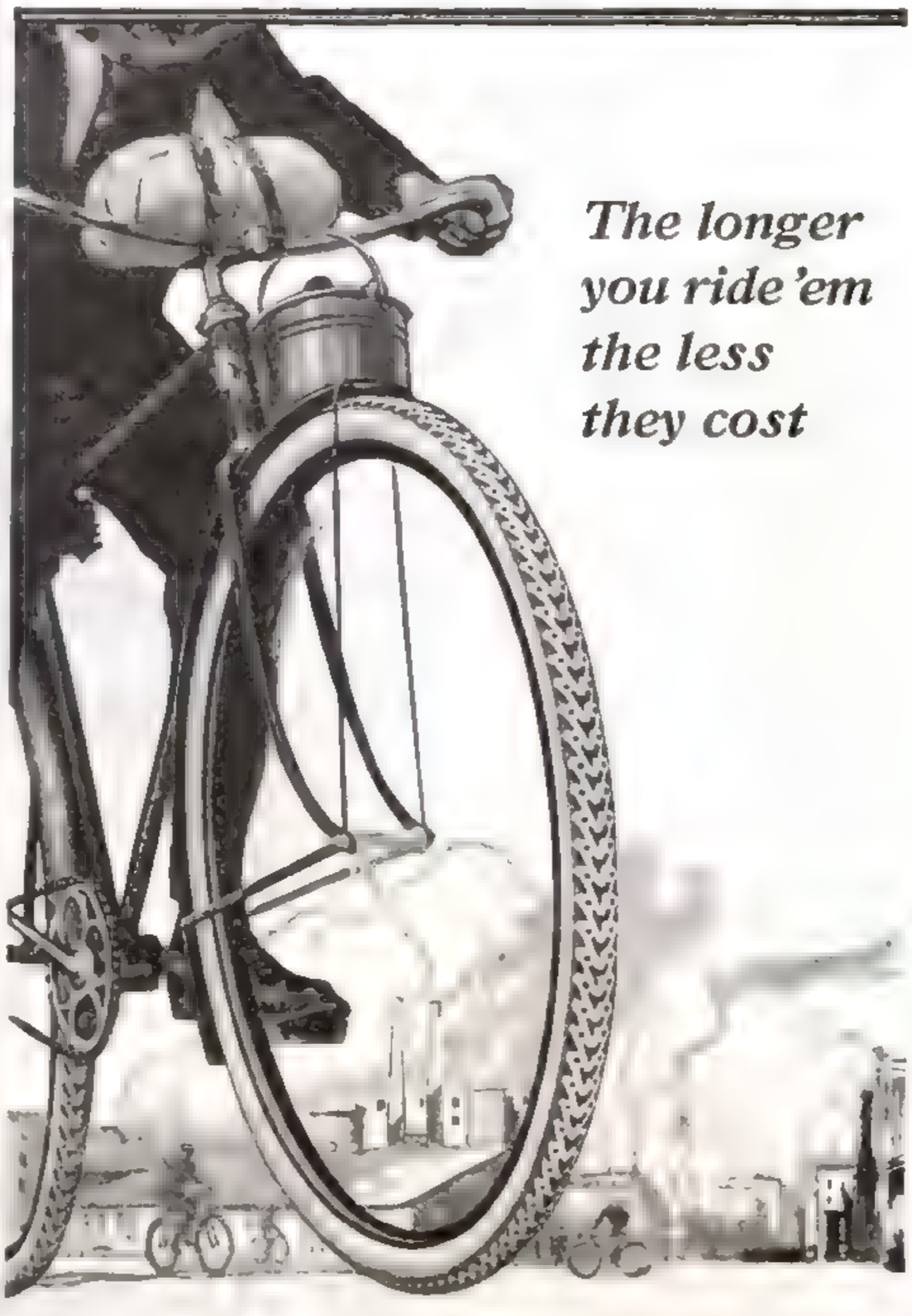
The old superintendent looked at the little man in amazement. What was this roustabout thinking of? Had he gone crazy?

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "I wouldn't ride over that divide after night on horseback for all the—why, I couldn't—nobody could! And what'd be the use?"

He was slowly finishing dressing. There wasn't anything to be done—Vance would get him now. But he'd telegraph down to the sheriff at Ore Valley ——

(Continued on Page 116)

VITALIC
Bicycle Tires



The longer you ride 'em the less they cost

NO one can tell you the real cost of a bicycle tire when you buy it. You learn when it wears out. Lots of people who think they save a little money at a tire dealer's actually lose money in minus mileage on the road.

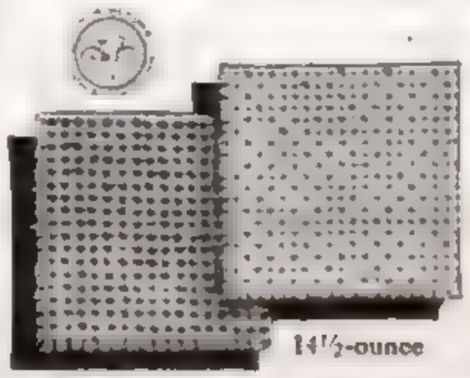
Every Vitalic Tire gives every purchaser the satisfaction of knowing he got the biggest mileage value for every cent he paid.

It's worth something to ride without the disturbing thought—"I wonder if I'll get a puncture today?" Punctures are almost unknown to Vitalic users. That's because of the strong, pure rubber and the tough, closely-woven fabric.

"Tougher Than Elephant Hide"

Vitalic Tires are regular equipment on the better grade bicycles of such makes as Columbia, Dayton, Emblem, Excelsior, Harley Davidson, Indian, Iver Johnson, Miami, Pierce, and Yale.

Ask the Vitalic dealer to tell you what he knows about Vitalics.



12-ounce

14½-ounce

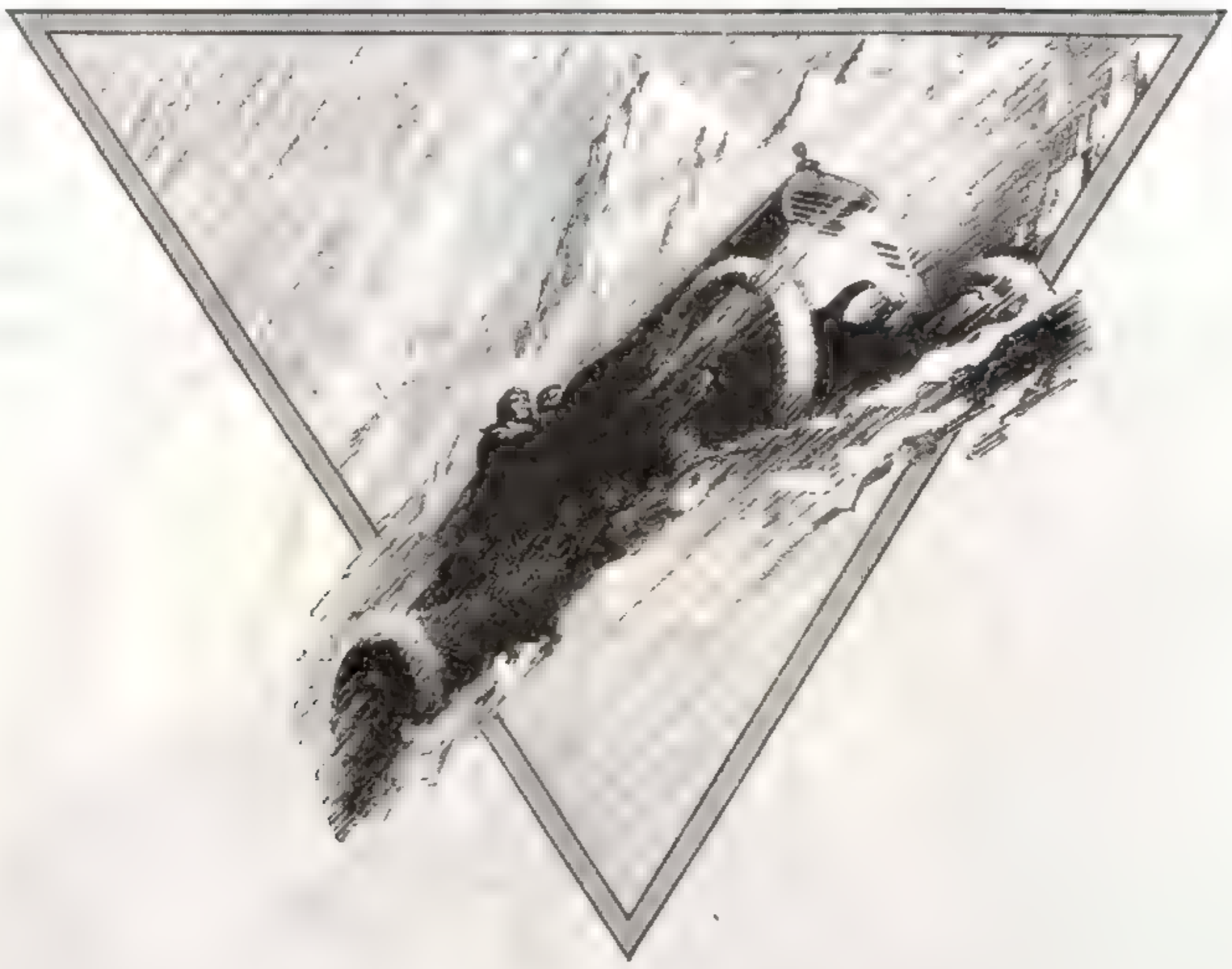
Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra-strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in most other bicycle tires is 12-ounce—and as a rule bicycle-tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.

Continental Rubber Works

Erie, Pa.

Tests that Proved Hudson



Hudson Records Prove Its All-Round Mastery

In all Hudson's unmatched records this important fact is clear—No ability is sacrificed in one direction to gain supremacy in another.

Hudson is the fleetest. Its stock car speed records have never been equalled. On the speedway its racing cars won more points than any other team ever gained.

But its speed means no forfeit of other qualities. For in official tests, the Super-Six has also out-performed all other types, in endurance, hill-climbing and acceleration. In every motor performance it has established leadership by unanswerable proofs.

Only a supreme advantage, that others cannot use, could account for such all-round dominance. Hudson has it in the Super-Six motor. It minimizes vibration to within 10% of vanishing—nearer the ideal than any type we know.

In the same size motor the exclusive Super-Six principle added 72% to power, and 80% to efficiency. Endurance is practically doubled.

Moreover, this extra ability in speed and power means driving at half load, in ordinary motoring. It means absence of strain, thus much less mechanical deterioration. It means a wider range of flexibility, and the easy mastery of road and hill.

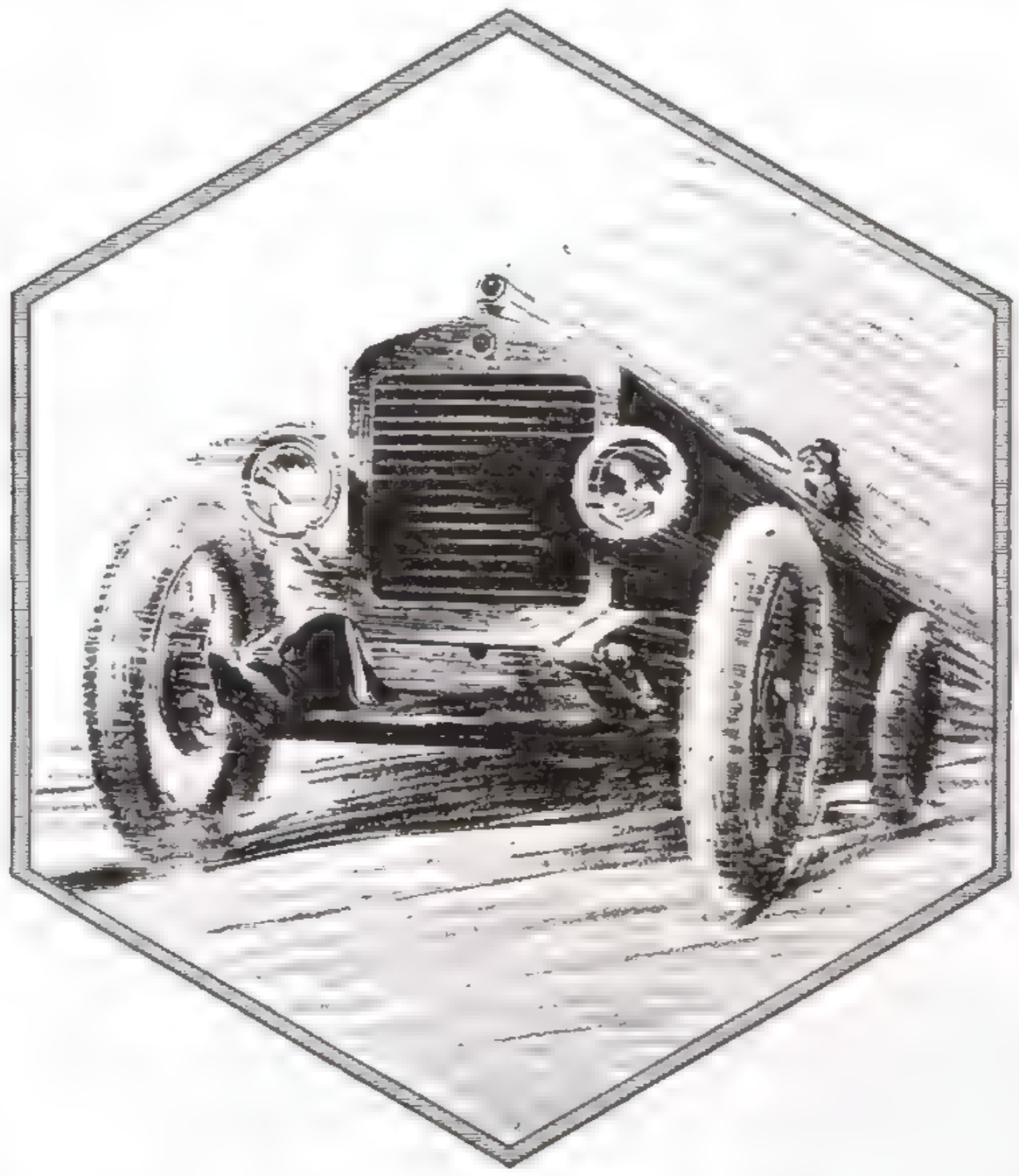
How these qualities are valued by motorists is reflected in Hudson's five years' leadership of fine car sales. Today the demand is larger than ever.

Knowing how many have been disappointed in the past, will you risk a long wait for your Hudson by delay in placing your order?

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit

(3033)

Also Speak for Essex



And Essex Holds World's 50-Hour Endurance Record

Built by the same makers, Hudson's unequalled records also speak for Essex. They foretold performance never expected of a light car.

The prophecies now are facts.

An Essex stock chassis set the world's 50-hour endurance mark of 3037 miles. That is officially certified by the American Automobile Association. And Essex holds the world mark of 1061 road miles in 24 hours. A stock touring car did that.

Local road, speedway and hill-climbing records in every section of the country are held by Essex. Scores of abusive tests have proved the endurance that 30,000 owners find in the daily service of their Essex cars.

But it is not only in performance that Essex shows the same stamp of quality as Hudson. Its beauty of line, its luxury of appointment are the work of years of leadership in coach design.

See the care and completeness, even in the smallest details. Its riding comfort, its smooth, quiet running ease, with the suggestion of well-contained reserve power, are qualities comparable with the finest of high-priced cars, yet you gain all the advantages of the light weight type, more important today than ever.

Judge the Essex, not by the lightweight standards that you have known, but by the much more exacting requirements of the large, costly cars. Measure it by the highest standard of performance and fine quality, rather than by its moderate price.

You, too, will find the appeal that has won 30,000.

Essex Motors, Detroit

(151)

ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 113)

"I can ride over it, and if you don't want to go I'll go alone!" announced Connie Sugg. "We've got to get that jack back! And I'm achin' to get one good crack at that redhead for jumpin' on me like he did!" The little man made for the door.

"Here, here, wait a minute, you!"

"There ain't no time for waitin'! Let's go—if you're goin'! I am!"

"Wait a minute, Connie!"

Old Dan pulled open a drawer of a dresser and lifted out a long blue-barrel revolver.

"You got anything to shoot with?" he asked.

"Got a pair of dice in one of my pants pockets."

The old man lifted another revolver from the drawer.

"Here, put this in your other pocket and then you'll be heeled double. Now then if you're bound to go—but we might as well—pshaw!"

Slim Gordon had the two horses out of their stalls, saddled and bridled. The hostler chuckled as he watched the chubby Sugg climb into the saddle.

"Don't fall off, little boy!" he cautioned.

"If I do, Slim, I'll land on you! Turn 'em loose! Open the doors!"

The two horses trotted out into the street.

A light fluffy snow had been falling earlier in the night, but the snow clouds had blown by and a bright moon was now shining behind a thin screen of white haze.

"It's light enough so they can travel without lamps, but so can we," said Connie Sugg as he trotted his horse ahead of old Dan's and led the way down the street. "We'll see their tracks at the bottom of Cook's Hill. That's the way they've got to go—no other way open. If we can get across the divide and strike Rabbit Gully before they do we'll be all right—a few planks yanked out of that culvert there will halt 'em. But if they reach the gully before we do and get over to the new Lincoln Highway—good night, bullion! You'll see me startin' back home right away quick. Come on! Here we go—gallopin's good for the next three miles"

Old Dan grunted and spurred his horse into a gallop The unexpected assumption of leadership by this chubby crap-shooting roustabout had surprised him—it puzzled him. He had known the man for fifteen years, yet in all that time he had never discerned in him a single trait or quality that was not below mediocre. Was he now to discover a new, a different, a bigger Connie Sugg than the Connie Sugg he had known so long? Yesterday he had learned that he was an expert horseman, and now to-night he was leading off in a man hunt.

"Always thought him a second-rate dub and nothin' else," muttered the old man as he watched the easy rising and falling of the short squat figure on the galloping horse ahead of him. "Clever enough, too, in his way, and as handy as a pocket in a pair of dress-suit pants, but just a dub. That's the way I always sized him. But cripes! I can see right now that he's to be boss of this expedition to-night, all right he's got ideas. And it's goin' to hump me to keep up with him, too, the way he's hittin' it up. It's a wild-goose chase though I ought to have telegraphed to the sheriff at Ore Valley and told him to watch out. Still I expect Striver'll do that when he finds out everything."

A mile of fast riding, and then they drew up at a fork in the road.

"There's the car tracks—I knowed we'd see 'em there!" called Connie Sugg. "No other way for 'em to get out, just as I told you! They'll go down this road to Rabbit Gully, cut off there to the west and cross to the Lincoln Highway, and then they'll have clear choosin' right into Keenow, where they can hide the stuff for a week or so and then bust it up and get rid of it in little bits at a time. I'd shoot a thousand bucks against a cent that we'll get to Rabbit Gully first. We're off! Gallopin's good—come on!"

They crossed the level valley, following the road that wound in and out among the sagebrush and rabbit brush and greasewood, passed its limits and began to climb up the long stony ridge known thereabouts as the divide. They were on the northern side of the mountain, where the sun's rays had not struck squarely and where there had been no thawing and freezing of the snow. Prospectors working back in the depths of the hills had kept the trail open with their comings and goings, and the horses climbed the ascent without difficulty.

"It won't be so easy goin' down on the other side," Connie Sugg called back over his shoulder. "It'll be icy and slippery there, and you'll have to watch out. How's your horse shod?"

"Rough"

"So's mine. We'll make it all right. Let's keep movin'."

"And I'll bet we don't make it!" old Dan whispered to himself. "We'll never make it! Might as well have stayed in Argent! These horses can't get down over there. I see my finish all right. Vance'll bounce me just as soon as he hears—he'll bounce me whether the stuff's recovered or not. Old Argent's goin' to come back—there's goin' to be an old-fashioned boom out there if I know anything about ore signs, but I won't get to see it. Guess I'll go down to Virgin City and play slough and California Joe with Pete Randall the rest of my days. Darn that old hen! That's the stuff that made it possible for them coyotes to pull this stunt off! And darn that crap-shootin' little wart up there on that horse! If he'd tended to his business and hadn't shot that four bits with Gadsen! Cripes, it's a great finish I'm makin' to my long career!"

The laboring horses reached the summit of the divide, and the descent on the other side was begun. At once the danger and the treacherousness of the trail were apparent. The path was hard and slippery with ice and frozen snow; the animals began to snort and tremble, afraid to move, and when urged forward by their riders they went slipping and sliding with front legs stiffened, with nostrils distended and with muscles quivering.

"Keep your bridle reins tight, boss!" yelled Connie Sugg. "Got to be careful here!"

Hardly had he spoken the words when old Dan's horse slipped, stumbled forward, slipped again, and failing to find a foothold went down. At its first faulty step the rider had drawn his feet from the stirrups, and as it fell he leaped from the saddle and went sprawling among the rocks on hands and knees.

"Hurt, boss?" cried Connie Sugg. He jumped from his horse and came running back. "Did it hurt you, boss?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, not much, I guess—bumped my knee and skinned my hands some. But look at the horse—it's out of the chase."

The horse had not moved, but lay with neck outstretched, eyes rolling, quivering and breathing heavily. The little man seized its bridle rein, spoke to it sharply and touched it with his foot. The animal snorted and scrambled to its feet, but the men saw that it did not set one of its feet firmly on the ground. When they attempted to lead it forward the injured foot dragged along on the ground.

"Yep, you're out of the coyote chase, boss," said Connie Sugg. "Strained tendon. But he'll be back in shape in about an hour so that you can work him back to camp maybe. You'll have to walk and lead him though. Tough luck, eh? Well, you give me that other gun—I'll stick it in my saddle holster. Might need it—can't tell."

"And what are you aimin' to do now?" queried the old man

"Keep on goin', of course. Got to get the jack back if we can."

"Oh, no, you're not goin' on alone!"

"Oh, yes, I am goin' on alone! Hand over the gun!"

Old Dan looked at his companion a moment in silence, then drew the revolver from his pocket and handed it to him.

"You darned little sawed-off!" he laughed. "I oughtn't to let you go—I've a notion not to."

"Don't you go gettin' notions like that in your head, boss! I'm off! See you to-morrow!"

The chubby man climbed into his saddle, spoke to his horse and it went slipping and sliding down the icy trail. Old Dan stood gazing after him until he could no longer see him in the dim light that filtered through the screen of white haze; waited until he could no longer hear the noise made by the horse's feet on the rough icy path.

"Wouldn't that get you?" he chuckled. "I shouldn't have let him go on But I guess I can quit worryin' about Connie—he's a grizzly!"

He turned his attention to his horse and fell to massaging the strained tendons of the injured leg The spirit of the animal was gone; it drooped, standing with its weight thrown upon three legs, and the old man began to doubt if he would be able to get the beast up the few yards to the top of the divide and down on the other side. When he finally succeeded in making it move forward its pace was so slow as it inched along that more than two hours had elapsed since the departure of his companion before he reached the level ground on the other side of the divide. Near the trail at that point stood an old unused buckaroo's cabin. He led the animal into this and left it there. Then he set out across the flats to walk to Argent.

"It's a killin'!" he muttered as he plodded wearily on. "No matter which way I turn I get it in the neck! I've got to send word to Vance or to the company office if I can't reach Vance—got to send it by telegraph. I ought to have done that at camp instead of chasin' off on this trip. Darn Connie Sugg! Maybe somebody at camp—Striver or Judkins—has already wired out. I hope so."

His bruised knee pained him more and more as he proceeded, and his pace became slower and slower. It was daylight when he limped into the little mining camp and made his way down the crooked street to the cabin where he lived. There he found a note lying on his table, written by Striver, his day foreman at the mill. He picked it up and read it:

"Everything is all right up at the mill and mine. I tried to telephone to the sheriff at Ore Valley last night, and then I tried to telegraph to tell him what had happened, but I guess they cut the wires."

He left the cabin hurriedly and limped down the street to the building where Bryin kept his truck. He found the truckman working with his machine.

"You won't have to take that bullion out this mornin', Bryin—it's gone already," he said, grinning at the young man. "But you'll have to take me—I want to get down to Ore Valley just as quick as I can."

"I'm all ready to start," returned Bryin.

"Then we'll go. I want to send a telegram or two and talk with the sheriff, then we'll come back and try to locate Connie Sugg—if we don't see anything of him as we go out. But I think we'll meet him comin' in."

A warm wind had come booming up through the valley in the latter part of the night and the light fluffy snow that had fallen in the evening was melting rapidly. For some distance they could follow the tracks of the outgoing car that had carried the bullion, but in a little while the wheel marks were no longer distinguishable. Farther down the valley two or three other cars had come out from other roads that led back to mines in the hills and mingled their wheel tracks with those of the bullion car. At Rabbit Gully they found the tracks made by Connie Sugg's horse coming from the trail down the divide, but they were unable to follow them in the slush and mud of the road.

"I guess they've made their get-away," was old Dan's comment. "We'll find Connie down at Ore Valley shootin' craps."

But the little man was not at the station village, nor had anyone there seen him. The worried and distracted superintendent sent his telegrams, called on the sheriff and talked with that official for half an hour, and then ordered his driver to start back to Argent.

"If the message reaches him to-day Vance'll be here on the evenin' train. He'll be here to-morrow without fail somebody at the company office will get hold of him. I've done all I can do. I doubt if the sheriff will be able to do anything—they made their get-away." Sitting by his driver the old man communed with himself as the truck jolted out of Ore Valley.

They went very slowly on their return trip, searching all along the road for signs of Connie Sugg and the robbers, stopping at every trail branching off the highway to follow it for a little distance, but the melting snow and running water had obliterated all traces of the men they sought.

"Well, there isn't a thing to do, Bryin, but to go back to Argent and wait," old Dan finally told his driver. "They beat Connie out, that's all; and there's no tellin' where they are or where he is by this time. It's up to the sheriff"

The remainder of the trip was made in complete silence.

In his office the old superintendent began overhauling the contents of his desk. It had not been cleared out or straightened up for twenty years.

"Might as well get ready to go," he told himself.

He worked at the desk all afternoon, reading and burning old letters and papers and throwing out old dusty samples of ore.

"A fine quit-off I'm makin' of it!" he whispered again and again as he worked. "A fine quit-off! Fired! Dan Tinling fired! I wonder what Pete Randall will say when I tell him! Fired! Cripes!"

Late in the afternoon he rose from his chair at his desk and walked to a window, where he stood gazing across the open country to the snowy ranges of the Humboldts. The winter's sun shining down out of a cloudless sky was bathing the far-away peaks in a dazzling flood of light, and they shimmered and shone and sparkled in the distance, awe inspiring in their immensities, impressive in their cheerlessness, compelling in their sheer beauty.

"God's country!" he whispered. "Gosh, how I hate to have to quit it! And to have to quit it in this way! Cripes, it gets me!"

His eyes dropped down from the distant snowy ridges to the great sagebrush flat over which he had traveled last night and to-day. They picked out the twisting, serpentine road that ran across the broad empty plain and followed it up and up until it approached the foot of the hill on the sides of which stood Argent camp.

Down there, a small black spot in the distance, he saw a machine moving along the road. Now it was beginning to take the long hard grade that would bring it up to the camp. Without interest or curiosity he stood and watched it doubling back and forth, watched it for a half hour and more, until it disappeared from sight behind a shoulder of the mountain. As it passed from his view it was near enough that he could tell it was a small truck. And he was able to distinguish two figures on the driver's seat. Who were they? He did not ask himself the question—he did not care.

He went back to his desk and sat down, lighted his pipe and for a long while smoked slowly and thoughtfully, rubbing his brow now and then, musing, pondering.

"Darn that old hen!" he suddenly shouted. "That's what's queered me—old hen! Gadsen's trick—that's what did it! Vance would never have dared to fire me with this new strike coming off right now. The company wouldn't have stood for it. For it's going to be a strike that will make people open their eyes! Now he's got me on this bullion thing—he's got me right! Losin' the bullion ——"

The door opened and the bullet-headed youth who worked at odd jobs in an adjoining room stepped in.

"Sampson phoned me to tell you he'd be out to work to-morrow, Mr. Tinling. His stummick is better," said the youth.

"Eh? Sampson? Stummick? Oh, all right, Digby."

The young man went out.

"Oh, Vance'll can me, I know that well enough! I could write my resignation now and get ahead of him in that way, I suppose. But it'd be just the same thing—everybody'd be wise. Pshaw! I'll wait and take my medicine when it's served."

The door opened again. He did not look up to see who had entered.

"How about gettin' a couple of dollars to buy a few groceries with, Mr. Tinling?"

Old Dan whirled about. Connie Sugg, grinning broadly, stood leaning on a table.

"Eh? Groceries? Well—and where in Sam Hill did you come from?"

"From Ore Valley. How about a couple of ——"

"Horseback?"

"No—machine."

"Whose?"

"Mine"

"Eh? Where'd you get a machine?"

"Shot a guy for it."

"Craps?"

"Gun."

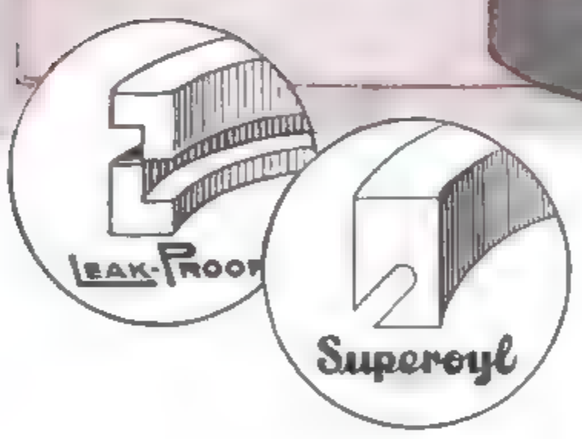
"Come in here and take that seat!" ordered old Dan. "Now then, what happened after you left me last night?"

"Well, after you left me last night I went on down to Rabbit Gully. When I got there I seen I'd beat 'em to it, just as I said I'd do they hadn't gone past yet. I yanked up a couple of planks out of the culvert there so they couldn't cross, tied my horse to a tamarack and set down to wait for 'em to come. They didn't come.

"After I'd waited an hour or two I concluded they wasn't comin' that way, so I rode back to look 'em up. I went more

(Continued on Page 118)

—the ring combination for motors that pump oil



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PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS

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(Continued from Page 116)

than halfway back to Argent and didn't see any signs of 'em. It hadn't snowed much down there, and what had come down was meltin' and I couldn't look for tracks. Then I got scared, thinkin' maybe they'd pulled off the road in the sagebrush and I'd missed 'em, so I beat it back to Rabbit Gully. Nothin' out of the way there except the planks, so I set down to figure the thing out.

"I doped it, Mr. Tinling, that they must have turned off on to the old trail that leads over to Buffalo through Gallway's Pass. Of course they couldn't expect to get over the pass with that load, so I guessed they'd planned to cache the jack somewhere. I went back to the old trail, got down on my hands and knees, burned a few matches and found signs of fresh tracks. The entrance to that old trail is all growed up with rabbit bush and I liked never to have found the place.

"I had lost a lot of time, and I couldn't go very fast along the trail, as it was pretty dark then. It was gettin' on toward mornin' when I happened to run into a sheep herder. He had got up before daylight to cook himself a snack before startin' to work, so I just naturally stopped and had breakfast with him.

"He was a pretty fly sheep herder, I'm here to let you know. He wanted to shoot me two bits. I took him up, and say, Mr. Tinling, it was a dirty shame the way that lousy sheep herder trimmed me. Jeeminy jack rabbits, he simply couldn't lose! He took all my cash, took my gun ——"

"You had two guns, didn't you?" interrupted old Dan.

"Took one of my guns, took my saddle, took my bridle, took my horse, derned if he didn't! That humpty-dum of mine was certainly a Joner for me with that bird. He told me he believed he'd heard a machine goin' that way some time in the night. So I drilled on up the old trail ——"

"Walked?"

"Walked—didn't have any horse, you know. Walked about a mile or so, and there they was, one of 'em, anyway—redhead. Gadsen wasn't in sight. He'd gone on to order breakfast at Quillian's deserted ranch, I suppose. They'd busted a tire and redhead had just finished mendin' it and gettin' it back on when I walked up. He saw me comin' and took a shot at me, so I just naturally took a shot at him.

"I winged him all right, for he yelled like bloody murder. Must have scraped him in the arm, for he beat it out of there like a coyote with good legs. I cranked up the sneeze cart, got in, turned round and drove back.

"I stopped at the sheep herder's a minute, and I'll be derned, Mr. Tinling, if he didn't take the other gun off me at the first roll."

"Did you shoot the bullion?" snapped old Dan.

"Why, no—I never thought of that. I just drove it down to Ore Valley and turned it over to the express agent there and told him to handle it the same as he always does. Then I come on back."

"I see. Didn't you bring somebody back with you?"

"Yes, some old bum I picked up down there—that is, I thought at first he was a bum, but I guess he wasn't. I told him I'd truck him into Argent for a dollar. He jewed me down to two bits—every cent he had in the world, he claimed. So I accepted the two bits and told him to climb in.

"After we'd gone a mile or two I told him if he'd dig another two bits I'd shoot him for it. He found it all right, and I took it off of him—snap!—just like that. He found another and I took that too—and another. Then he got mad and he didn't have no trouble findin' all kinds of loose change. Luck broke my way and I certainly took the kale away from him as fast as he'd drag it out, which was speedy, I want to tell you. Then the wind changed, and before I could get my sails readjusted he had me trimmed to the hide.

"Honest, Mr. Tinling, I believe that old rat did the trick with a pair of horses, but I didn't see anything that looked suspicious either. By that time he was crape crazy, and when he found out he had every solitary thing of mine except the truck he threw six centuries down and offered to shoot me for the sneeze cart. He took it."

"I thought you said it was yours."

"It is. After we'd started on I got to tellin' him how I got hold of it, and all about the bullion and about you, and all at once he said he'd just been foolin' with me, that he wasn't shootin' for nothin' but fun, and he give the car back to me. Give me the two bits back too. Could I stable it in there where Bryin keeps the company truck?"

"Sure—lots of room there."

"And how about a couple of dollars to buy a few groceries with?"

Old Dan drew a bill from his pocket and tossed it upon the table.

"Thank you," said the little man, and left the office.

Old Dan watched him through a window.

"The darned little sawed-off tub!" he chuckled. "He's saved the bullion, but the saved bullion won't save me! I wonder if I hadn't better write that letter, resignin'. I would if Sampson was here, but I won't tackle that typewriter again. Darn Sampson and his stummick!"

He locked his desk, passed out of the office and into the mill, made a hurried inspection there, and then went on down the hill to the camp.

A most disreputable-looking old human figure sat hunched up in a chair by the stove in the corner of Dan Tinling's office the next morning. For two hours and more the old man had been waiting there. He wanted to see Dan Tinling, he had told Sampson, the bookkeeper. He smoked a black oozy corncob pipe steadily, and industriously chewed tobacco at the same time. He had inhumanely drowned out a score of gray dusty spiders that had taken up winter quarters in the wainscoting behind the stove, and the fumes from his reeking pipe had driven away a little swarm of left-over flies that had hastened to welcome him to their winter's quarters as he came into the office, attracted by some peculiar odor about him.

The smell of the reeking oozy pipe caused Sampson to shudder, and the splashy death knells of the spiders nauseated him. Sampson's stomach was still far from being in a state of robustness.

"I expect you'll find Mr. Tinling quicker if you were to wait for him in the mill," he had suggested in self-defense.

"Expect so?" returned the old man at the stove. Splash!

"He may not come to the office before noon."

"I got lots of time." Splash!

"He'll probably go from the mill down to the camp for his lunch—he might not come in here at all this afternoon."

"I could see him to-morrow or to-night." Splash!

Sampson returned to his work, shivering. He wanted to throw the old tramp out, and he would have thrown him out, only he was loath to cause a scene—these Westerners were a queer lot. This old vagabond might turn out a veritable fire eater. So he opened a window, placed his chair near it, and attacked the mass of work that had piled up on him.

Another hour passed. Then Edwin Vance came hurrying into the office.

"Where's Tinling, Sampson?" he asked sharply.

"In the mine, I think. He told me he would be there quite a while this morning, examining the new lodes they are uncovering."

"Take a letter to him, Sampson. Never mind your notebook—sit down at the machine. It'll be only a line or two."

Sampson inserted papers and carbon sheet and wrote as Vance dictated:

"MR. DAN TINLING, Superintendent,
"Argent Group Mines.

"*Dear Sir:* You are hereby relieved of your position of superintendent of Argent Group Mines.

"Yours truly."

"Let me have both copies, Sampson," said Vance. He took the sheets, walked to a desk, picked up a pen and started to write his name.

"Let me see that letter!"

The vice president and general manager started and wheeled about. The old man who had been hunched over in the chair by the stove had risen and advanced toward him.

"Let me see that letter there!" the old man repeated, pointing with the stem of his black cob pipe at the letter lying on the desk.

Vance glared for a moment, then grinned.

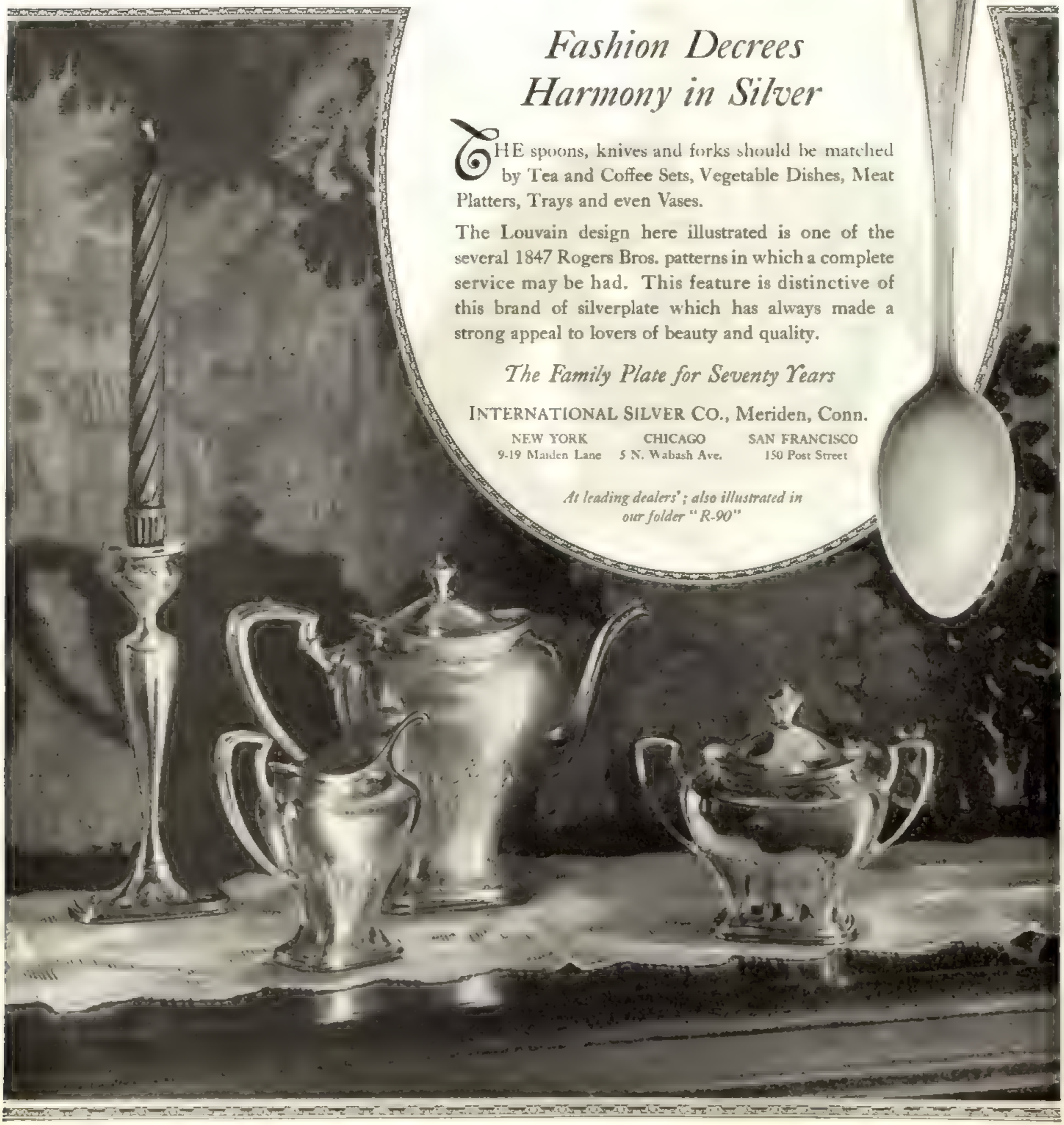
"What's the matter now, old-timer? Who might you be, eh?"

"Me? Hee, hee, hee!" cackled the old man. "Me? Why, that's funny you don't remember me! I set in a game of stud poker with you once some years ago over in

(Concluded on Page 121)

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE



Louvain Pattern

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The Kind of Clothes KAHN MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

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(Concluded from Page 118)

Virgin City. And you don't know me! I'm Pete Randall. Ever hear of Pete Randall before? Hee, hee, hee!"

The manner of the vice president and general manager changed suddenly.

"Oh! Mr. Randall? Indeed! Why, this is a pleasant surprise! I'm very glad to meet you!"

"You're a liar! Let me see that letter you just wrote to Dan!"

"I I don't understand, Mr. Randall. I fail to see what you have ——"

"Then I'll explain. I reckon I'm boss of this outfit from now on—me and Dan together. I bought a controllin' interest in the stock two or three days ago. And I got it dirt cheap, too, I want to tell you! I bought it up because old Argent's comin' back—she's comin' back like a cyclone. Dan says so, and Dan knows things about mines, Dan does! Let me see that letter!"

Edwin Vance did not doubt the old man's statement. Pete Randall, he well knew, could buy up half a dozen properties like Argent Group if he wished to—Pete Randall had millions. A rumor had come to his ears a day or two before that some of the old Argent Group stockholders, dissatisfied with the showing the mine had been making, were selling out. If Pete Randall said he had taken over control of Argent Group that settled it—the thing was done. He stepped back from the desk. The old man moved forward, took the copies of the letter, tore them into bits and flung the pieces to the floor.

"Fire Dan Tinling? Not much—not while I have anything to say about it!"

"It was the loss of the bullion ——"

"You didn't lose any bullion!"

"Well, I felt that—that ——"

"Hee, hee, hee!"

Vance turned and strode out of the office. Pete Randall returned to his chair by the stove, where he immediately redrowned in an amber flood a spider that showed signs of resuscitation.

Sampson was writing a letter on his typewriter. He was feeling very faint—the air in the office was becoming unbearable; he would have to go.

"Are you going to wait here until Mr. Tinling returns, Mr. Randall?" he asked.

"Reckon I am—that's what I'm up here for, to see Dan." Splash!

"Will you tell him, please, that the letter to the mint regarding the shipment of bullion is on his desk awaiting his signature? My stomach is distressing me this morning—I shall have to go to my room."

"Mean you want him to sign that letter?" Splash!

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"I'll tell him—if I don't forget it."

Sampson seized his coat and hat and shuddered out of the office.

Half an hour later Dan Tinling limped in.

"'Lo, Dan!"

Old Dan stared.

"What? You, Pete? Why, you lousy old pirate, you!"

"You cut that loose talk out, Dan, when you're speakin' to me or I'll tie a can to you! I'm boss here now, understand that!"

"Since when?"

"Since you handed me the tip."

"I didn't hand you any tip—I just wrote you a friendly letter."

"Eh? Didn't you tell me to grab off all the stock I could get hold of?"

"No, I didn't!"

"That's what I read in your letter! Dan, that was one hell of a lookin' letter! Did you write it?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Well, how's she lookin'?"

"How's she lookin'? Glance at that, Pete!"

The superintendent held out two pieces of ore he was carrying in his hand. Pete Randall took the samples and carried them to a window.

"Sulphides!" he cried. "Zingo! You've got it, Dan! You've got it! It's the same old stuff! It's the same old rock we used to get, eh, Dan?"

"It's goin' to be a bigger strike than the first one was—you watch!"

"Dan, I always knowed—but, say, that pill-faced clerk of yours said something about a letter he wanted you to sign—something about a bullion shipment. Said his stummick was out of whack and he'd have to go home. Get that business fixed up, whatever it is, and then we'll talk."

"Darn Sampson's stummick!" growled old Dan, sitting down at his desk. An unsigned typewritten letter lay before him. He read it through carefully.

"Cripes! Why, he hasn't got that spelled right!" he muttered, stopping to study over a word in the letter. "Sampson must be pretty all-fired sick when he forgets how to spell right. Glad I didn't have to send that letter I wrote to the mint. I'll just fix this up. Sampson ought to have a vacation, I expect. Clever chap, Sampson is—couldn't get along without him."

He took a pen and drew two heavy lines through the word "bullion." Then he reached for a small tin can that stood on his desk and from its red label he spelled out the word "bouillon," printing the letters above the word he had crossed out. Then he smeared his name at the bottom of the communication, pushed the sheet away, and wheeled about in his chair.

"Well, Pete."

"Well, Dan."

Up-to-Date Mother Goose

Baby Bunting

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
To find a little hunk o' tin
To take the family for a spin.

The Old Woman and the Shoe

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.
So each night she fed them good butter and bread,
Took them all to the movies and then put them to bed.

The Young Woman

There was a young woman who danced in a shoe
That cost twenty dollars or thirty for two.
She liked to be thrifty and buy things ahead;
The next would cost fifty, the shoe dealer said.

Wondrous Wise

There was a man of our town,
And he was wondrous wise
Because he had a ouija board
That would not tell him lies;
And if the spirits should be out,
As they are now and then,
He waited patiently about
Till they were in again.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The price ran up the frock;
But in the back
The frock ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Hush-a-By, Baby

Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree top,
When we can't buy the profits will stop;
When the world's broke the prices will fall,
And down will come business and prices and all.

Jack Sprat

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
Because the chops were skin and bone
With nothing in between.

The Lady Bug

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey;
A lady bug spied her
And sat down beside her,
For that is a lady bug's way.

Poor Robin

The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then,
Poor thing?
He'll fly far away
And in some café
Be served on some toast as a redbird,
Poor thing!

The Heathen Chinee

If all the world were apple pie,
And all the trees were pink,
And all the seas were Japanese,
I'd hate to be a Chink.

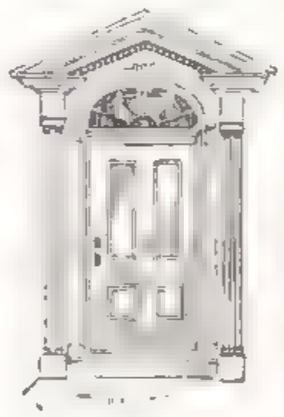
To Market

To market, to market, potatoes a peck;
Home again, home again, busted, by heck!

—James W. Foley.

"Door Hardware That Harmonizes"

How much do you know about your own door?



DOES the Lock *really* safeguard and work smoothly? Does the Knob welcome? The Escutcheon adorn? Is the Night Latch sure? Does the Door check never falter? Are the Hinges effortless? Does the Bolt securely bolt? Does the Hardware, in color and design, suit the Door? Is it CORBIN equipped?

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OUR procedure here at the Peerless factory has been inspired for more than eighteen years by the ambition to build a car that would meet every demand of speed, every requirement of hill and level, of open road and crowded city street, every need of comfort, convenience and appearance.

Our designers, our engineers and our workmen have been constant and loyal companions in the search for this ideal.

All of us together have felt that the results of our efforts must first satisfy ourselves, that a car which should bear the Peerless name must have passed repeatedly the most difficult tests.

When the first Peerless Two-power-range Eight was produced five years ago, we believed success had crowned our efforts. While perfection in human affairs may be impossible, this car gave us a feeling of confidence. We experimented with it, tested it. Time and again it surprised us by its power-flexibility, its stanchness, its economy, its endurance.

We find now that, after five years of use by thousands of owners who have no reason to be prejudiced in its favor except as use has demonstrated its qualities, this car is not less but even greater than we had at first supposed.

Someone has said that cold matter cannot transmit the things of the spirit, but we cannot help believing that the Peerless Two-power-range Eight is a living expression of a fine pride of workmanship, of a sense of devotion to personal and business ideals and of a deep respect for strong, enduring efficiency.

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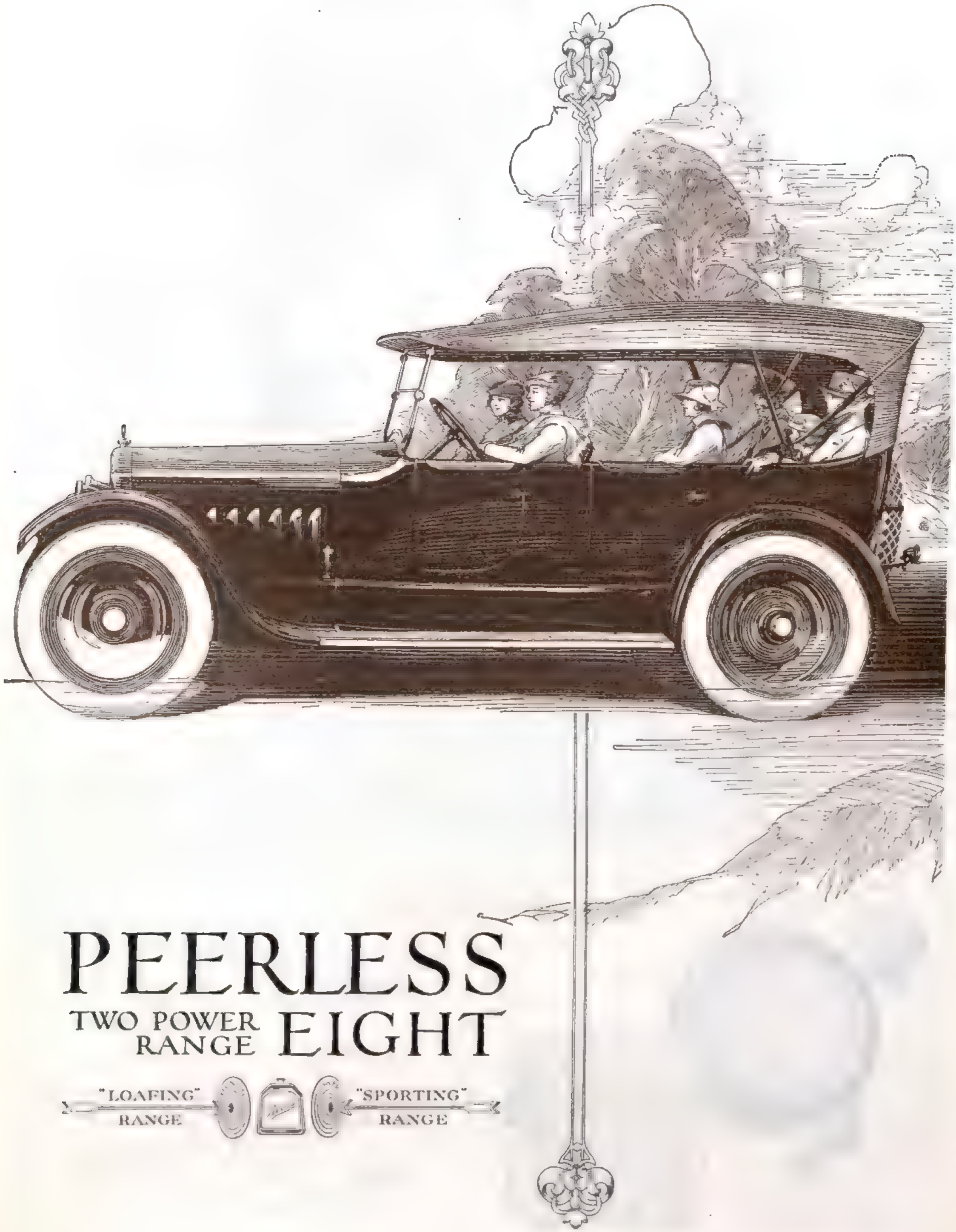


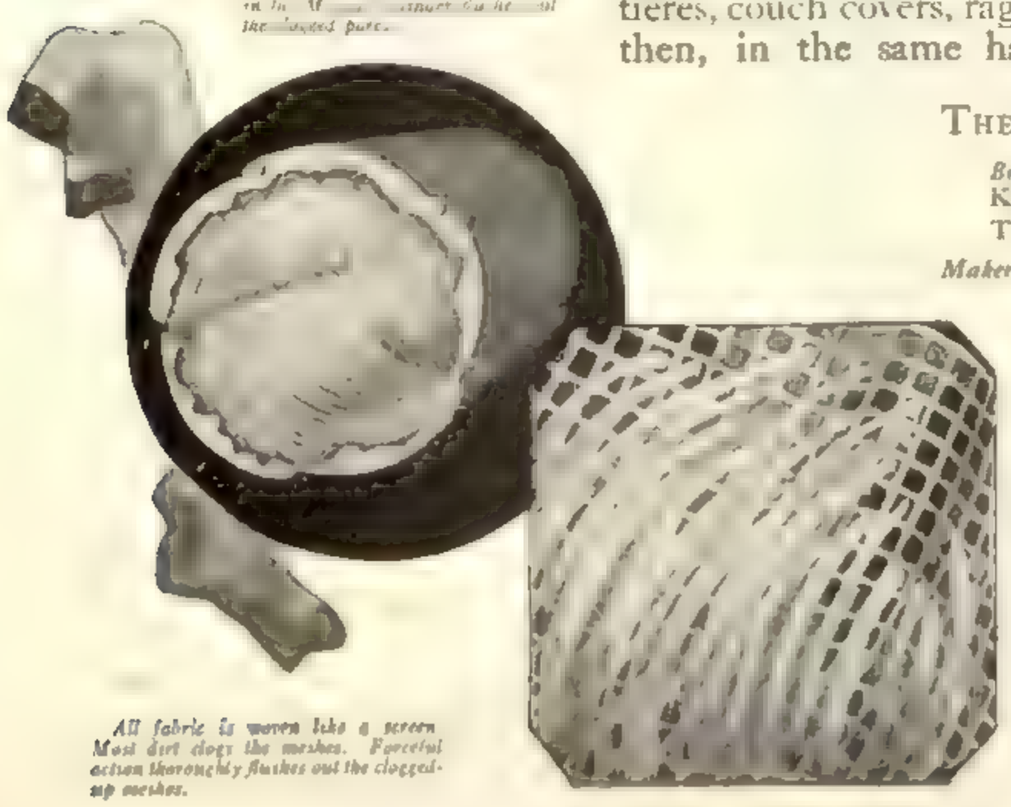
PEERLESS

TWO POWER RANGE EIGHT

"LOAFING" RANGE

"SPORTING" RANGE

The forceful action of the water [illegible] the clogged parts.



All fabric is woven like a screen. Most dirt clogs the meshes. Forceful action thoroughly flushes out the clogged-up meshes.

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EVERYWHERE the question is asked, "Why has the Maytag become so quickly popular?" You find the answer in the beauty of the cabinet and in the Millrace Principle! American women, we know, are thinkers. They realize that a washing machine built upon this scientific principle is basically right and will do the work.

That's why women prefer the Maytag. And it's why thousands of women who never before used washing machines have been converted by the astonishing results produced in the Maytag.

Think of washing heavy blankets, portières, couch covers, rag rugs, *perfectly*; and then, in the same half hour, cleansing dainty boudoir caps, Georgette blouses, delicate lingerie and other fluffy, frilly things to spotless purity *in the same machine* —all by electricity—without moving a hand—with a minimum of water and soap—and in half the time you can do it by hand.

Do you wonder women prefer the Maytag? Do you wonder it converts them to the washing machine idea? Go, see a demonstration of the Millrace Principle at your dealer's. Don't wait another day. You, too, will want to own one of these beautiful machines. If you do not know the Maytag dealer, write us for his name and a *free* copy of our famous "Household Manual."

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Cabinet ELECTRIC WASHER

"The Gray Machine with the Red Stripe"

(15)

FORTY YEARS OF A DIPLOMAT'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

say, precisely what Nicholas II was not. "With him as a steersman," wrote a very able and observant English journalist some time ago in a letter to a London weekly paper interested in Russian affairs, "the ship of state simply rolled about helpless in the trough of the sea—he himself being walloped from side to side of the vessel by the rudder, which he had strength enough to cling to but not to control."

Speaking of the unpreparedness of the Russian people for a "full blown" constitution the same writer says: "It is a great mistake to suppose, as is generally done in England and other countries, that the woes of Russia were due to the fact of her living under an autocratic form of government. For the God's truth is that this was, and is, the form of government best suited to her historical development and her present wants."

I take it for granted that the enlightened English writer here meant an autocratic form of government limited by a constitution, such as the one the Russian people were granted by the manifesto of October 17-30, 1905, which, as I have been endeavoring to show, responded to every real and reasonable need of the country in its actual state of political development and which Stolypin was determined to live up to by gradually introducing such reforms in a liberal and progressive sense as the country needed and was prepared to assimilate.

Stolypin's task, as he understood it, was that of a statesman and a patriot. In his earnest and whole-souled endeavor to accomplish it he had to contend on one hand against influential reactionary elements—at court as well as in the country—whose loyalty and patriotism could not be questioned for a moment but whose lack of political insight and experience rendered them incapable of appreciating the wisdom of the course Stolypin was determined to pursue; and on the other hand against what was a mere handful, but a dangerous handful, of fanatical visionaries whose arms are the pistol and the bomb and whose unpardonable intellectual crime consisted in their entertaining the delusion that they were called upon to impose at any cost the fantastic scheme of their socialistic republic on a country the bulk of whose population—its largely illiterate and politically inarticulate peasantry—emerged from a condition of serfdom barely half a century ago, and whose educated classes even are largely strangers to that unshakable belief in and reverence for the majesty of the law so deeply ingrained in the mentality of the Anglo-Saxon, without which a republican government, a government of laws and not of men, is unthinkable.

Their criminal folly could be equaled only by the childlike faith of those estimable, simple-minded doctrinaires who believed that all that was needed was the overthrow of the autocracy in order to secure to the nation at once—of course under their guidance—the supreme benefit of an orderly, democratic and civilized government on Western lines. Alas, we have seen them at work, and the history of the last three years is there to demonstrate the results of their short-lived activity during the few months that the revolution left the reins of power in their incompetent hands!

As far as the Socialist-Revolutionary Party concentrated its activity on terroristic crimes it could be dealt with, and, indeed, was dealt with successfully by means of preventive and repressive measures within the power of the police and the courts—courts-martial in localities which had been placed under an exceptional régime akin to a limited state of siege. But the revolutionary agitation carried on among the peasantry, with ever more telling effect, was of a far more dangerous character. It had led to agrarian troubles—"Jacqueries"; peasant uprisings; murders; burnings of country mansions, of which more than two thousand went up in flames—all over the country. So long as the bulk of the army still remained loyal the disorders could be, and as a matter of fact were in the end, successfully suppressed.

As Stolypin's energetic suppression of the revolutionary movement and his way of dealing with the general political situation have caused him to be made the target of embittered attacks both at home and abroad I consider it to be due his memory to quote here the independent judgment of a distinguished English writer, who can hardly be suspected of undue partiality for Russia or for her leading statesmen of those days. This is what Mr. E. H. Wilcox, sometime correspondent of The Daily Telegraph at Petrograd, has to say on this subject on page 11 of his interesting volume, Russia's Ruin:

"We have seen since then what both the Jacqueries and the Soviet movement of 1905-06 would have led to if they had been allowed freely to run their course; and doubtless many of Stolypin's bitterest enemies in Russia have to-day revised their estimates of his policy, if not of the methods by which it was carried out. Stolypin was certainly a man of character, courage and energy, but he was denounced by the great mass of his fellow countrymen as a ruthless reactionary, and in the end paid for his policy with his life. . . . The first two Dumas were assemblies of excited and impracticable visionaries, without political experience, and imbued with the idea that all the complex wrongs of the old Russia could be put right in a moment by clothing pious intentions in statutory forms. Left to themselves, they would probably have reduced the empire to chaos in six months. The chief effect of their intemperate debates was to encourage disorder. Anarchy established its reign in many parts of the country, and if the bulk of the troops had not stood firm to the government Russia would have experienced in 1905-06 what was her unhappy destiny in 1917-18. There were only two alternatives: Either to let disintegration take its course, in the vague hope that something positive would somehow be born of it, or to check it with a strong hand. Stolypin chose the latter alternative."

No Russian patriot could have had anything to add to this sober and deliberate judgment, and it will not fail, I think, to be indorsed by impartial history.

But repressive measures alone, however energetically and even ruthlessly applied, could not by any means conjure the most serious danger arising from the latent chronic discontent of the peasantry, insidiously and skillfully worked upon and fomented by the revolutionary parties. With a statesman's insight Stolypin, realizing the truth that popular discontent can be effectually combated only by removing its cause, had made up his mind that agrarian reforms of a far-reaching and sweeping nature had to be taken in hand without the least delay.

The reason of the discontent of the peasant class, inasmuch as they were actual tillers of the soil, was a twofold one—their gradual impoverishment and their unappeased land hunger. In determining the true cause of the undeniable impoverishment of the peasantry in most parts of the empire Stolypin was aided by his experience as a large landowner who had for years personally superintended the administration of his properties and necessarily been in constant contact with his peasant neighbors, whereby he had been enabled to gain a true insight into their real needs and just grievances, as well as into the way they could be supplied or removed. On the other hand, however, he found himself in conflict with the pet doctrines of Slavophilism, in the fervent cult of which he had grown up, like most young men of his generation, as Mr. Iswolsky avers.

In one of the preceding chapters I had occasion to refer to certain features of the agrarian reform undertaken in connection with the liberation of the serfs in 1861, as having prepared the ground for a successful revolutionary agitation among the peasantry. It will be necessary here to enter upon some further explanation in support of this assertion of mine.

The abolition of serfdom in Russia was achieved upon a plan differing in one essential respect from the way the same reform had been introduced in western Europe, and also in the so-called Baltic Provinces under Russian sway, where the serfs had been liberated in the beginning of the last century.

Contrary to what had been the case in all these countries, in Russia the liberated serfs were endowed with lands expropriated from the estates of their former masters, the latter receiving more or less adequate compensation in the shape of interest-bearing redemption bonds issued by the government, subject to gradual amortization by means of a special redemption tax imposed on the peasantry. From the political point of view the wisdom of this measure may well be questioned, because it established in principle the right of the serfs to the ownership of some part of the land they had been tilling in the service of their former masters—a dangerous principle to admit, inasmuch as it sanctioned the idea of a right without at the same time establishing its limitation, thereby leaving the door open to future indefinite and limitless claims of the peasantry to more land or even to all the land of the estate owners, a circumstance of which the Socialist-Revolutionaries did not fail to avail themselves with great success for purposes of revolutionary agitation.

From an economic point of view this measure might have met with a certain degree of success in securing to the peasants economic independence from their former masters and in substantially improving their material well-being, a result that was actually obtained by a similar measure introduced some years later in the Kingdom of Poland after the suppression of the insurrection of 1863—not, however, without a political aim, that of encouraging the loyalty to the Russian Government of the Polish peasantry at the expense of the landowning gentry, whose loyalty was regarded as doubtful.

But as regards Russia proper, the economic aims which the government must undoubtedly have had in view in introducing their agrarian reform were defeated by the very principle on the basis of which its realization was worked out; and here the always considerable influence of Slavophilism, which at the time seems to have had particular hold on people's minds, made itself felt with disastrous effect.

One of the principal tenets of the Slavophile doctrine, as I have already had occasion to mention in a preceding chapter, consisted in looking upon the rural commune, the mir, as a profoundly original creation, and upon communal property as the essential basis of the social and economic organization of the country. It was evidently under the influence mainly of this doctrine that the government determined to base the agrarian reform not on the principle of individual ownership of land but on that of communal ownership by the mir.

Thus it was that a system of land tenure peculiar to the remote ages of the dawn of civilization came to be legalized and praised as an outflow of the particular genius of the Russian people and a saving revelation to the rotten Occident, steeped in materialism and bourgeois narrow-mindedness.

The proximate effect of the agrarian reform in the shape in which it had been introduced by the government was to place the peasants, who had barely been liberated from serfdom, in a condition of bondage to the village commune, or mir, in some respects more onerous and more galling than had been their previous condition of servitude. Its disastrous economic effects, however, though not immediately noticeable, were bound to make themselves felt in the course of time with constantly growing intensity. They were due mainly to two causes inherent in the system of communal land holding established by the agrarian reform:

First, the collective responsibility of the commune for all taxes. The effect of this system, evidently devised for fiscal reasons to simplify and insure a more regular collection of taxes due from the peasantry, was to discourage all efforts to increase the productivity of individual parcels of land allotted by the commune, since the pecuniary results of such efforts would merely go to make up the deficiency caused by the lesser productivity of parcels in the hands of less efficient members of the commune.

Second, the periodical new subdivision of the land and redistribution of individual shares of members of the commune, necessitated by the fact that the holdings allotted to the communes at the time of the emancipation of the serfs were a fixed quantity, whereas the natural growth of the population was continuous. This meant that at every successive subdivision of the soil the individual holder was allotted a smaller quantity. Besides, the necessity of equalizing the individual shares of equal area

(Continued on Page 129

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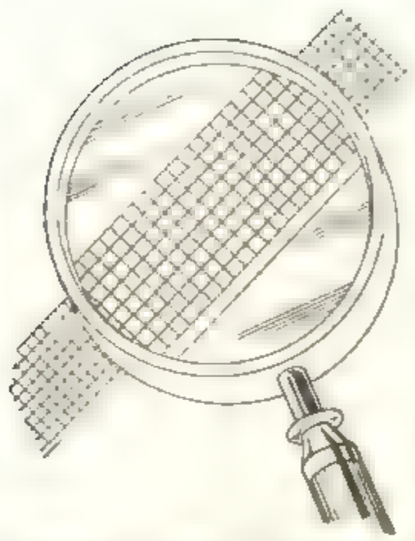
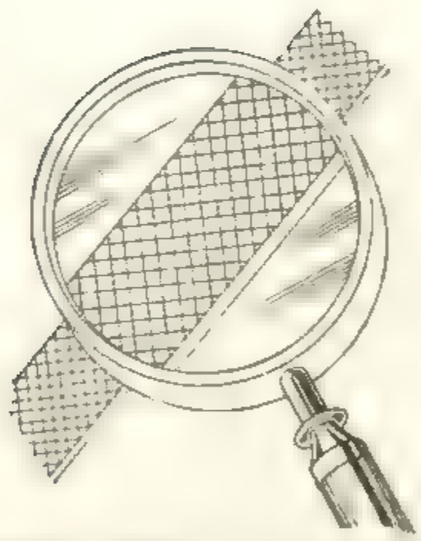


Ordinary fan belt, the threads run lengthwise and across



The Gates Vulco-Cord bias-weave Belt wears longer because it distributes the strain equally over all the threads and plies

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Look at the two diagrams. The one above illustrates the ordinary fan belt; the threads running lengthwise and across. All the strain is on the lengthwise threads; once stretched it doesn't return to normal; it has no elasticity; any unusual strain breaks it.

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GATES VULCO CORD BELTS

Made by the makers of
GATES SUPER TREAD TIRES

(Continued from Page 125)

also in regard to the varying qualities of the soil led to the subdivision of each share into a number of strips of land situated frequently at considerable distances from each other. Thus, for example, Mr. E. H. Wilcox, in his Russia's Ruin, page six, relates that "in one of the districts of the Yaroslaff Government the average individual holding was in thirty-six different strips of land, which in twelve per cent of the communes were only three and a half feet in width.

"In conditions such as these, it was necessary for all the members of the mir to do their sowing and harvesting simultaneously. There were, moreover, cases where some of the land to be thus jointly cultivated was situated twelve miles or more from the peasants' cottages."

Under similar conditions cultivation of the soil, even on the primitive three-field system still prevailing in Russia, was bound to become more and more difficult, to the total exclusion of any possibility of the introduction of intensive culture, from which alone an increase of the productivity of agriculture could be expected. It was plain, therefore, that the conditions created by the adoption of the system of communal ownership of land were mainly responsible for the gradually progressing impoverishment of the peasantry. It was no less evident that this state of things could not be remedied nor the land hunger of the peasantry be appeased by expropriation for their benefit of the lands of the estate-owning gentry—much as such a proposition was being exploited by the Socialist Revolutionary Party's propaganda for the purpose of fomenting class hatred and revolutionizing the peasantry—for the simple reason that there was not a sufficient area of such lands in existence, which, if equitably distributed among all the peasantry, would have increased their individual holdings to any really appreciable extent.

Stolypin realized that the only way to remedy the evil would be to attack it at its source, and that its real source was none other than the system of communal ownership of land. It required not only true statesmanship but also unflinching moral courage to attack the institution of the mir, hallowed in the eyes of the adherents of Slavophilism as a genuinely Slav institution, and believed in by the bulk of liberal opinion as the only preservation from the danger of the rise and growth of an agricultural proletariat.

He did, however, not hesitate to declare himself squarely and firmly in favor of the system of individual small holdings as opposed to that of communal ownership of land, and made it the basis of the agrarian reform which he took in hand with his wonted energy as soon as the first Duma had been dissolved, and enacted it in November, 1906, as a law, under Article Eighty-seven of the organic laws, subject to confirmation or rejection by the legislature on its reassembling after the election of the new Duma.

The institution of the mir, or village commune, which had its root in the times of serfdom and still had a certain hold on the minds of the peasantry in many parts of the country, could not, of course, be abolished outright. But the main point of Stolypin's agrarian-reform act was the recognition of the right of every village commune to dissolve itself should it so desire, and of every member of a commune to withdraw from its membership, to claim his share of the communal holdings as his personal property and to demand that his holding, instead of being as usual in several strips of land, should be united in one place.

Under the fostering care of the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Krivosheim, an extremely able, energetic and upright statesman, whose administration of this department stands out as a model of efficiency, foresight and honesty, this law, designed to favor the development of personal initiative and a higher standard of cultivation, proved a great and constantly growing success, denied only by blind partisanship or else by those to whom its success was unwelcome because, by creating a naturally conservative class of small landholders, it threatened to neutralize their endeavors to revolutionize the peasantry.

Besides, provision was also made for the sale of lands belonging to the state and the appanages, as well as for the purchase by the so-called Peasants Bank of large estates thrown on the market in great number by owners apprehensive of agrarian unrest and Jacqueries, and for their resale to peasants in small plots; and, last but not least, for the emigration of the landless rural population to Siberia and Turkestan.

Now as regards the question of the so-called land hunger of the peasantry, a difference should be made between land hunger as it manifests itself as a desire to take possession of all the land of their former masters, part of which had been allotted to them at the time of the emancipation, and the legitimate desire of acquiring new lands for the purpose of settling on them.

Inasmuch as the former sort of land hunger is merely a form of covetousness of other people's property it deserves no more sympathy than would any other claim of a similar nature, and the fact that it is an outflow of the traditional feeling and the peculiar mentality of an ignorant peasantry could certainly not be considered a sufficient ground for its satisfaction at the cost of the spoliation of another, though unpopular, class of property owners whose holdings happen to be larger. Nor could this kind of land hunger be appeased in a really equitable and at the same time materially effective way by distributing all the land in the possession of estate owners among all the peasantry, for the simple reason that there is not enough of it in existence for the purpose. But, of course, the traditional feeling of the peasantry could easily be, and has been, most successfully exploited for purposes of revolutionary propaganda by appealing to their baser instincts of class hatred, envy and greed, as well as for enlisting the sympathy of ignorant or misinformed public opinion abroad.

It would, moreover, have to be considered that a wholesale expropriation and abandonment to the peasantry of the lands of estate owners, implying the liquidation of their exploitation with superior resources of capital and knowledge, would result in incalculable injury to the economic interests of the country, inasmuch as the bulk of our enormous grain export, on which our favorable trade balance depended, hitherto came from the lands of estate owners on account of their greater productivity.

To talk of the necessity of the spoliation of the estate-owning class in order to appease the land hunger of the peasant class when such land hunger takes the form of a legitimate desire of acquiring new land for the purpose of settling on it would be obviously preposterous in a country which possesses in its gigantic Siberian Empire a land reserve sufficient for the accommodation of tens of millions of future settlers.

By his policy of encouraging and organizing on a large scale emigration to Siberia, Stolypin had unquestionably helped powerfully to appease this kind of legitimate land hunger as well as to relieve the distress among the peasantry in European Russia, in whose favor, moreover, the payment of the oppressive redemption tax had been entirely remitted. He had at the same time created in what might be called the Russian Canada a class of small landholders whose solid and ever-growing prosperity was reflected in the phenomenal growth of the all-Russian cooperative movement, which had its origin in cooperative associations for the export of dairy produce found in Siberia.

There is little doubt but that, had Stolypin lived and had not the war supervened, his great agrarian reform, which implied a complete reversal of the traditional policy of the government, would have been carried out to the end, its aim would have been attained, and the peasantry, converted into a class of small farmers instead of being an easy prey to revolutionary propaganda, would have become, as conservative property owners, a solid and reliable support of the state.

Stolypin did not confine his activity to pushing his scheme of agrarian reform. He at the same time set to work elaborating various important measures, such as compulsory insurance of workmen, regulation of child labor, and so on, tending to improve the condition of the laboring class, whose rapid growth had been fostered by Witte's policy of developing industry in Russia. In short, when the second Duma met, in March, 1907, there was ample material provided for the exercise of its legislative activity.

It turned out, however, that the second Duma, in spite of all attempts that had been made at manipulating the elections, was in its composition even more hostile to the government than had been the first. Notably the socialist parties, who had boycotted the first Duma on the assumption that parliamentary methods might prejudice the cause of the revolution, had managed to win in the elections a large number of seats at the expense of the liberal center parties and were enabled to exercise considerable influence. They had, of course, not come to the Duma to legislate, but to prepare a revolution, their aim being a constituent assembly and eventually a socialistic republic.

Under these conditions cooperation with the government was out of the question. A suitable pretext was soon found and the Duma was dissolved in the middle of June. At the same time a new electoral law was promulgated considerably restricting the franchise so as to insure for the coming elections a preponderance of the property-owning classes. This necessary correction of the original error committed in introducing a franchise bordering on universal suffrage, for which the nation was as little ripe as would have been the English people of the seventeenth century, was regarded as a *coup d'etat* by the doctrinaires of constitutionalism, and accordingly was denounced with extreme violence. It attained, however, its object in rendering possible a harmonious collaboration between the Duma and the government and in enabling Stolypin to steer a middle course between the demands of the reactionaries for a merely conservative Duma and the clamor of the liberal doctrinaires for a parliament with complete control of the executive.

His course, dictated certainly not by lust of power but by truly patriotic, wise and far-seeing statesmanship, represented a compromise between autocracy and parliamentary government. Impartial history will, I feel convinced, recognize that his policy was not only best suited to the actual condition of the country and to the state of political development of the people, but also best calculated to create a preparatory school, so to speak, for the political education of the Intelligentzia as the future natural leaders of the nation, and their initiation into the practice of constitutional government.

But the carrying through of this policy required, besides enlightened statesmanship, a firm, unshakable, domineering will and undaunted courage—qualities which none of Stolypin's successors seem to have possessed.

Though rendering full justice to the eminent quality and the noble and patriotic aims of Stolypin's statesmanship, it has always been impossible for me to agree with some of his views, which were manifestly tainted with the narrow-minded nationalism of the Slavophile school. I refer to his conception of what the true interests of Russia required in regard to the treatment of her outlying dominions and her subjects of non-Russian nationalities.

In approaching this subject it will be necessary to revert to a theme briefly touched upon in discussing our policy in the Far East in one of the preceding chapters of these reminiscences—the question of the gradual expansion of the original nucleus of the Russian Empire in various directions, its causes, its justification and the policies adopted in its pursuit.

The expansion in the direction of the west was the work of the three greatest sovereigns Russia ever had: Peter the Great, Catharine the Great and Alexander I. When Peter the Great had determined upon the thorough Europeanization of his country Russia was an inland country with an only outlet to the Arctic Ocean by the White Sea, and he made up his mind that what Russia primarily needed was a "window"—as he liked to express himself—looking out on Europe.

His determination to secure such a window involved him in a long-drawn-out armed contest with Sweden under Charles XII, which resulted finally in the conquest of Esthonia and Livonia and in the possibility of establishing the center of the government at the mouth of the Neva River, where he founded the new capital of his empire and christened it, not in honor of himself but of the Apostle Peter, St. Petersburg; a name since hallowed by so many glorious memories of the past greatness of our country, which the strange psychosis born of the World War

The North Russian Peasant Cultivates His Fields With Implements of the Crudest Nature

(Continued on Page 132)

Mason's settlement at Piscataqua (Portsmouth, N. H.) was probably the site of the first sawmill in New England, erected about 1631. There had been the Pilgrim water mill set up beside "Billington Sea" in Plymouth to husk and pound corn for succotash, while the first real grist mill was Col. Stoughton's on the Neponset River where was refined "the first bushel of grain ever ground by water in New England."

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY
BOSTON

The Natural Power House of New England

THE innumerable lakes and rivers of New England constitute a vast natural power house that already has contributed much toward the progress of its manufacturing enterprises and industrial expansion. These sources of power, representing most of the feasible developments, have not approached the peak of their capacities. In all, more than 5,700 sources have been harnessed, yielding a total of over 1,000,000 horsepower and turning 10,000 wheels.

The Merrimac River, with its great developments at Manchester, Lowell, Lawrence and other points is, perhaps, the most useful river of its size in America. The Connecticut, Housatonic, Deerfield, Penobscot, the Kennebec, Androscoggin, Stroudwater and Saco—all these contribute their share to New England's reservoir of local and economical power. In fact, so valuable are these projects that, as an example, one New England power company was able to effect a saving last winter of over 400,000 tons of coal!

These natural resources are only one of the reasons for the greater New England that is to come. While proud of her historical background, she still remains "new." With her Atlantic ports, cheap local power and unusual proportion of skilled workmen, it is only natural that her industries should have become widely known for quality of product, for economy of operation and for soundness and reliability of management.

Here in the heart of this industrial center is the Old Colony Trust Company, a broad and efficient banking institution offering every financial service to manufacturers contemplating New England as a base.

With executives interested in operation or expansion in this territory, we shall be glad to discuss in detail the services and facilities we have to offer.

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This year commemorates the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. To descendants of the first settlers scattered over the country, as well as to others, New England extends a warm invitation to become familiar with the old colonial landmarks. Come one and all to visit the old historic spots—Provincetown, Plymouth, Boston, Salem, Portsmouth and Providence. Spend your vacation at New England's mountain and seashore resorts, and while here, use this company's office as your banking headquarters.

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY
BOSTON

(Continued from Page 129

caused to be replaced by the more Slav and therefore presumably more patriotic sounding designation of "Petrograd"—by the way, an example which the humbler and probably less emotional municipalities of the neighboring towns of Kronstadt, Peterhof and Oranienbaum, as well as some others in various parts of the country likewise afflicted with German or Dutch sounding names, declined to follow.

The next steps in the policy of expansion were taken by the Empress Catharine the Great. Her wars with Turkey secured for the empire the possession of New Russia—Novorossiya—down to the Black Sea, and of the Crimean Peninsula. Her participation in what her son and successor, the Emperor Paul, declared to have been a crime—the partition of Poland—enabled her to restore to Russia her western provinces, that is to say, the eastern provinces of Poland from Livonia down to Moldavia, which had been conquered from Russia by the Poles, but whose population, with the exception of the Polish land-owning gentry, was Russian, belonging to the so-called Little Russian and White Russian branches of the Russian nation, and in a small part Lithuanian.

Lastly, the Emperor Alexander I, as the result of a war with Turkey, annexed Bessarabia with the connivance of Napoleon, a short-lived alliance with whom likewise enabled him by a rapid campaign against Sweden to conquer Finland. By the final act of the Congress of Vienna after the Napoleonic Wars Poland was divided between Austria, Prussia and Russia. Prussia retained Posen and Gnesen, Austria remained in possession of Galicia; Lithuania and the formerly annexed eastern provinces continued to be as "western provinces" incorporated in the Russian Empire, and the remnant was constituted as the so-called Congress Kingdom united to Russia as a separate entity under the Emperor as King of Poland.

The Emperor Alexander granted to Poland a constitution which remained in force until the revolution of 1831. By virtue of this constitution Poland was to be governed by a lieutenant of the Emperor, who must be a member of the imperial house or a Pole. The first holder of the office was General Zajonczek, a veteran who had served under Napoleon, and he remained in office until his death in 1826, when he was succeeded as lord lieutenant by the Emperor Nicholas I's elder brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, who had renounced his right to the Russian throne consequent upon his marriage to a Polish lady, the Princess Lowicz. Poland also retained her flag and her national army, based on that which had been raised by and had fought for Napoleon.

After the revolution of 1831, and its reconquest by the Russian Army, the Congress Kingdom was reduced to the condition of a Russian province, and a harsh régime of administration was inaugurated, which lasted until the accession to the throne of Alexander II, when Poland began to share in the new era of milder rule which began in Russia.

The Emperor had himself crowned in Warsaw as King of Poland and addressed to his Polish subjects a flattering speech in French, as he could no more speak their language than his predecessor. He failed, however, to win their hearts, and his liberal policy, though perhaps it encouraged the Poles to revolt, produced a strong reaction against it in Russia, with the result that the suppression of the revolt was followed by a return to the sterner methods of government in use under Nicholas I after the revolution of 1831.

If now we turn to the history of the conquest of Finland we find that after the war of 1808 with Sweden under Gustave IV, by the conclusion of peace in the following year, Finland and the Aland Islands were ceded to Russia. Finland, however, was not treated by Alexander I as a conquered province, but thanks to his wisdom and generosity she was allowed to retain her free constitution and fundamental laws and became united to Russia as a semi-independent grand duchy under the Emperor as grand duke. The states were summoned to a diet at Borgo, and Alexander I, as grand duke, solemnly promised to preserve the religion, laws and liberties of the country.

Finland under the emperors of Russia retained not only her own laws and administration but also her own coinage and complete financial independence and tariff autonomy, so that at a distance of some twenty miles from St. Petersburg a customs frontier divided the grand duchy and the empire. Under the shelter of the Russian crown Finland had become extremely prosperous, and when the Emperor Alexander II in 1863 convoked again the Diet, which had not met for fifty-six years, he was received with unbounded enthusiasm by the population. His beautiful statue erected in the square in front of the cathedral and the Senate House in Helsingfors testifies to the regard in which his memory was held by his Finnish subjects.

A further proof of their loyal sentiments I came near witnessing myself when, in one of the first months of the revolution, the Emperor's statue was defended by the Finnish population against the attempts of revolutionary Russian sailors and soldiers to overturn and destroy it. Unfortunately Alexander III, who in the first years of his reign shared the great popularity of his father, fell under the influence of the reactionary party and the Slavophile and nationalist movement with its tendencies toward unification and Russification, which under Nicholas II in 1899 led to a virtual abrogation of the legislative powers of the Diet and to the introduction of an almost dictatorial régime under General Bobrikoff.

Without attempting to follow in detail the seven-year struggle between the Russian bureaucracy and the defenders of the constitution of Finland, I might mention here that politics in the grand duchy were complicated by the rivalry between the Swedish Party, representing mainly the property-owning classes of Swedish nationality, which had hitherto been dominant, though composing less than one-sixth part of the population, and the Finnish Nationalist Party, which during the second half of the nineteenth century had been asserting its linguistic and political importance, wherein it was more or less favored by the Russian bureaucracy.

The whole country, however, united in the most determined resistance to the attempted invasion of its constitutional rights, which culminated in a universal national strike coinciding with the revolutionary movement in Russia in November, 1905. The result was the capitulation of the government and the reëstablishment of the *status quo* before 1899. This restored order of things, however, was not destined to be a lasting one, as will be shown.

In his policy in regard to Poland and Finland the Emperor Alexander I displayed, as we have seen, not only a spirit of liberalism and generosity but also a true statesman's sound judgment and farseeing wisdom.

The same spirit we shall find manifested in Peter the Great's treatment of Esthonia and Livonia, the two Baltic Provinces which he had conquered and incorporated in the Russian Empire as the final result of the long-drawn-out victorious war against Sweden, under whose sway they had been since the sixteenth century. The native population of these two provinces, aggregating about two million, consists, in the northern part of Esths, or Esthonians, a Finnish tribe belonging to the Ural-Altai, or Mongolian, division of the human race; and in the southern part of Letts, a people of Indo-European origin.

The land-owning nobility and gentry, however, and almost the entire bourgeoisie were of German origin, descendants of the settlers who had invaded the country in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had built the towns, taken possession of the lands, Christianized and reduced the natives to serfdom, which was abolished in 1827 under Nicholas I. Though constituting but a very small percentage of the population, the government of the country had for centuries been entirely in their hands. Peter the Great, realizing that the two provinces had reached a comparatively very advanced state of culture, social organization and general prosperity, confirmed them in the possession of all the institutions, rights and privileges they had been enjoying under the mild rule of the kings of Sweden, appointed governors from the ranks of the local nobility and did not in any way interfere with their administration.

Peter the Great's policy in regard to these newly acquired possessions of the Russian Empire, with the subsequent addition of Courland, effected under Catharine the Great, was continued by her and her successors until the advent, under Alexander III, of the era of forcible Russification under the influence which Slavophile and nationalistic tendencies had acquired over the minds of the Russian bureaucracy.

The time had come when the traditions of the wise policy of Peter the Great, Catharine the Great and Alexander I, the three greatest sovereigns who ever sat on Russia's throne, who had been ruling the non-Russian dominions of the empire without interfering with their institutions, language and religion in a successful endeavor to win their good will and loyalty, were to be thoroughly forgotten and to give way to tendencies and practices in an opposite direction, with the result that when the revolutionary movement of 1905–06 broke out it assumed particularly acute forms in these parts of the empire, foreshadowing its coming disruption as soon as it should find itself in the catastrophal position in which it was bound to be placed by the World War and the consequent revolution.

In order to give the reader a general idea of the condition of things in Russia at the time I can do no better than reproduce here a few illuminating remarks from Mr. Robert Wilton's very interesting book, Russia's Agony:

"Perhaps the least comprehensible feature of the old régime to a Western mind was the absence of guiding and controlling centers. The aristocracy and the middle classes in England had no corresponding representatives in Russia. Aristocrats there were, owning huge landed estates and enjoying all the privileges of the nobility, such as right of petition to the throne and a virtual monopoly of high offices in the civil and military administration, but they had no political power as an aristocracy—only as bureaucrats; and for that reason many of them were not free agents. . . . Similarly, the middle class, as represented in England, had no corresponding existence. It was not much more numerous than the nobility, and certainly less influential. It included the merchants and the better-educated element. But many of the so-called Intelligentzia were peasants or poor Jews who had obtained a university education, losing their original roots in the process, without engrafting themselves solidly upon their new station. From them were recruited most of the revolutionary leaders. Thus neither in the aristocracy nor in the middle class could Russia find a sheet anchor against the coming storm."

In this last striking sentence the observant representative of the London Times makes it clear in a few words why the storm, which every thinking Russian patriot saw coming, was bound to bring about the collapse of the in appearance imposingly solid, but in reality flimsy and noncohesive structure of the state, as soon as the monarchy, which alone could hold it together, was destroyed by the first blast of the revolution. The names of those who ignorantly and light-heartedly originated and favored that blast will go down in history branded with the maledictions of a nation!

The elections under the new electoral law of June, 1907, which had considerably restricted the franchise, took place in October, 1907, and resulted in a victory for Stolypin's policy. In complexion the new Duma was a house of the upper class, with a predominance of country gentlemen who had served in the army, in the upper branches of the local administration or in the ranks of the bureaucracy in the capital. There were a few merchants and a few prominent and extreme reactionaries. The moderate Right mostly voted with the so-called Octobrists—from the October Manifesto of 1905, of which they were convinced supporters—who, under the leadership of Gutchkoff, were the dominant party in the Duma and with the moderate Right formed a solid government majority.

Though Milyukoff had carried St. Petersburg, the Cadet Party ranked in numbers after the moderate Right. Fruitful cooperation between the Duma and the government became possible and resulted in the passage of several important acts, among them the confirmation of the temporary land laws of November, 1906, the regular confirmation of the estimates, and so on.

So far Stolypin had been working in perfect harmony with the ablest member of his cabinet, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Iswolsky, who, himself a statesman of liberal views and imbued with Western ideas of constitutionalism, supported the Prime Minister most loyally in his endeavors to place the October constitution on a working basis. They separated only when, as Mr. Iswolsky relates in his reminiscences, he could no longer view without concern Stolypin's too frequent and too high-handed resort to emergency legislation.

During his short term of office as Minister of Foreign Affairs Mr. Iswolsky undertook three diplomatic actions, the first two of which, much needed indeed and responding to real and most important interests of Russia, were crowned with a complete success, redounding greatly to his credit; and the third—in the opinion of the author of these reminiscences entirely uncalled for, as will be explained in the following chapter—ended in a failure which may have embittered him to the point of obscuring his habitual clearness of vision when the course of events was plainly pointing to the catastrophe that was to bring about the downfall of our country.

The first concerned the conclusion of a friendly understanding with Japan which supplemented the Portsmouth Treaty in a manner entirely creditable to both sides.

The second ended in a friendly agreement with Great Britain which, though it dealt with Persia in the traditional imperialistic way of establishing zones of influence, and so on, had the great merit of putting an end to the era of rivalry and mutual distrust which for half a century had been poisoning the relations between the two great empires.

The third action was undertaken apparently in the expectation of trading off our consent to Austria-Hungary's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina for that Power's consent to our taking possession of the Straits, a proposition which, as Iswolsky found out to his chagrin, was not even to be mooted to the British cabinet, English public opinion not being yet considered ripe for such an issue running counter to all traditions of British policy. Our nationalistic press, moreover, taunted him with having been willing to betray the sacred cause of Slavdom for a mere mess of pottage.

In the meantime the state of affairs in Finland had become disquieting. A revolutionary movement in full sympathy with its Russian counterpart had made much headway. The Diet elected under the new radical electoral laws, under the pressure of a large Socialist opposition, had shown itself quite unruly and openly hostile to the Russian bureaucracy. It was decided to resort to stringent measures to deal with unrest in Finland, and on Stolypin's insistence the Duma in June, 1907, passed a law for the better regulation of affairs common to the empire and the grand duchy, which in effect was a serious infringement of the guaranteed rights of Finland which the Finnish courts declared unconstitutional and consistently refused to apply.

Another proof of Stolypin's leaning toward a policy inspired by narrow-minded nationalism was the way he dealt with the question of the creation, in obedience to the clamor of the nationalistic press, of a new "Gubernia" out of the district of Kholm, which had formed an integral part of Poland and which was to be separated from the kingdom on the plea that the peasantry belonged to the Little Russian branch of the Russian family. A law to that effect was forced through the legislature, and naturally gave great offense to Polish national feeling.

The relations between the government and the Duma during Stolypin's premiership were, on the whole, peaceful, though several conflicts rose over constitutional questions. The most serious of these occurred in March, 1911, when the Council of the Empire—the upper house of the Russian Parliament—rejected a government measure providing for the creation of Zemstvos—provincial assemblies—for the western provinces.

Stolypin prorogued the council and the Duma for a few days and promulgated the Zemstvo Law under Article Eighty-seven of the fundamental laws, as an emergency measure. This arbitrary step raised a storm in both houses. The Duma pronounced the action illegal and passed a vote of censure on the government, and the president, Gutchkoff, resigned in protest.

In the following September Stolypin fell a victim to the assassin's bullet in the Emperor's presence at a gala performance in the Opera House at Kieff, and with him disappeared the last strong man who might have been able to arrest the country on the road to her downfall and ruin.

Editor's Note—This is the seventeenth of a series of articles by Baron Rosen. The next will appear in an early issue.

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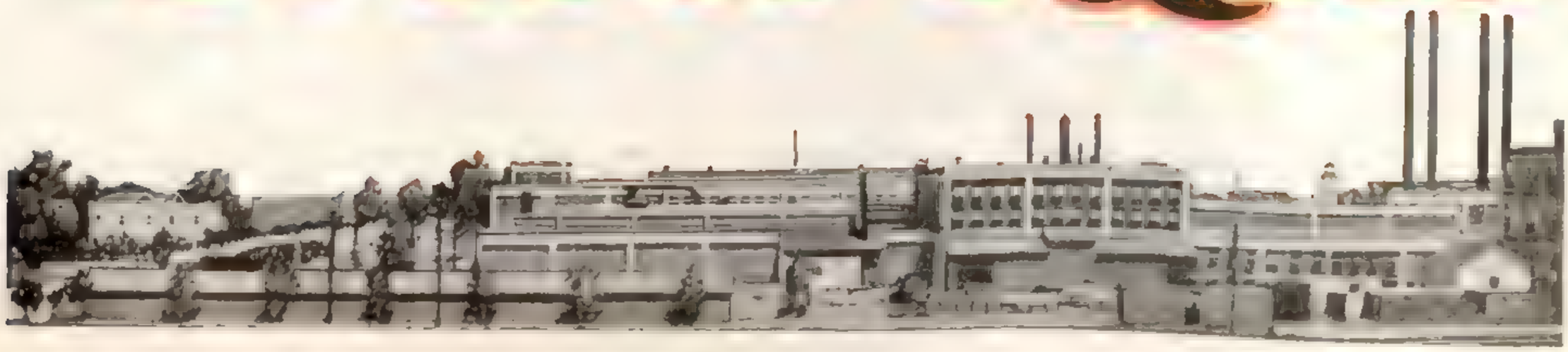
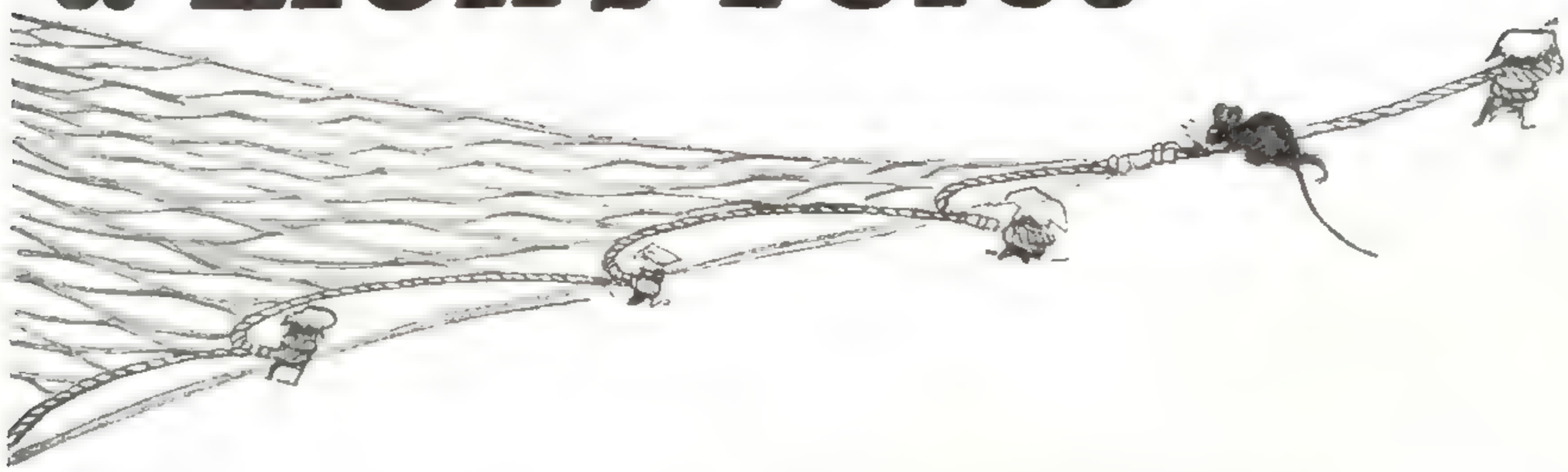


You Release a Lion's Force



UNDER your car's hood the imprisoned force of a mighty lion rests helpless—powerless—until that mouse-like battery, at your command, releases energy that whirls the motor into life.

Many times a day, perhaps, you press the starting button with your toe without realizing the tremendously important part played in your motoring comfort by that unseen box of energy. So long as it serves perfectly it passes unnoticed.

Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries rarely force themselves on their owners' attention—unless they're starved! The lion must eat—and the battery's energy be replenished. It may perform for months without attention, but *don't take the chance.*

Set a regular day each month on which to have your battery tested to see if it's run down and to have it refilled with distilled water. This will increase its length of service by half. The Prest-O-Lite Service Station in your locality is ready to give you this service, whatever your make of battery.

Prest-O-Lite engineers have created a range of battery types, differing only in size and capacity but identical in design, quality, ruggedness and service, that meets the requirements of all cars from a tiny "four" to a mammoth "twelve." And expert engineers have specified the correct type for maximum service for each make of car.

Equip with a Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery and be assured more positive starts, brighter lights, greater endurance and freedom from storage battery troubles.

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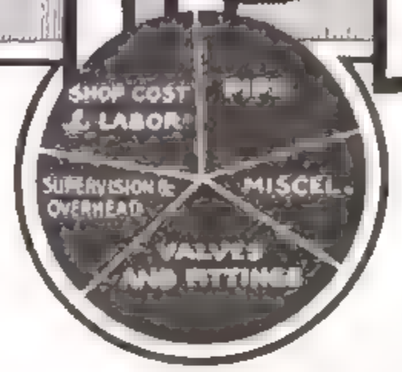

Installation Cost

The diagram above shows how small the bare item of pipe appears in the average pipe system, compared with the other items of cost.

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Looked at in this light, Byers genuine wrought iron pipe, owing to its high rust resistance, doubles or trebles the life of the whole installation, yet rarely adds more than 5% to its first cost.

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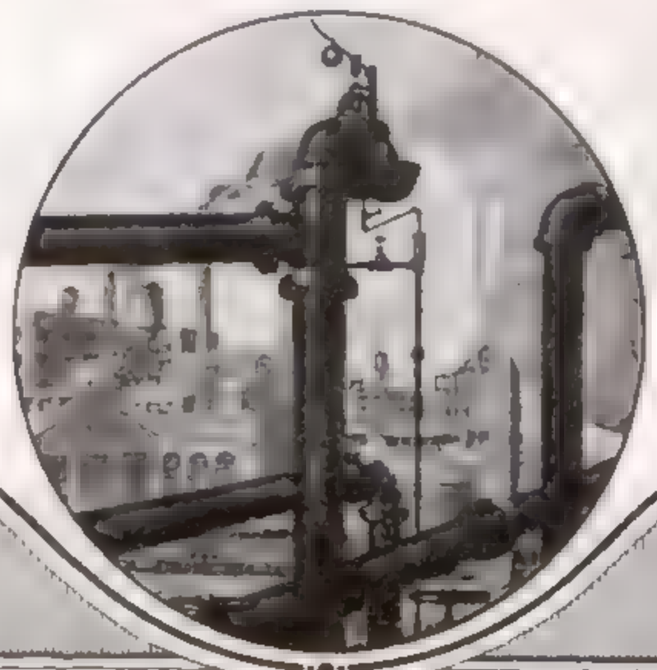

Look for the Name and Year Rolled in Every Length

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 40)

Discipline practically takes care of itself in factories and industrial establishments of all kinds that are scientifically managed.

In one large factory the records show that time study and bonus were applied to 4017 jobs, all of a different nature. Production on these jobs has been increased an average of 65.5 per cent; the average labor cost has been decreased nineteen per cent and the average wages of the people working on the jobs have been increased twenty-four per cent. These figures of course will differ according to the establishment where the system is applied. In getting results about as much depends upon where you start from as upon what you do after you start. In addition to the above benefits the plan permitted the shortening of the hours of labor and allowed the company to introduce two rest periods of ten minutes each, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. The rest periods have resulted in an increase rather than in a decrease of production.

Careful study of a job often brings out some surprising things. Improvements of 100 per cent are not uncommon. Right here it should be stated that in any plant where it is proposed to make a study of the various tasks with the idea of establishing scientific management the owners should never attempt to force the issue with any workman. If one employee declines to cooperate another workman should be approached and persuaded that the plan will operate to his advantage, and the company should assure him that his earnings will be maintained. The man who did not like the proposition should not be discharged, and if he has to be transferred he should be given an equally good job. The success of all modern methods of management depends very largely on the maintenance of the good will of the employees. Through the exercise of proper patience and tact the enemy of task and bonus work will be converted to a friend and defender of the method.

The time has come when foremen must no longer be drivers of their people, but teachers, leaders and helpers instead. In the matter of deciding as to what is justice it is important to get the viewpoint of the workman and this opinion should be expressed without fear of consequences. When a company management refuses to discuss matters with the men it compels a resort to force and this tends directly toward the selection of fighters and trouble makers instead of reasonable negotiators with whom something may be done.

We are all too much in the habit of regarding brick walls and the machinery and appliances within them as the important and essential things in a manufacturing establishment and have paid too little attention to the human element and the great possibilities of its improvement. It is unfortunate that this human element does not appear in our company inventories. It may be demoralized or its value practically destroyed and no loss will be shown on the books or statements that guide financiers in estimating the value of an industrial establishment.

This is one reason why the problem of human relations in business has been so long neglected. It is one thing to read and admire the details of proper methods of management, but it is quite a different thing to go ahead in our business life and apply these principles to our everyday affairs. If a thing is right it is also expedient and can be made to work if we will only go ahead fearlessly and keep sincerely trying.

Plowing by Electricity

WE HAVE hardly got accustomed to the idea of discarding the horse for the tractor in our plowing operations on American farms when along comes word of a new plan in which is used a system of electric plowing on a large scale. The new method of land cultivation has just been introduced in Italy and the early reports indicate that the initial results were very satisfactory.

A triple plow was first used, after which the operators hitched up a single plow, which latter cut the ground to a depth of twenty inches.

The investigation showed that a hectare—2.471 acres—can be plowed for about eighty lire—$15.44—which sum includes the very material increases in the wages of workmen which have taken place in recent months. The estimate also includes interest on invested capital, amortization and so on. The cost per hectare, using tractors or other mechanical means, is estimated at $57.90, owing principally to the extremely high price of fuel.

According to Trade Commissioner MacLean in Rome, the conditions in Italy are favorable to the adoption of electric plowing. Not only is the necessary power available in almost every section of the country, but the fields are comparatively small and in most instances level.

The details of this new system of electric plowing are comparatively simple. At one corner of the field to be plowed the operator establishes a powerful electric capstan, or winding apparatus, from which base wire cables are stretched, entirely inclosing the field in question. At the two near corners these cables pass through pulleys which are securely anchored, while at the far corners they are connected with two movable anchor wagons.

Between these two a duplex plow mounted on wheels is drawn backward and forward across the field by means of the cable and each time a furrow is plowed the anchor wagons move up a sufficient distance to bring the plow into position for the next operation.

The plow is provided with an equal number of shares on each side of the wheels, facing each other, so that no turning is necessary.

When the plow is moving forward the shares facing in that direction are lowered and the ones on the other side are lifted. On coming back the shares that were first used are lifted clear of the ground and those on the opposite side are lowered for use.

This promising scheme has undoubtedly grown out of the urgent fuel necessities of Italy, which country is being compelled to depend more and more upon the utilization of its water power in its industrial life.

Reassuring

IF ANYONE doubts that the United States will continue to be the great center of world industry for years to come, let him carefully study the chart prepared by Doctor Umpleby, of the United States Geological Survey, which will likely dispel all such fears.

Self-sufficiency in minerals depends on a well-balanced supply rather than on large reserves of a few materials. The United States contributes a noteworthy amount to the world's production of all but seven of the thirty leading mineral commodities. We hold first place in the output of coal, iron, copper, lead, zinc and petroleum. These are the things that make the wheels go round.

Something New in Doors

AN AMERICAN now residing in England has struck on an idea that promises to add impetus to the campaign for an enlarged shop-to-home delivery service. Heretofore when tradesmen arrived at a house with packages the family had to be disturbed, and if no one was home the goods could not be left in safety. Such troubles are overcome by a door of novel construction known as a receivador.

The new device is really two doors with compartments between them. The tradesman making the delivery may insert his parcels in the compartments without troubling those occupying the premises. The chief mechanical feature of the arrangement is an alternating interlock which makes it impossible for both the outer and the inner door to be open or unlocked at one and the same time.

In actual operation the tradesman inserts his parcels in the delivery box and closes the outer door of the house. He then turns the knob on this outside door, which action automatically locks the outer door and unlocks the inner door. Later, when the occupant of the house removes the parcels and closes the inner door, the latter in the same manner is locked and the outside door unlocked ready for another delivery.

This novel contrivance eliminates the dangers of loss through theft and makes it possible for the householder to leave home though expecting a delivery of merchandise.

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That is the name of our new book which every player-piano owner and prospective owner ought to read. You simply cannot realize the variety of home entertainment offered by the Gulbransen until you have looked through this book.

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Plays the Gulbransen

Imagine a player-piano so Easy to Play that you can pedal it *easily* with one finger—and make it play! A truly wonderful test, which the Gulbransen meets successfully.

But mere *ease* in pedaling is not all. It is the right "feel"—or "pedal-touch"—that means everything in playing. Lightness, without a sign of uncertain "trembly" touch. Nor do Gulbransen pedals ever feel *stiff*, requiring you to push hard. Nor are they *mushy*, with that "die-away" feeling—forcing you to pedal fast just to keep the instrument playing.

They have just enough resistance so you "get the feel of them" and they yield so readily that playing is made effortless. This distinctive Gulbransen "pedal-touch" makes the Gulbransen Easy to Play with natural expression.

Gulbransen Trade Mark.

"Pedal-touch" is as important to the player-pianist as "key-touch" to the hand-pianist. For the pedals are the "keys" to the player-pianist practically his only contact with the instrument. Thus you pedal the Gulbransen as the music requires—gently or strongly—always leisurely, relaxed, enjoying the music.

You would enjoy a Gulbransen. You could play it well. Its tone is more than usually live, resonant, singing—helping your performance. Just try one at our dealer's store.

You can locate him by the "Baby at the Pedals"—actually playing the Gulbransen—in his window.

And send coupon below for our free book, "Good Times With Your Gulbransen." Tells all about the music available and the fun you can have.

NATIONALLY PRICED

Three models, all playable by hand or by roll, sold at the same prices to everybody, everywhere in the U. S., freight and war tax paid. Price branded in the back of each instrument at the factory.

White House Model	$725
Country Seat Model	625
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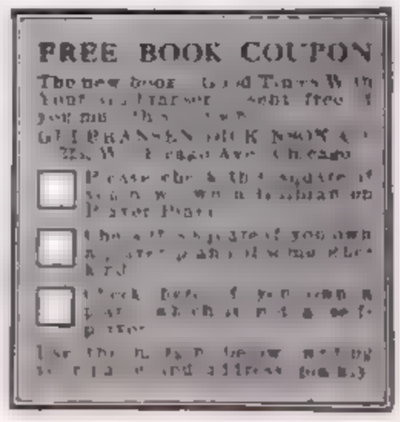
GULBRANSEN-DICKINSON CO., 3232 W. Chicago Avenue, CHICAGO



PINK KNICKERS AND THE DESPERATE SHIP

(Continued from Page 17)

Dinner that evening was noisier than usual in spite of the fact that Estelle maintained an unwonted silence, listening with demure watchfulness and blushing when they interrupted their animated indoor flying to compliment her on a very dashing dinner gown and on the golden lights in her carefully tumbled hair.

The conversation dealt chiefly with the plan for a formation flight. It was agreed that the only peace flying worth the gas and oil is formation flying. They must begin group tours at once. Discussion centered round a proposal of Long Jim's that they rise at five o'clock the following morning in order to start by moonlight and reach a high altitude in time to see the sunrise above the clouds.

Lazy Buddy opposed the early rising, but Long Jim and the major insisted, extolling the beauties of cloudland at dawn as seen over the Vosges Mountains, or earlier at Romorantin, or still earlier in Southern California, where they had trained. The plan adopted, the major and his sons rose from their coffee and returned to the hangar to make permanent the new fastening of the broken shock absorber. Frances sent George and Estelle out for a stroll in the gathering dusk, "to find out whether there is going to be a moon," and retired to the kitchen to supervise the making of sandwiches and the placing of coffee in bottles.

The house was dark by ten o'clock, when Estelle came through the bathroom which connected her room with that of her hostess and sat down on the edge of Frances' bed and shook her.

"Frankie, were you asleep?"

"No, dear," said Frances, stretching out one arm to turn on a shaded electric lamp.

"Frankie, are you spoiling my visit on purpose?"

"Darling, what do you mean?"

"I come away out here from Memphis just to see you and you promptly pair me off with a beau you are trying to get rid of. It's not very hospitable."

"I didn't pair you off."

"You arranged and encouraged our twosing. Think of the shameless way you shunted us out into the moonlight to-night!"

Frances' stifled laughter shook the bed.

Estelle was braiding her hair while she upbraided her cousin. She continued:

"I thought you were mad about George, and so, naturally, I encouraged him to make love to me—just to liven things up and increase your interest in life."

"Well?"

"Then you tell me before supper that you've never been engaged to him, and he wastes a gorgeous moonlit evening boring me to bits explaining that he is a cast-off suitor of yours, not fit to run with you."

"I'm sorry, darling," came from Frances in a smothered voice.

"He says he's a prairie dog and that I am the sort of mate he needs. He says your train of thought goes so fast that he can't even ride in the caboose, but he wants to marry me to tame and educate me."

"What did you say?"

"I told him I didn't care to undertake to console him for the loss of you. I didn't think I was qualified to substitute for anyone."

"What did he say?"

"He said his requirements weren't excessive. All he demanded of a wife was what anybody and everybody demanded."

Frances shook her head whimsically and murmured: "He still reverts to Old Bill Anybody!"

"Exactly!" said Estelle, nodding vigorously. "What was that song of yours about the average man?"

"The Bride of Old Bill Anybody?" Frances asked, her eyes dancing.

"Yes! Please sing it; it's just what I need."

Frances sat up in bed, pulled a grim face and began to chant softly, so as not to waken the household:

Quoth the average man: If I marry some day—
And I may—
I shall marry a sweet, simple, homekeeping sort,
Not a frivolous sport
Who pretties herself for her sweethearts to pet;
Nor yet
A brainy she-thing whose ideas I can't get—
No, you bet!
I demand in a woman what anyone would,
And should.
She must be first of all my obedient wife,
Bet your life!
She must cut out the men she may ever have known
And be wholly my own.
She must let me dictate her selection of clothes,
Though her ankles and nose
I'll allow to influence my choice of her hats
And her spats.
But in all controversies I must have my way,
Since I pay!
Just a word in addition, my standards aren't high—
I'm an average guy—
The Miss I make Mrs. must not be remiss
In the rites of the kiss.
And she'll have to be joyous or I'll go astray,
Oh, yes, she'll be gay!
For if she's not happy I'll run right away,
I won't stay!
With me hers will be a magnificent life;
I shan't have much trouble in finding a wife!

"I love that!" Estelle exclaimed viciously. "How it expresses George!"

"No, no!" Frances protested. "George very seldom drops into Old Bill Anybody's rôle. Be fair to him!"

But Estelle insistently nodded her head.

"He's backwoodsy," said she.

Frances suddenly seized a pillow and smothered her face. Through its feathers Estelle heard her murmur: "I thought you were captivated by his primitive nature."

"Primitive picklepots!" Estelle burst out vehemently. "It's sickening the way every man in the world fancies himself a Manx cat. However, you needn't pretend to think that George has captured my fluttering heart. Let him think so if he wants to, but don't you dare harbor any such notion! Do you suppose for one moment that I would be a consolation prize? No, my dear cousin, I want to be wooed for my own sweet sake, not as a bandage for wounds inflicted by you."

Convulsive laughter stifled in the pillow was the only reply to this outburst.

"You're deliberately spoiling my visit!" Estelle accused her, pouting. "I'm going home to-morrow night!"

Frances sat up in bed and tried to compose her features.

"I won't spoil your visit, you little vampire," she said, and proceeded with growing sobriety: "But you must stop being unjust to George. He's the most lovable human being I've ever known. We've gone fishing and stolen watermelons and ridden after the stock together ever since I can remember, and I've always loved him, I think."

Estelle searched her face with bright, hopeful eyes.

"Do you really love him, Frances, or are you cracking him up to foist him on me?"

"Father and I have both loved him ever since mother's death, because of the way he cried. He was the only one of the whole party who wept. We were all too dumfounded for tears, and I was too young to understand, but I thought he was adorable. He was so ashamed of himself."

Estelle bounced delightedly on the bed.

"I believe you do love him!" she cried.

"He's the only man whom I would ever attempt to live with," Frances admitted. "And"—she went on melodramatically—"you shall not snatch him from me! I shall marry George Thatcher in spite of anything you can say or do!"

"You do love him!" Estelle declared with conviction.

"You can't tear him from me!" Frances defied her. "Try it and see!"

Estelle rose and retreated toward the door.

"Don't be silly, Frances!" she replied. "I could have accepted him this very night. However," she cooed, "I wouldn't do anything so competitive as to snatch him from you. Where do you get such uncousinly ideas?"

"Crazy kitten," Frances called after her, "now is your visit ruined? Are you going home to-morrow?"

Estelle ran back to kneel beside the bed and kiss her hostess good night.

"No, darling, I didn't mean that. I can't go home just yet. My family is terribly off me. Father—you know how ridiculous father sometimes is about money—well, he declares I left town with twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of clothes that he isn't going to pay for. If I go back before he pays for them he might make me return them. See?"

"You wretch, why are you so extravagant?"

"Why, Frankie," she pouted, "aren't they lovely things? You know they're beautiful!"

"Yes, but think how angry you've made your father."

"Oh, he'll get over it!" Estelle shrugged. "He likes me to make him angry. It keeps him young. In a day or two he'll write me to come back and spend some more."

Frances switched out the light to hide an uncontrollable yawn

"Good night, dear," she said.

"Good night, you darling girl," Estelle answered. "Are you terribly in love?"

"Frightfully, you wicked little devil!"

Estelle's only reply was an impish chuckle as she tiptoed out.

Shortly after five o'clock the following morning Buddy startled them into wakefulness with a lustily bugled reveille. His instrument, a battered childhood plaything, had been packed away with other relics of his vanished youth when Buddy went to college, but he had not forgotten how to blow it. They fell into their clothing and gradually assembled in the breakfast room, where Frances doled out to each a cup of coffee and a sandwich.

Long Jim had gassed and oiled and watered and inspected the ships the night before. Nothing remained except to roll them out on the level green of the alfalfa and line up the four abreast. The major had decided to carry supplies in his rear seat instead of a passenger, and he had loaded up with spare tires, rubber cable, tools, patching material and extra gasoline. Long Jim lifted Frances into his rear cockpit and George boosted Estelle as she stuck one foot in the stirrup and swung a smartly booted leg over the side of his ship.

Self-elected to crank the engines, Long Jim stationed himself in front of the major's ship and inquired briskly: "Off?"

"Off!" answered the major after a swift glance into his cockpit.

Long Jim swung the stick round two complete turns to draw a full charge into the cold cylinders, stood back, wiped his hands and cried: "Contact!"

The major threw the switch, his son grasped the blade, swung one long leg and whirled the propeller, flinging his lean body back out of reach with the same movement. The motor started with a roar, which the major quickly throttled to idling speed. Long Jim moved to Buddy's ship, the next in the row.

"Off!" Buddy shouted impatiently.

His brother wound up the propeller and stood back breathing.

"Contact!" Buddy yelled.

A quick swing and the second engine roared out its salute to the dawn, to be throttled in turn to warming speed. George's motor proved more reluctant than the first

(Concluded on Page 141)

The Clouds Beneath Them Now Resembled Melting Lava in the Crater of a Vast Volcano, a Volcano Become Suddenly Active After Quiescence

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX

The Thorobred—A *Real* Sport Car

It is a motor-car-athlete—

With unusual comfort accommodations for this type of car.

The smart sport design, attractive color scheme and elegant finish of the Thorobred appeal to the eye of everyone.

It is a man's car in power and speed—

And a woman's car because of its luxury, ease of handling and simplicity of control.

Its performance more than justifies its name.

The motor seems ever to be on edge for a quick get-away—

The Moore Multiple Exhaust System increases power; it prevents the engine's exhaust from being choked up with burnt gases.

Due to the Lexi-gasifier you can get more power with present-day low-grade fuel than you could with the former high-test gasoline.

The Cable-Brake grips both wheels equally for a skidless stop; rough roads do not affect the pedal. The 2-Way Head Lamps give full light at all times without glare.

Single supervision and centralized manufacturing facilities are possible because ten factories specializing in motor car parts are affiliated with Lexington.

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Thorobred (Sport Model) $2285; Touring Car, $2185; Lex-Sedan, $2585; Sedanette $3150; Coupé $3150—All Series "S" models equipped with cord tires

Lexington Motor Company, Connersville, Indiana, U. S. A.

Fresh from the Gainaday

Crisp, clean curtains, fresh from the Gainaday. What a joy to keep house when you have clean clothes a-plenty. What a pleasure to revel in clean curtains, white bedspreads and fresh blankets when you can depend upon the Gainaday to keep them so.

The Gainaday does more than its name suggests. It gains time, labor and money. Besides taking the heavy work out of a big wash on washday, it is always ready for any kind of midweek washing. The continuous revolving and reversing motion of the cylinder—five turns each way—insures a perfect washing result.

By electric power the Gainaday wringer takes the clothes out of the washer, through rinse and blue waters, and into the basket. Meanwhile the Gainaday is washing the next batch of clothes.

A postal will bring you our new booklet, "*Less on Easter and Shorter Washday*" a picture story of the Gainaday process.

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Do your washing at home for sanitary reasons

Gainaday

Washer Wringer

(Concluded from Page 138)

two, but by the use of the choke it was finally started, the thick mixture ignited, sputtering and yellow flames burst from the exhaust pipes in smoky puffs.

"Frances," Long Jim called, "just before I swing the prop open the throttle. Close it the instant she starts or she'll drive over the blocks and cut me to bits."

Frances nodded vigorously and cried, "Off!" with military sharpness.

"Contact!" Long Jim panted after a double twist, and whipped the blade round, but did not wait to listen to the answering surge and roar. He started down the line of ships, pulling the blocks from under the wheels and buckling his helmet round his chin.

At the end of the line he paused and gesticulated to call their attention to the broad circular band of static electricity which streamed back, luminously blue, from the whirling propeller tips. Then, while the engines were warming up and because aëroplanes brought out all the rhapsodic in his make-up, he went from ship to ship inquiring of the impatient occupants whether they were happy or not; if they had noted the moon sparkle on the dewy little waves of the alfalfa; if the whole field did not resemble a deep still sea with mists drifting over its face—Buddy assured him it did not—and if their ships were not like flying fish with turned-up, cocky, sea-horse tails, all ready to leave the water for the air.

It had been determined that the major should lead the formation and that they would fly in single file until there was sufficient light to make a close formation safe. At length the major cut short his son's ecstasies by gesturing sharply at the eastern sky, where a ruddy glow was beginning to suffuse the cloud bank. Long Jim hastily inserted himself into his seat in front of Frances and the major took off with a sudden roar, a brief run over the grass and a leap into the air to clear the orchard fifteen hundred feet down the field.

"Father feels kittenish!" Jim shouted to Frances. "Did you see him zoom?"

Buddy's blazing exhaust followed the major; George and Estelle went flaming after Buddy. When the major in circling the field silhouetted his ship against the moon Long Jim yelled to his sister, "Safety belt fastened?"

"Yes."

"Goggles on?"

"Yes, all set! Let's go!"

"Give her the gun!"

Long Jim thrust the control stick forward to hold down the ship's nose and hoist her tail. Swifter and swifter she rolled over the grass, touching more and more lightly—touching—grazing—and at length, with full speed gained, gently lifting into her native element.

Early in the morning there are no bumps in that viscous fluid we call air. During the unsunned hours the atmosphere becomes homogeneous and the unequal densities produced by strong sunshine and known to the flying fraternity as air pockets, holes and bumps even off into equilibrium. Long Jim's flying fishes swam as smoothly as soaring hawks through that still medium.

At four thousand feet they passed through light clouds and lost sight of the sleeping earth with its coverlet of misty twilight. All round them spread a gray sea of dirty cotton batting—lumps of cumulus cloud like cold oatmeal dished up by a slovenly giantess for her detested spouse.

By the time they reached forty-five hundred feet the light was excellent and the major signaled them into a close diamond formation by swerving like a skater in sharp skids to right and left. Once in formation, they throttled to a speed just sufficient to maintain their altitude and quietly floated round a four-mile circle, watching the sun burst, red-eyed and sleepy, through the hangings of his canopied bed.

The clouds beneath them now resembled melting lava in the crater of a vast volcano, a volcano become suddenly active after quiescence, swiftly heating its broad lake of fire to rose pink, scarlet, blazing yellow and—at last—to blinding white. At forty-five hundred feet the sun was up, but when—following the major—they dropped to two thousand the color transition occurred once more. This time they watched especially the little ground mists chasing one another over the green patchwork quilt of earth and the scattered hosts of the darkness hunting for caverns and forests and pools to defend them from the leveled lance points of the sunbeams.

Presently the major signaled and the formation closed up into company front—the four planes abreast. Thus they flew thirty miles to a huge empty sheep pasture beyond the river and came down to land in a corner of it, ravenous for food.

By the time they had finished breakfast the Texas sun was so hot it drove them over the barbed wire into the shade of a patch of woods. Toward ten o'clock everyone, even Long Jim, had rhapsodized to his heart's content about the sunrise. Then it was discovered that George and Estelle had disappeared among the trees. Two hours later, when that couple returned protesting that they had been lost in the woods, the noonday heat was so intense that the leather cushions in the cockpits were almost unbearable. However, Estelle looked starry-eyed and triumphant as she settled down into her place, and George appeared equally oblivious of discomfort, though he avoided meeting Frances' scrutinizing glance.

In a great haste they made ready to go aloft into cooler air. Up to this point their motors had behaved excellently, but aëroplane motors are temperamental things at best, and Long Jim now had the utmost difficulty in starting George's engine. Slightly reluctant in the morning, it had grown definitely recalcitrant. Only by opening the throttle wide and stationing a man at each wing to hold the ship—of course he had no blocks—could he persuade it to go. He was wringing wet and breathless when it finally started. They gathered in consultation round George, who made light of the situation, now that his engine was actually running.

"She coughs like a sick camel," he admitted with a grin, "but I've flown unhealthier ships than this. We'll get home all right."

However, scarcely had the four ships formed a diamond at twenty-five hundred feet before George's motor began to miss and splutter. He dived and landed in the field they had just left, while the others hovered above reluctant to break up the formation and return to the excessive heat on the ground. They saw George land, and circling lower and lower they watched George get out of his seat and go round one wing to his motor. Apparently Estelle remained in her seat. Several moments passed and they were about to descend when suddenly they saw George's ship start down the field, not straight ahead, but drunkenly, in crazy circles, sending up a cloud of dust.

It was at once a ridiculous and an alarming sight. George might be foolishly doing stunts on the ground. On the other hand, perhaps Estelle was alone and attempting to pilot the ship. Yet in spite of their anxiety they were compelled to laugh at the kangaroo leaps and hops of the machine.

As quickly as possible they landed and parked their ships in the far corner of the pasture. As they ran down the field toward the dust clouds with which the ship was screening itself Estelle rushed to meet them.

"George wiped some oil out of the carburetor," she explained rapidly, "and cranked the engine. I was standing alongside holding the throttle open. When I let go I nearly cut poor George's head off, but he dropped in time and the wing went over him. He's chasing the crazy thing now."

As they looked the ship whirled in a wide turn and rushed uproariously across the field toward them. They scattered to avoid the propeller, but before it reached them it ran up a knoll, veered round at an absurd angle and swept away. Without waiting for further explanations they raced down the field. At the next sudden about face of the runaway Frances and Long Jim collided with George.

"That motor is wide open," Long Jim panted at George. "What keeps her from taking off and flying away?"

George was almost out of breath, but he managed to explain brokenly: "I had—sense enough to strap—my safety belt round the stick—before I got out. Her flippers are holding her down—look out!"

The ship turned on them like a beast at bay and plunged headlong in their direction. They leaped from its path and attempted to catch the wings as it went by, but when something whisks past you at a speed of forty to fifty miles an hour it is not easily detained.

Down the field it flew, apparently bent upon crashing through the other ships and tearing itself to shreds on the barbed wire, but fortunately it changed its mind, pirouetted like an immense pigeon and thundered back to the middle of the field, where a lone tree stood on a little rise of ground. The pursuing party saw it shoot straight at this tree—"Hell bent on suicide," as Buddy put it—and they all gasped. But at the last moment it rose on one wing and with absurd intelligence swerved to one side, wheeled, circled and from half a mile away charged the tree again. The viciousness of its attack seemed mitigated by a frolicsome tendency to caper and cavort, but desperation was evinced in its repetition of the maneuver time and again round the unterrified little tree.

Breathless with running and with amusement at the hilarious antics of the fugitive, Buddy finally dropped to the ground exhausted. A moment later he was nearly run over. The others dashed on through the sickening heat, throwing over their heads as they ran whatever outer garments were detachable—helmets, coats, vests and shirts. At length the major threw himself down, completely overcome, and a moment later Long Jim stuck his foot into a badger hole and lay where he fell, shaking convulsively.

Thirty minutes of wild pelting in that temperature up and down a field a mile and a half long and half as wide was beginning to tell upon George and Frances. George's face was purple and Frances' hair had come down into her eyes and she had stepped on the skirt of her gingham dress and torn it almost entirely off.

They were still running doggedly, but they were almost spent when, after a spectacular series of dervish whirls first to the right and then to the left, one of the ship's tires blew up and the other cast itself from the rim and shot across the turf.

The mad thing slowed up momentarily as it circled, and with three wild leaps that tore the remaining shred of her skirt away Frances flung herself upon the nearer wing and clung to it, George reached the fuselage, plunged in his arm and cut the switch. The motor choked and the ship slued round violently and stopped, shaking and disheveled and sagging toward the side which lacked a tire.

Shouts of victory went up from the rest of the group. One by one they stumbled over to where George and Frances sat limply in the shade of the wing, reviving.

Estelle sauntered down to join them, very hot in her stiff collar and tight riding coat and apparently rather uncomfortable over the bystander's part she had elected to play, but which no one had had time to notice.

George grasped and held Frances' hand.

"Thanks!" he gasped.

"We're almost dead," said the major, wiping his eyes. "How did you ever control yourselves?"

"I'll never be the same again," Long Jim stammered, mopping his face and neck.

"I'm ruined," Buddy confessed, rubbing his sides ruefully.

George gulped and glared.

"I saw—nothing—to laugh at!" he gasped.

Whereupon the major quite forgot his dignity and rolled with his two sons on the ground, shouting until exhaustion silenced them.

"What's the matter, Frances?" Estelle giggled. "Lost your sense of humor as well as your clothes? You were superb, chasing that thing in your pink knickers!"

"A week from now," Frances replied brokenly, "I'm going to enjoy this—but right now—you can all go to the devil!"

And she buried her face on George's shoulder and wept.

That week proved to be a gross overestimate. After a cold bath and a couple of hours in bed Frances professed herself fully restored and insisted upon joining the rest of the household at dinner. Estelle helped her dress and teased her for having vamped George with a display of lingerie.

"Poor me," she sighed, "he hates the sight of me! He's been fussing with the engine all afternoon and all he would consent to say to me was, 'Go look after Frankie.' But you were obliged to stoop to pretty low methods to win him!" she giggled.

Frances stared at her incredulously.

"If I find," she said slowly, "that there is any reason to suppose that my costume this afternoon ——"

"Your lack of costume, Frankie dear," Estelle purred softly.

"—— had the effect you suggest, I'll never marry him."

"How will you find out?"

"I'll ask him."

Estelle exhibited a shocked expression and pursed her lips in exaggerated distaste.

After dinner George cleared his throat with peculiar meaning, and Buddy put down his cigar and rose as if signaled.

"Estelle," said Buddy, "I'm counting on you to help me beat father and Jim at bridge. How's your game these days?"

Estelle glanced from George to Frances and back to Buddy.

"Not too good," she said sweetly, "but I'd love to play with you."

"There's a dear," said the major, his face relaxing into a smile.

Frances presently strolled out into the moonlight with George and wandered through the lilacs that edged the garden plot. Perhaps she had not fully recuperated, for her knees trembled a little, obliging her to sit down on a low rustic bench.

George knelt beside her and seized her abruptly in his arms.

"Frankie," he pleaded, "we love each other; won't you please marry me?"

She thrust him away.

"You're a confident gentleman," she replied with considerable spirit. "Who told you that I love you?"

He smiled quietly.

"Moreover," she continued irritably, "what makes you think you love me instead of Estelle? You're just grateful to me for catching your ship."

"I am grateful, but ——"

"Estelle must be right; my pink knickers have inflamed you."

He studied her, puzzled.

"The pink knickers," he repeated slowly.

She affected disappointment.

"Didn't you notice them?"

"Yes, Frankie, I suppose I did, but ——"

"Estelle says I stole you from her with that display."

He grinned broadly.

"She was deviling you."

"You receive the suggestion pretty calmly!"

"Estelle is a sweetheart," he replied, and clasped Frances in his arms once more. "I love you and you love me ——" he began.

"Who told you I love you?" she demanded defiantly.

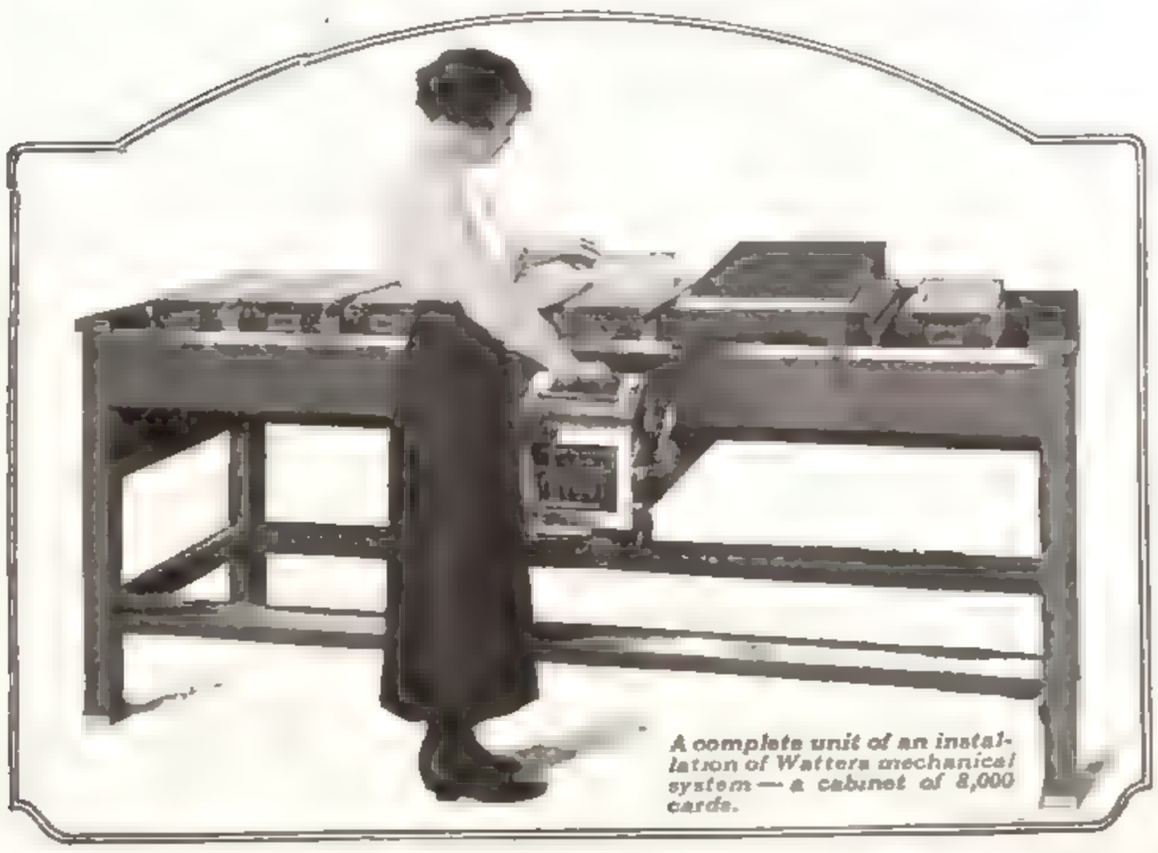
He chuckled and murmured in her ear.

"Estelle."

She drew a deep breath of comprehension.

"Oh!" said she, and kissed him.

Find and File it



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Picture John Doe coming in to make a payment. Mere thoughts of finding one of thousands of accounts are fatiguing. But John Doe is numbered. Punch his number on the keyboard of Watters Finding and Filing Machine and instantly John Doe's ledger sheet or card appears.

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Glance at the illustration. Cards need not be removed to be examined; a flexible tray opens them to view like a book. A counter slides over the trays, providing a convenient place for handling them. The keyboard easily moves to any tray in a cabinet.

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Loose-leaf ledger sheets and account cards now in general use fit the trays. Card sizes range from 3 x 5 to 12 x 12 inches.

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Watters Finding and Filing Machine saves time and labor by mechanical speed and accuracy. It eliminates the element of human error. Its proved infallibility makes it impossible to lose an account by misplacement. It increases the efficiency of other business machines. It quickly earns its price by making system simple.

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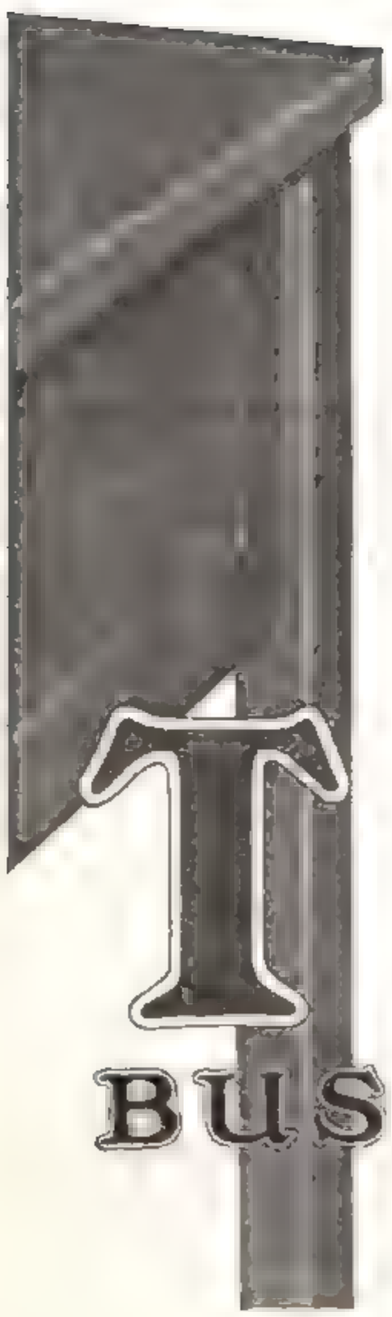

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Lumbermen Since 1874

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 21)

"Do you know I never thought of that before," admitted Tutt. "But it's perfectly true."

"It is to the interest of society to have the relationship orderly and permanent," continued his partner. "That is why the state is so alert with regard to divorce proceedings and vigilant to prevent fraud or collusion. You may say that the state is always a party to every matrimonial action—even if it is not actually interpleaded -and that such proceedings are triangular and minus many of the characteristics of the ordinary civil suit."

"I suppose another reason for that is that originally marriage and divorce were entirely in the hands of the church, weren't they?" ruminated Tutt.

"Exactly. From very early days in England the church claimed jurisdiction of all matters pertaining to marriage, on the ground that it was a sacrament."

"Did the ecclesiastical courts take the position that all marriages were made in heaven?"

Mr. Tutt shrugged his shoulders.

"'Once married, always married,' was their doctrine."

"Then how did people who were unhappily married get rid of one another?"

"They didn't—if the courts ruled that they had actually been married—but that left a loophole. When was a marriage not a marriage? Answer: When the parties were closely enough related by blood or marriage, or either of them was mentally incapable, under age, victims of duress, fraud, mistake, previously contracted for, or—already married."

"Ah!" breathed Tutt, thinking of Mr. Higgleby.

"The ecclesiastical law remained without any particular variation until after the American Revolution and the colonies separated from Great Britain, and as there was no union of church and state on this side of the water, and so no church to take control of the subject or ecclesiastical courts to put its doctrines into effect, for a while there was no divorce law at all over here, and then one by one the states took the matter up and began to make such laws about it as each saw fit. Hence the jolly old mess we are in now!"

"Jolly for us," commented Tutt. "It means dollars per year to us. Well," he remarked, stretching his legs and yawning, "divorce is sure an evil."

"That's no news," countered Mr. Tutt. "It was just as much of an evil in the time of Moses, of Julius Cæsar, and of Edward the Confessor as it is now. There hasn't been anything approaching the flagrancy of Roman divorce in modern history."

"Thank heaven there's still enough to pay our office rent—anyhow!" said Tutt contentedly. "I hope they won't do anything so foolish as to pass a national divorce law."

"They won't," Mr. Tutt assured him. "Most Congressmen are lawyers and are not going to take the bread out of their children's mouths. Besides, the power to regulate the domestic relations of the United States, not being delegated under the Constitution to the Federal Government, is expressly retained by the states themselves."

"You've given me a whole lot of ideas," admitted Tutt. "If I get you rightly, as each state is governed by its own independent laws, the status of married persons must be governed by the law of the state where they are; otherwise if every couple on some theory of exterritoriality carried the law of the state where they happened to have been joined together round with them we would have the spectacle of every state in the union interpreting the divorce laws of every other state—confusion worse confounded."

"On the other hand," returned Mr. Tutt, "the law is settled that a marriage valid when made is valid everywhere; and conversely, if invalid where made is invalid everywhere—like our Mongolian case. If that were not so every couple in order to continue legally married would have to go through a new ceremony in every state through which they traveled."

"Right-o!" whistled Tutt. "A parson on every Pullman!"

"It follows," continued Mr. Tutt, lighting a fresh stogy and warming to his subject, "that as each state has the right to regulate the status of its own citizens it has jurisdiction to act in a divorce proceeding provided one of the parties is actually domiciled within its borders. Naturally this action must be determined by its own laws and not by those of any other state. The great divergence of these laws makes extraordinary complications."

"Hallelujah!" cried Tutt. "Now, in the words of the psalmist, you've said a mouthful! I know a man who at one and the same time is legally married to one woman in England, to another in Nevada, is a bigamist in New York, and ——"

"What else could he be except a widower in Pittsburgh?" pondered the elder Tutt. "But it's quite possible. There's a case going on now where a woman in New York City is suing her ex-husband for a divorce on the usual statutory ground, and naming his present wife as co-respondent, though the plaintiff herself divorced him ten years ago in Reno, and he married again immediately after on the strength of it."

"I'm feeling stronger every minute!" exclaimed Tutt. "Surely in all this bedlam we ought to be able to acquit our new client Mr. Higgleby of the charge of bigamy. At least *you* ought to be able to. I couldn't."

"What's the difficulty?" queried Mr. Tutt.

"The difficulty simply is that he married the present Mrs. Higgleby on the seventeenth of last December here in the city of New York, when he had a perfectly good wife, whom he had married on the eleventh of the preceding May, living in Chicago."

"What on earth is the matter with him?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"He simply says he's a traveling man," replied his partner, "and—he happened to be in New York."

"Well, the next time he calls, you send him in to see me," directed Mr. Tutt. "What was the present lady's name?"

"Woodcock," answered Tutt. "Alvina Woodcock."

"And she wanted to change to Higgleby?" muttered his partner. "I wonder why."

"Oh, there's something sort of appealing about him," acknowledged Tutt. "But he don't look like a bigamist," he concluded.

"What does a bigamist look like?" meditated Mr. Tutt as he lit another stogy.

"Good morning, Mr. Tutt," muttered the Honorable Peckham from behind the imitation rubber plant in his office, where he was engaged in surreptitiously consuming an apple. "Um—be with you in a minute. What's on your mind?"

Mr. Tutt simultaneously removed his stogy with one hand and his stovepipe with the other.

"I thought we might as well run over my list of cases," he replied. "I can offer you a plea or two if you wish."

"Do I!" ejaculated the D. A., rolling his eyes heavenward. "Let's hear the roll of honor."

Mr. Tutt placed his hat, bottom side up, on the carpet and lowered himself into a huge leather armchair, furnished to the county by a political friend of Mr. Peckham and billed at four hundred per cent of the regular retail price. Then he reinserted the stogy between his thin lips and produced from his inside pocket a typewritten sheet.

"There's Watkins—murdered his stepmother—indicted seven months ago. Give you murder in the second?"

"I'll take it," assented Peckham, lighting a cigar in a businesslike manner. "What else you got?"

"Joseph Goldstein—burglary. Will you give him grand larceny in the second?"

The Honorable Peckham shook his head.

"Sorry I can't oblige you, old top," he said regretfully. "He's called the King of the Fences. If I did, the papers would holler like hell. I'll make it any degree of burglary though."

"Very well. Burglary in the third," agreed Mr. Tutt, jotting it down. "Then here's a whole bunch—five—indicted together for assault on a bartender."

"What degree?"

"Second—brass knuckles."

"You can have third degree for the lot," grunted Peckham laconically.

"All right," said Mr. Tutt. "Now for the ones that are going to trial. Here's Jennie Smith, indicted for stealing a mandarin chain valued at sixty-five dollars up at Monahaka's. The chain's only worth about six-fifty and I can prove it. Monahaka don't want to go to trial because he knows I'll show him up for the Oriental flimflammer that he is. But of course she took it. What do you say? I'll plead her to petty and you give her a suspended sentence? That's a fair trade."

Peckham pondered.

"Sure," he said finally. "I'm agreeable. Only tell Jennie that next time I'll have her run out of town."

Mr. Tutt nodded.

"I'll whisper it to her. Now then, here's Higgleby ——"

"Higgle who?" inquired Peckham dreamily.

"Bee—by—Higgleby," explained Mr. Tutt. "For bigamy. I want you to dismiss the indictment for me."

"What for?"

"You'll never convict him."

"Why not?"

"Just because you never will!" Mr. Tutt assured him with earnestness. "And you might as well wipe him off the list."

"Anything the matter with the indictment?" asked the D. A. suspiciously. "Caput Magnus drew it. He's a good man, you know."

Mr. Tutt drew sententiously on his stogy.

"I would like to tell you all my secrets," he replied after a pause, "but I can't afford to. The indictment is in the usual form. But just between you and me, you'll never convict Higgleby as long as you live."

"Didn't he marry two joint and several ladies?"

"He did."

"And one of 'em right here in New York County?"

"He did."

"Well, how in hell can I dismiss the indictment?"

"Oh, easily enough. Lack of proof as to the first marriage in Chicago, for instance. How are you going to prove he wasn't divorced?"

"That's matter of defense," retorted Peckham.

"What's a little bigamy between friends, anyway?" ruminated the old lawyer. "It's a kind of sumptuary offense. People will marry. And it's good policy to have 'em. If they happen to overdo it a little ——"

"Well, if I do chuck the darn thing out what will you give me in return?" asked Peckham. "Of course bigamy isn't my favorite crime or anything like that. I'm no bloodhound on matrimonial offenses. How'll you trade?"

"If you'll throw out Higgleby I'll plead Angelo Ferrero to manslaughter," announced Mr. Tutt with a grand air of bestowing largess upon an unworthy recipient.

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" chortled Peckham. "A lot you will! Angelo's halfway to the chair already yet!"

"That's the best I'll do," replied Mr. Tutt, feeling for his hat.

Peckham hesitated. Mr. Tutt was a fair dealer. And he wanted to get rid of Angelo.

"Give you murder in the second," he urged.

"Manslaughter."

"Nothing doing," answered the D. A. definitely. "Your Mr. Higglebigamy'll have to stand trial."

"Oh, very well!" replied Mr. Tutt, unjointing himself. "We're ready—whenever you are."

The old lawyer's lank figure had hardly disappeared out of the front office when Peckham rang for Caput Magnus.

"Look here, Caput," he remarked suspiciously to the indictment clerk, "is there anything wrong with that Higgledy indictment?"

"Higgleby, you mean, I guess," replied Mr. Magnus, regarding the D. A. in a superior manner over the tops of his horn-rimmed spectacles. "Nothing is the matter with the indictment. I have followed my customary form. It has stood every test over and over again. Why do you ask?"

The Honorable Peckham turned away impatiently.

"Oh—nothing. Look here," he added unexpectedly, "I think I'll have you try that indictment yourself."

"Me!" ejaculated Caput in horror. "Why, I never tried a case in my life!"

"Well, 's time you began!" growled the D. A.

"I—I—shouldn't know what to do!" protested Mr. Magnus in agony at the mere suggestion.

"Where the devil would we be if everybody felt like that?" demanded his master. "You're supposed to be a lawyer, aren't you?"

"But I—I—can't! I—don't know how!"

"Hang it all," cried Peckham furiously, "you go ahead and do as I say. You indicted Higgledy; now you can try Higgledy!"

He was utterly unreasonable, but his anger was genuine if baseless.

"Oh, very well, sir," stammered Mr. Magnus. "Of course I'll—I must—do whatever you say."

"You better!" shouted Peckham after his retreating figure. "You little blathering shrimp!"

Then he threw himself down in his swivel chair with a bang.

"Judas H. Priest!" he roared at the rubber plant. "I'd give a good deal for a decent excuse to fire that blooming nincompoop!"

Meantime, as the object of his ire slunk down the corridor darkness descended upon the soul of Caput Magnus. For Caput was what is known as an office lawyer and had never gone into court save as an onlooker or—as he would have phrased it—an *amicus curiæ*. He was a perfect pundit—"a hellion on law," according to the Honorable Peckham—a strutting little cock on his own particular dunghill, but, stripped of his goggles, books, forms and foolscap, as far as his equanimity was concerned he might as well have been stripped of his clothes and turned loose on Fifth Avenue at church time. He had never addressed a jury. He had hardly ever made an argument. His reputation was based almost entirely upon his parrotlike knowledge of authorities, his solemnity, and his little book of forms of the era of Jeremy Bentham. He was a model of composure behind his own desk, produced a profound impression upon those whose misfortunes enforced attendance at his office, tyrannized over the process servers, policemen and clerks assigned to duty under him, roared like a lion in his own jungle, but became a "cowerin', tim'rous beastie" the instant he stepped out into the corridor. He looked as wise as an old sheep, and at that, if he opened his mouth he could only ba-a. He was, so to speak, long on the *suaviter in modo*, but short on the *fortiter in re*. To ask him to go into court was worse than ordering a cabin boy to climb up to the main truck in a sleet storm. For there is no torture known to man—no, not even that of the would-be bridegroom who seeks to work himself up to the point of asking the fatal question—like that of the inexperienced lawyer who is forced to go into court, put his theories into practice, and with his heart banging like a loose blind stand up before twelve of his supercilious fellow citizens, all of whom, he suspects, regard him as a liar and a trickster, and raise his husky voice in the vain attempt to persuade the callous brutes that his client is an honest business man who has been deeply wronged, and not a smart Aleck who has got exactly what he deserved. Such a one would rather a thousand times go over the top to almost certain death than face the grim visage of a thin-lipped judge or the withering fire of scorn from the battery of a jury's leering eyes.

"I tell you I can't!" wailed Caput to Jim O'Leary, the assistant who occupied the adjacent cubicle. "I don't know the first thing about tryin' a case. I never even listened to one being tried. I'll make a fool of myself."

"Say not so! Say not so!" soothed the O'Leary with barely concealed malice. "Buy that book some feller wrote on How to Try a Case. It's a cinch! He wrote it without ever having tried one himself. That's why he had the gall to write it!"

Caput mopped the bulging forehead that in babyhood had inspired his parents with such pride and that now suggested a close relationship to the Goop family—and sighed a deep agonized sigh.

"I couldn't get anything out of just a book," he moaned helplessly.

"But you know exactly how it ought to be done," encouraged O'Leary, "and the judge will help you."

Caput faced him despairingly.

(Continued on Page 149)

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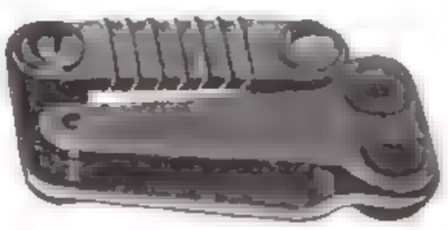

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Wilson Bro's

CHICAGO • "THE EASIEST NAME FOR A MAN TO REMEMBER" • NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 145)

"Old Tutt is on the other side!" he almost sobbed.

O'Leary whistled. Then regarding Caput much as one would view a condemned man being conducted to the electric chair he intoned mournfully:

"There was a Ma-a-an named Rosen-tha-a-al, Who had a Bil-l-l-ee goat last fa-a-al!

"Gee, Caput," he exclaimed in heartfelt tones, "you have my sym-path-ee!"

People versus Higgleby crawled slowly toward the top of the calendar. Day by day Caput Magnus waned in face, figure and general objectionability. No longer could he be heard roaring for his stenographer. Instead, those of his colleagues who paused stealthily outside his door on their way over to Pont's for "five-o'clock tea" heard dulcet tones floating forth from the transom in varying fluctuations:

"Ahem! H'm! Gentlemen of the jury—h'm! The defendant is indicted for the outrageous crime of bigamy! No, that won't do! Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant is indicted for the crime of bigamy! H'm! The crime of bigamy is one of those atrocious offenses against the moral law ——"

"Oh! Oh!" choked the legal assistants as they embraced themselves wildly. "Oh! Oh! Caput's practicin'! Just listen to 'im! Ain't he the little cuckoo! Bet he's takin' lessons in elocution! But won't old Tutt just eat him alive!"

And in the stilly hours of the early dawn those sleeping in tenements and extensions adjacent to the hall bedroom occupied by Caput were roused by a trembling voice that sought vainly to imitate the nonchalance of experience, declaiming: "Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant is indicted for the crime of bigamy! This offense is one repugnant to the instincts of civilization and odious to the tenets of religion!" And thereafter they tossed until breakfast time, bigamy becoming more and more odious to them every minute.

No form of diet, no physical exercise, no "reducicle" could have achieved the extraordinary alteration in Mr. Magnus' appearance that was in fact induced by his anxiety over his prospective prosecution of Higgleby. Whereas erstwhile he had been smug and condescending, complacent, lethargic and ponderous, he now became drawn, nervous, apprehensive and obsequious. Moreover, he was markedly thinner. He was obviously on a decline, caused by sheer funk. Speak sharply to him and he would shy like a frightened pony. The Honorable Peckham was enraptured, claiming now to have a system of getting even with people that beat the invention of Torquemada. When it was represented to him that Caput might die, fade away entirely, in which case the office would be left without any indictment clerk, the Honorable Peckham profanely declared that he didn't care a damn. Caput Magnus was going to try Higgledy, that was all there was to it! And at last the day came.

Gathered in Judge Russell's courtroom were as many of the office assistants as could escape from their duties, anxious to officiate at the legal demise of Caput Magnus. Even the Honorable Peckham could not refrain from having business there at the call of the calendar. It resembled a regular monthly conference of the D. A.'s professional staff, which for some reason Tutt and Mr. Tutt had also been invited to attend. Yea, the spectators were all there in the legal colosseum waiting eagerly to see Caput Magnus enter the arena to be gobbled up by Tutt & Tutt. They thirsted for his blood, having been for years bored by his brains. They would rather see Caput Magnus made mincemeat of than ninety-nine criminals convicted, even were they guilty of bigamy. But as yet Caput Magnus was not there. It was ten-twenty-nine. The clerk was there; Mr. Higgleby, isosceles, flabby and acephalous as ever, was there; Tutt and Mr. Tutt were there; and Bonnie Doon, and the stenographer and the jury. And on the front bench the two wives of Higgleby sat, side by side, so frigidly that had that gentleman possessed the gift of prevision he would never have married either of them; Mrs. Tomascene Startup Higgleby and Mrs.—or Miss—Alvina Woodcock (Higgleby)—depending upon the action of the jury. The entire cast in the eternal matrimonial triangular drama was there except the judge and the prosecutor in the form of Caput Magnus.

And then, preceding the judge by half a minute only, his entrance timed histrionically to the second, he came, like Eudoxia, like a flame out of the east. In swept Caput Magnus with all the dignity and grace of an Irving playing Cardinal Woolsey. Haggard, yes; pale, yes; tremulous, perhaps; but nevertheless glorious in a new cutaway coat, patent-leather shoes, green tie, a rosebud blushing from his lapel, his hair newly cut and laid down in beautiful little wavelets with pomatum, his figure erect, his chin in air, a book beneath his arm, his right hand waving in a delicate gesture of greeting; for Caput had taken O'Leary's suggestion seriously, and had purchased that widely known and authoritative work to which so many eminent barristers owe their entire success—How to Try a Case—and in it he had learned that in order to win the hearts of the jury one should make oneself beautiful.

"What in hell's he done to himself?" gasped O'Leary to O'Brien.

"He'll make a wonderful corpse!" whispered the latter in response.

"Order in the court! His Honor the Judge of General Sessions!" bellowed an officer at this moment, and the judge came in.

Everybody got up. He bowed. Everybody bowed. Everybody sat down again. A few, deeply affected, blew their noses. Then His Honor smiled genially and asked what business there was before the court, and the clerk told him that they were all there to try a man named Higgleby for bigamy, and the judge, nodding at Caput, said to go ahead and try him.

In the bottom of his peritoneum Mr. Magnus felt that he carried a cold stone the size of a grapefruit. His hands were ice, his lips bloodless. And there was a Niagara where his hearing should have been. But he rose, just as the book told him to do, in all his beauty, and enunciated in the crystal tones he had learned during the last few weeks at Madam Winterbottom's school of acting and elocution—in syllables chiseled from the stone of eloquence by the lapidary of culture:

"If Your Honor please, I move the cause of the People of the state of New York against Theophilus Higgleby, indicted for bigamy."

Peckham and the rest couldn't believe their ears. It wasn't possible! That perfect specimen of tonsorial and sartorial art, warbling like a legal Caruso, conducting himself so naturally, easily and casually, couldn't be old Caput Magnus! They pinched themselves.

"Say!" ejaculated Peckham. "What's happened to him? When did Sir Henry sign up with us?"

Mr. Tutt across the inclosure in front of the jury box raised his bushy eyebrows and looked whimsically at the D. A. over his spectacles.

"Are you ready, Mr. Tutt?" inquired the judge.

"Entirely so, Your Honor," responded the lawyer.

"Then impanel a jury."

The jury was impaneled, Mr. Caput Magnus passing through that trying ordeal with great éclat.

"You may proceed to open your case," directed the judge.

The staff saw a very white Caput Magnus rise and bow in the direction of the bench. Then he stepped to the jury box and cleared his throat. His official associates held their breath expectantly. Would he—or wouldn't he? There was a pause.

Then: "Mister Foreman and gentlemen of the jury," declaimed Caput in flutelike tones: "The defendant is indicted for the crime of bigamy, an offense alike repugnant to religion, civilization and to the law."

The words flowed from him like a rippling sunlit stream: encircled him like a necklace of verbal jewels, a rosary, each word a pearl or a bead or whatever it is. With perfect articulation, enunciation and gesticulation Mr. Caput Magnus went on to inform his hearers that Mr. Higgleby was a bigamist of the deepest dye, that he had feloniously, willfully and knowingly married two several females, and by every standard of conduct was utterly and entirely detestable.

Mr. Higgleby, flanked by Tutt and Mr. Tutt, listened calmly. Caput warmed to his task.

The said Higgleby, said he, had as aforesaid in the indictment committed the act of bigamy, to wit, of marriage when he had one legal wife already, in New York City on the seventeenth of last December, by marrying in Grace Church Chantry the lady whom they saw sitting by the other lady—he meant the one with the red feather in her bonnet—that is to say, her hat, whereas the other lady, as he had said aforesaid, had been lawfully and properly married to the defendant the preceding May, to wit, in Chicago as aforesaid ——

"Pardon me!" interrupted the foreman petulantly. "Which is the lady you mean was married to the defendant in New York? You said she was sitting by the other lady and that you meant the one with the red feather, but you didn't say whether the one with the red feather was the other lady or the one you were talking about."

Caput gagged and turned pink.

"I—I ——" he stammered. "The lady in the red bonnet is—the—New York lady."

"You mean she isn't his wife although the defendant went through the form of marriage with her, because he was already married to another," suggested His Honor. "You might, I think, put things a little more simply. However, do it your own way."

"Ye-es, Your Honor."

"Go on."

But Caput was lost—hopelessly. Every vestige of the composure so laboriously acquired at Madam Winterbottom's salon had evaporated. He felt as if he were swinging in midair hitched to a scudding aeroplane by a rope about his middle. The mucous membranes of his throat were as dry and as full of dust as the entrails of a carpet sweeper. His vision was blurred and he had no control over his muscles. Weakly he leaned against the table in front of the jury, the room swaying about him. The pains of hell gat hold upon him. He was dying. Even the staff felt compunction—all but the Honorable Peckham.

Judge Russell quickly sensed the situation. He was a kindly man, who had pulled many an ass out of the mire of confusion. So with a glance at Mr. Tutt he came to Caput's rescue.

"Let us see, Mr. Magnus," he remarked pleasantly; "suppose you prove the Illinois marriage first. Is Mrs. Higgleby in court?"

Both ladies started from their seats.

"Mrs. Tomascene Higgleby," corrected His Honor. "Step this way, please, madam!"

The former Miss Startup made her way diffidently to the witness chair and in a faint voice answered the questions relative to her marriage of the preceding spring as put to her by the judge. Mr. Tutt waved her aside and Caput Magnus felt returning strength. He had expected and prepared for a highly technical assault upon the legality of the ceremony performed in Cook County. He had anticipated every variety and form of question. But Mr. Tutt put none. He merely smiled benignly upon Caput in an avuncular fashion.

"Have you no questions, Mr. Tutt?" inquired His Honor.

"None," answered the lawyer.

"Then prove the bigamous marriage," directed Judge Russell.

Then rose at the call of justice, militantly and with a curious air of proprietorship in the overmarried defendant, the wife or maiden who in earlier days had answered to the name of Alvina Woodcock. Though she was the injured party and though the blame for her unfortunate state rested entirely upon Higgleby, her resentment seemed less directed toward the offending male than toward the Chicago lady who was his lawful wife. There was no question as to the circumstances to which she so definitely and aggressively testified. No one could gainsay the deplorable fact that she had, as she supposed, been linked in lawful wedlock to Mr. Tutt's isosceles client. But there was that in her manner which suggested that she felt that being the last she should be first, that finding was keeping, and that possession was nine points of matrimonial law.

And, as before, Mr. Tutt said nothing. Neither he nor Tutt nor Bonnie Doon nor yet Higgleby showed any the least sign of concern. Caput's momentarily returning self-possession forsook him. What portended this ominous silence? Had he made some horrible mistake? Had he overlooked some important jurisdictional fact? Was he now to be hoist for some unknown reason by his own petard? He was, poor innocent—he was!

"That is the case," he announced faintly. "The People rest."

Judge Russell looked down curiously at Mr. Tutt.

"Well," he remarked, "how about it, Mr. Tutt?"

But the old lawyer only smiled.

"Come here a minute," directed His Honor.

And when Mr. Tutt reached the bench the judge said: "Have you any defense in this case? If not, why don't you plead guilty and let me dispose of the matter?"

"But, Your Honor," protested Mr. Tutt, "of course I have a defense—and a most excellent one!"

"You have?"

"Certainly."

The judge elevated his forehead.

"Very well," he remarked; "if you really have one you had better go on with it. And," he added beneath his breath, but in a tone clearly audible to the clerk, "the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The assistants saw Caput subside into his chair and simultaneously Mr. Tutt slowly raise his lank form toward the ceiling.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he benignly: "My client, Mr. Higgleby, is charged in this indictment with the crime of bigamy committed here in New York, in marrying Alvina Woodcock—the strong-minded lady on the front row of benches there—when he already had a lawful wife living in Chicago. The indictment alleges no other offense and the district attorney has not sought to prove any, my learned and eloquent adversary, Mr. Magnus, having a proper regard for the constitutional rights of every unfortunate whom he brings to the bar of justice. If therefore I can prove to you that Mr. Higgleby was never lawfully married to Tomascene Startup in Chicago on the eleventh of last May or at any other time, the allegation of bigamy falls to the ground; at any rate so far as this indictment is concerned. For unless the indictment sets forth a valid prior marriage it is obvious that the subsequent marriage cannot be bigamous. Am I clear? I perceive by your very intelligent facial expressions that I am. Well, my friends, Mr. Higgleby never was lawfully married to Tomascene Startup last May in Chicago, and you will therefore be obliged to acquit him! Come here, Mr. Smithers."

Caput Magnus suddenly experienced the throes of dissolution. Who was Smithers? What could old Tutt be driving at? But Smithers—evidently the Reverend Sanctimonious Smithers—was already placidly seated in the witness chair, his limp hands folded across his stomach and his thin nose looking interrogatively toward Mr. Tutt.

"What is your name?" asked the lawyer dramatically.

"My name is Oswald Garrison Smithers," replied the reverend gentleman in Canton-flannel accents, "and I reside in Pantuck, Iowa, where I am pastor of the Reformed Lutheran Church."

"Do you know the defendant?"

"Indeed I do," sighed the Reverend Smithers. "I remember him very well. I solemnized his marriage to a widow of my congregation on July 4, 1917; in fact to the relict of our late senior warden, Deacon Pellatiah Higgins. Sarah Maria Higgins was the lady's name, and she is alive and well at the present time."

He gazed deprecatingly at the jury. If meekness had efficacy he would have inherited the earth.

"What?" ejaculated the foreman. "You say this man is married to *three* women?"

"Trigamy—not bigamy!" muttered the clerk, *sotto voce*.

"You have put your finger upon the precise point, Mister Foreman!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt admiringly. "If Mr. Higgleby was already lawfully married to a lady in Iowa when he married Miss—or Mrs.—Startup in Chicago last May, his marriage to the latter was not a legal marriage; it was in fact no marriage at all. You can't charge a man with bigamy unless you recite a legal marriage followed by an illegal one. Therefore, since the indictment fails to set forth a legal marriage anywhere followed by a marriage, legal or otherwise, in New York County, it recites no crime, and my client must be acquitted. Is not that the law, Your Honor?"

Judge Russell quickly hid a smile and turned to the moribund Caput.

"Mr. Magnus, have you anything to say in reply to Mr. Tutt's argument?" he asked. "If not ——"

But no response came from Caput Magnus. He was past all hearing, understanding or answering. He was ready to be carried out and buried.

(Concluded on Page 152)

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THIS workshop, where you prepare food for your family, should be, above all places, clean, wholesome and inviting.

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For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork, and similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

(Concluded from Page 149)

"Well, all I have got to say is ——" began the foreman disgustedly.

"You do not have to say anything!" admonished the judge severely. "I will do whatever talking is necessary. A little more care in the preparation of the indictment might have rendered this rather absurd situation impossible. As it is, I must direct an acquittal. The defendant is discharged upon this indictment. But I will hold him in bail for the action of another grand jury."

"In which event we shall have another equally good defense, Your Honor," Mr. Tutt assured him.

"I don't doubt it, Mr. Tutt," returned the judge good-naturedly. "Your client seems to have loved not wisely but too well."

And they all poured out happily into the corridor—that is, all of them except Caput and the two ladies, who remained seated upon their bench gazing fiercely and disdainfully at each other like two tabby cats on a fence.

"So you're not married to him either!" sneered Miss Woodcock.

"Well, I'm as much married to him as you are!" retorted Miss Startup with her nose in the air.

Then instinctively they both turned and with one accord looked malevolently at Caput, who, seeing in their glance something which he did not like, slipped stealthily from his chair and out of the room, leaving ignominiously behind him upon the floor his precious volume entitled How to Try a Case!

GREAT MEN WHO HAVE MET ME

(Continued from Page 19)

or so later Yuan Shi-kai was dead, and I never did hear what became of his thirty-six widows.

The first really great man who met me was the distinguished Canadian publicist, Goldwin Smith; unless indeed I include the leading citizen of the village where I was born, a man of impressive mien and great dignity, who had been Minister to Denmark or somewhere under Buchanan. I think it was Buchanan. Anyhow he had been Minister to Denmark, lived in the best house on Main Street, and was highly respected on that account, as well as for his sterling qualities of citizenship, Jeffersonian democracy and his exceeding and exemplary thrift, which was a model for all young wastrels of the village when they were tempted to spend their money riotously in buying cream puffs at Cox's bakery, or for all-day suckers at Jim Haynes' grocery store. I well recall how generously he gave me a well-worn three-cent silver piece for driving a reactionary cow four miles and three-quarters for him, remarking at the time that it was not so much the intrinsic value of the benefice that I should consider but the fact that it was bestowed on me by the former Minister to Denmark, and suggesting that I would do well to retain the well-worn three-cent silver piece as a memento of the occasion. This I firmly resolved to do, but even then, as in later years, the sophistry of easy come easy go had hold of me, and I spent this liberal wage for peppermint candy at Susan Graham's little shop across from the old foundry.

Early Literary Labors

At the time of the Goldwin Smith episode my literary labors consisted in large part of visiting each afternoon the undertaking parlors of the city of Rochester, New York, and ascertaining the names of those of our citizens who had died during the previous twenty-four hours, and such details as to age and occupation as might be forthcoming for the purpose of making suitable paragraphed record of these sad occurrences in the Deaths of a Day column of the daily newspaper to which I was devoting my literary genius for an honorarium of ten dollars a week. I was aged seventeen years at the time, and had not yet developed my art to the point where I was permitted to write a real obituary notice in case some citizen of importance died. I chronicled the deaths of the common people. Others, who had reached the dizzy heights of twelve and fourteen dollars a week, attended to the deceased citizens who were worth more than three lines after they passed to their rewards.

For many weary weeks the assignment after my name in the city editor's assignment book read monotonously, "Railroads and Morts." I have told what the "mort" part of it consisted of. Doing railroads meant that I must go to all the railroad stations, and to the city ticket offices and to our one general railroad office, and ask for railroad items, which generally consisted of announcements of special excursions to Niagara Falls and elsewhere, craftily prepared by the city ticket agents in the hope that I would put them in my budget of railroad news, which was snappily headed Clicks from the Rails, and thus give the excursions some free advertising. Also I was charged with the responsibility of finding what special and private trains and cars went through, which important news was recorded thus: "The private car Eureka, belonging to Charles G. McGuffin, the New York capitalist, went west over the New York Central last night on Number 47." My last trip to the stations began at ten o'clock at night.

One snowy Sunday night John Warren, station master at the New York Central station, and of blessed memory because he was kind to boy reporters, said to me: "Say, kid, there's an old gent over there sitting on the bench waiting for Twenty-two. He's important. A whole raft of folks came down with him to bid him good-by, but she's late and he wouldn't let them stay. Name's Smith. Go to him. Maybe you can interview him."

He pointed to a man, wrapped in a cloak, who sat reading a book. I went over and said: "Is this Mr. Smith?"

"Yes," he replied pleasantly; "Mr. Goldwin Smith."

Mr. Goldwin Smith Comes Across

At the time the question of annexation of Canada was subject to exciting discussion, and Goldwin Smith was very conspicuous in the movement. Rochester is just across the lake from Canada and annexation was great news for us. "Gee," I thought, "maybe he will give me an interview on annexation!" and I could see the next morning's paper with a display head over my piece.

It was distinctly my cue to fasten my importance on Mr. Smith, so I announced impressively: "I represent the Democrat and Chronicle."

"Well, sonny," he said kindly, "sit right down beside me and represent. What is it you wish?"

"Mr. Smith," I began with great consequence, "you undoubtedly know that my paper is the leading paper of Western New York, and has the biggest circulation and the best editorials and—and everything."

He nodded gravely.

"So you prob'ly will want to give me an interview on annexation; please go right ahead and I'll print anything you say."

"Well, my boy," he replied, "this is undoubtedly a great opportunity, but I regret that I have made the rule to write out anything I have to say on annexation, and there is no opportunity for that here."

I could see that interview vanishing to the point of a mere personal item, and he must have sensed it, too, for he continued: "However, I am reading a most interesting book at present, and I'll be glad to give you an interview about that."

"What sort of a book?" I asked ruefully.

"It is a work on psychology, and discusses most interestingly the confusion of the epistemological aspect of the science with that of psychology proper and takes up the great work of the associationist school."

Wherefore he talked for half an hour, and then his train was called. When I got back to the office the city editor barked at me: "Got anything?"

"Interview with Goldwin Smith," I said.

"On annexation?" he asked eagerly.

"No; he wouldn't talk on annexation. It's on psychology."

"Oh," groaned the city editor, "there's nothing but sermons in sight! Well, write it. Got to fill the durned rag somehow."

I wrote a column. I could hear the city editor gnashing his teeth as he read my copy, but he had to print it, because nothing much used to happen in those days on

(Continued on Page 155)

"The Motor's the Thing"

Herschell-Spillman Motors

"THE Motor's the Thing" that makes your first and each succeeding car a pleasure the year through for the whole family as well as yourself.

It matters not what the wheel base may be or what kind of upholstering — getting there and back every time without a hitch is what counts. That's the reason for Herschell-Spillman Motors.

For a jaunt into the country with confidence that no motor trouble will mar the pleasure of the trip, for the children's airing before dinner, or a more serious purpose, it is the motor that makes you proud of your car.

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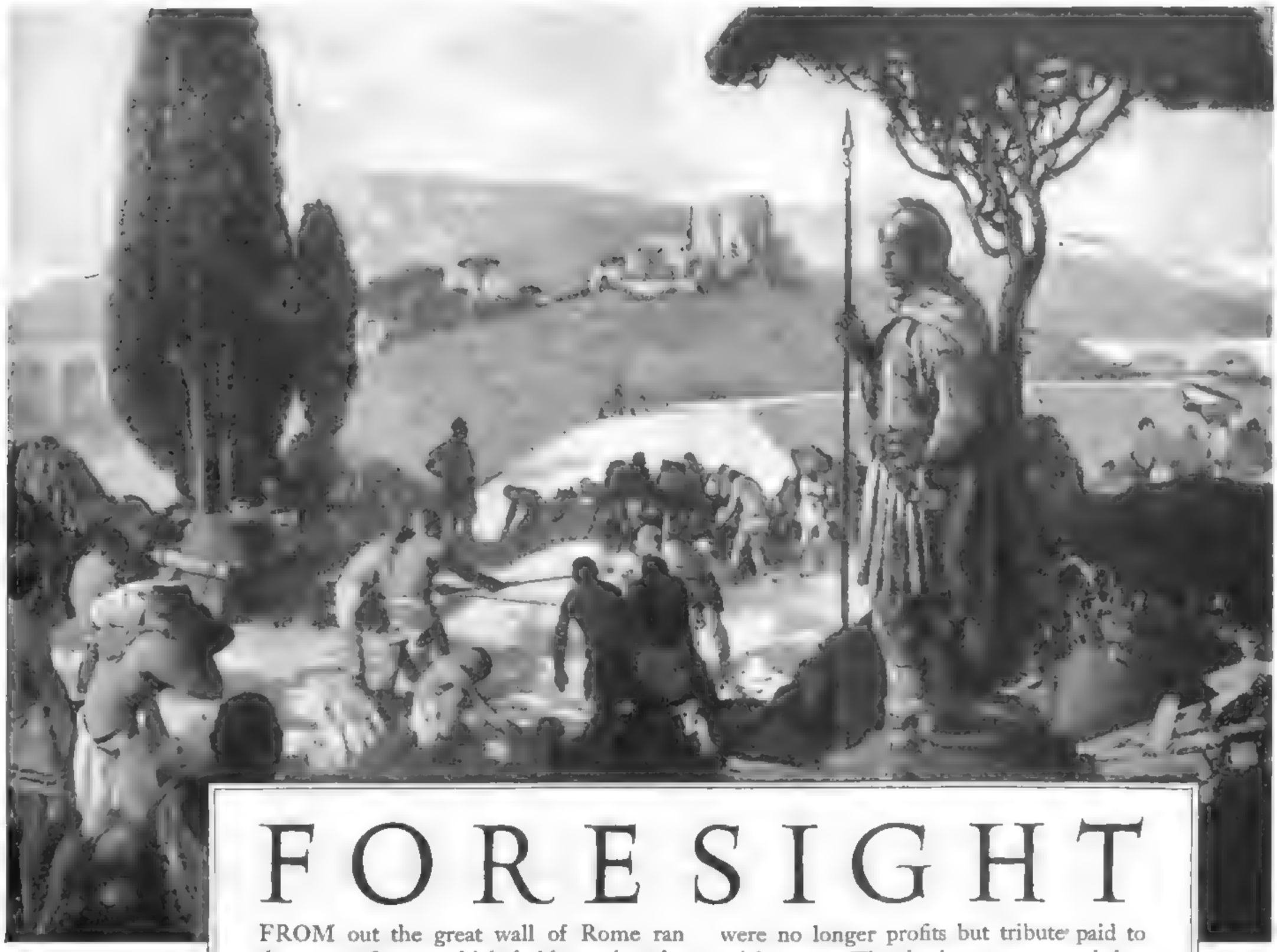


FORESIGHT

FROM out the great wall of Rome ran the strong fingers which held together the mightiest empire man has yet achieved.

The Roman road—the physical manifestation of unity, control, defence, commerce, the very ribs of the body politic, the vital arteries of national life. The Roman road was the all-but-perfect example of an altogether necessary element of advancement—foresight.

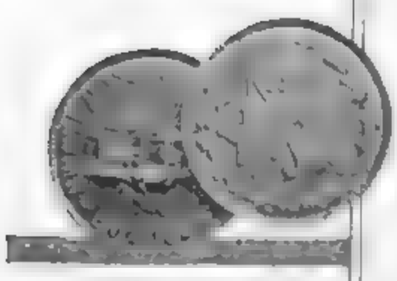
Foresight is the tentacle we extend into the future; the vanguard preparing the way for us and preparing us for the way. The degree and character of foresight we display stand as the measure of our ability to meet conditions before they arise.

Industry has weathered seasons of stress through foresight in building up a great financial reserve. But this was no prevention; and the cure was costly. Earnings were no longer profits but tribute paid to misfortune. The business was saved but not strengthened.

Then came advertising. First a doubtful and a doubted remedy; applied to business but not incorporated in it. Yet it brought relief, proved its worth, and became a corner stone of commerce.

Today the economy of advertising is established. Its use is its own best proof of ability. It gave strength to many commercial houses during the last five stressful years; it will give strength to many more during the years before us.

The special application of advertising to unusual requirements under all conditions has built for us a reputation for making advertising pay the advertiser. It is this practical service we offer industries endeavoring to meet the needs of the consumer.



N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 152)

Sunday except sermons. It seemed to me when I read it proudly next day that there was a certain lack of continuity of thought in it, and it has since dawned on me that it was undoubtedly the most amazing dish of psychological hash ever set before the public; but it was my first display head, and I was much elated.

Three days later the managing editor came from his coop in the local room with an envelope addressed: "To the Reporter Who Interviewed Goldwin Smith."

He gave the letter to me and I opened it eagerly. Within was a clipping of my interview and across that exposition of psychology that I had tied to Smith, written in a large, clerkly hand, with a blue pencil, was this: "My boy! My boy! G. S."

An exceedingly impressive touch, in literature of this sort, is the assumption of a tolerant familiarity with the great, a certain easy chumminess, a pshaw-I-know-them-all intimation that adds the required verisimilitude to the recital; a sort of reflection of the attitude on the London busman who saw a very fat woman, on a windy day, trying to descend the winding staircase from the top of his bus and struggling, modestly, to keep her skirts about her ankles during the process. The busman glared at her.

"'Urry up, you!" he shouted. "Legs ain't no treat to me."

So, after more than twenty years of residence in Washington, and a considerable transient experience before that, it is now my cue to say that the great men of this nation, including Presidents, ain't no treat to me. I knew them all, from Cleveland on, but the first President who met me was Harrison, as Cleveland did not arrive at that distinction until his second term. There was an excursion to Washington from my place of abode, in March, 1889, to see Harrison inaugurated. I went—in a day coach.

As usual at inauguration time, the weather in Washington was worse than is possible at any other place or time. The brand Harrison got was a cold, sleety rain. I arrived about eight o'clock on the night of March third, found a room, and at nine o'clock hurried over to get my first look at the White House. I cut across in front of the Treasury Department, and turned up beside the iron fence toward Lafayette Square. I met two men walking briskly in the downpour. They came under a street light and I saw that one of them was Harrison. The other I did not know, but later learned was Lige Halford, his secretary. I was thrilled. Here was my first President. He had left the Arlington Hotel to take a walk round the house he was to occupy for the next four years, beginning at noon the next day.

Mr. Harrison's Advice

I stopped squarely in front of him and told him, breathlessly, that I was there to see him inaugurated and how glad I was to meet him, and several other things of equal importance. I wondered if he would stand for an interview, and suggested that it would be a great thing for him if he told me what he intended to say in his inaugural address so I might telegraph it to my paper and get a scoop.

Mr. Harrison listened to me gravely. Then he shook my wet hand and said: "I am glad to see you here. Be sure to wear your rubbers to-morrow, for it looks like rain." And he passed on into the night.

How Harrisonian! I thought as I emptied the water from the brim of my hat and watched his spry little figure disappear toward the Mall in the saturated darkness. Conservative of conservatives! No rash statement or conjecture of circumstances; no unconsidered or nonmatured admission. It looks like rain! Isn't that typical of the man? Of course, I didn't think that at all. In fact, I just thought of it to-day. But it gives one of those neat little flourishes to stick it in at this point to convince the reader of my intimate knowledge, even then, of the character and characteristics of the man. Leading writers use this form.

As for the succeeding Presidents: *Embarras de richesses!* as we say in the French, which is the accepted manner of introducing the cultural touch and is advisable now and then. They came and went, and one of them is still there, as Mr. Lansing recently was apprised. But Roosevelt! Ah, Teddy, I salute you. When nothing else was stirring one always could write a piece about Roosevelt. I'd hate to tell the income-tax people how much money I made out of Roosevelt, and, thanks be, I didn't have to, for he went out in 1908, before the days of the insidious supertax.

Leaving the Presidents for a future chapter, I turn now to literary personages, and begin with Tolstoy. On the occasion of a visit to Russia I saw him at Yasnaya Polyana—he met me there. Years before, when I was managing editor of a magazine in this country, my chief bought for serial publication Tolstoy's novel Resurrection. He bought it unsight and unseen, and the stipulation was that monthly sections of it were to be delivered to us from the translator in London.

Of course you are familiar with Resurrection—here note the implied compliment to the literary knowledge of the reader—crafty stuff—and recall that its central figure, Nekhlyudov, while acting as juror, recognizes in the culprit a woman he had betrayed in his youth. Torn by remorse, he decided that he is the real cause of the woman's guilt and downfall, and wishes to expiate his own crime by accompanying her to Siberia and sharing the hardships with her.

The Purification of Tolstoy

When the first installment arrived there was consternation in the office. Ours was a great family periodical for the American home, and the opening chapters of Resurrection portrayed scenes that, even when viewed in the most tolerant and catholic spirit, were somewhat unsuitable for projection into the American home through the medium of our great family periodical. Wherefore the chief, having paid his money for the novel, and having advertised it extensively, ordered me to edit, expurgate and rewrite this installment and denature it, so to speak, and make it suitable for the virtuous and guileless eyes of the American people. That is what I did. When we printed the first installment of Resurrection there was not a word in it, nor a phrase, nor a scene, that could possibly offend the most puritanically fastidious of our readers. This was done by the expedient of transferring the opening scenes of the novel from their Tolstoyan locale to an innocuous parlor in a Russian home.

The second installment arrived and it was necessary to make it conform with the first, so that it was edited, expurgated and denatured also. By the time the second installment was on the stands and in the homes there began arriving in our office long cablegrams filled with triangular and octagonal Russian words which were translated to the broad general meaning of What, in the name of the sacred tenets of literature, was the idea in thus laying sacrilegious, not to say Comstockish, hands on the work of the master? Where, indeed, did we get that stuff and thus and so—most acerbic—and stating that no more of the novel would be allowed to us. Nor was any more. Two installments of Resurrection, as rewritten and expurgated by myself, saw the finish of that enterprise.

My companion on the visit to Yasnaya Polyana, seeking to divert the conversation with Tolstoy into easy, natural lines, remarked that I was the person who had, as editor of a magazine, had to do with the initial publication of that magnificent work Resurrection in the United States. Whereupon the great ascetic, seeming to forget for the moment the doctrines of Lao-tse and Karma to which he was then devoting himself, spoke feelingly in Russian for a space, and retired, and, I regret to say, not a word of the interview was suitable for copy, from my viewpoint.

Ah, Russia! After this exclamatory beginning of a paragraph—which is in accord with best usages, especially best Walpole and other strictly English usages—precedent requires some following sentences sprinkled with Russian words, with translations in brackets, which are seemingly rung in in a casual manner, but are, in fact, inserted to prove to the reader that the writer is wise to the atmosphere—perfectly hep to it, indeed. It is the accepted way to get local color. Hence, with these few preliminary remarks, I begin again:

Ah, Russia! Land of ikons—darn it, here's where I need the brackets—land of ikons, which are religious images; the Kremlin, which shows the writer got as far as Moscow; droshkies, which are cabs; the Nevskii Prospekt, which is Main Street in Petrograd, formerly St. Petersburg, you know; *bolvinya*, which is a cold

(Concluded on Page 159)

Chock Talks

Why Touraine is made of *Sweet* Chocolate—

I knew before I started to make Almond Bars that there were hundreds of thousands of people who preferred an Old Fashioned *sweet* chocolate bar and were waiting for one made of the best of chocolate—and with lots more almonds.

Touraine Almond Bar—the *only* old fashioned Sweet Chocolate Almond Bar—was the result.

And you proved I was right.

HARRY B. DUANE, *President*

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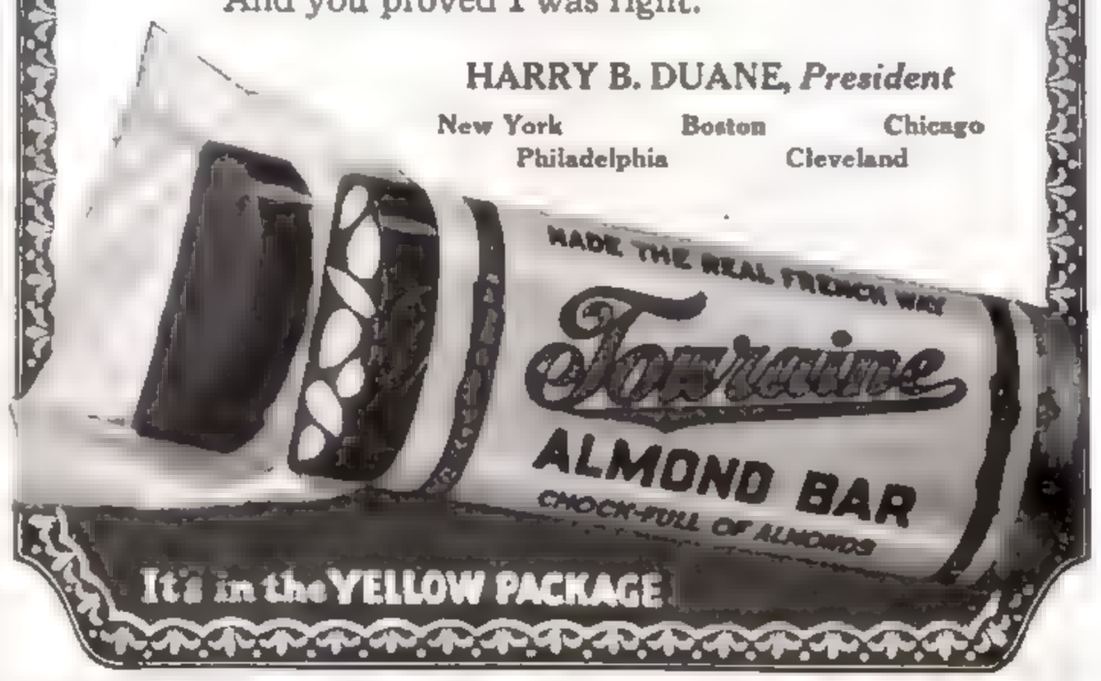

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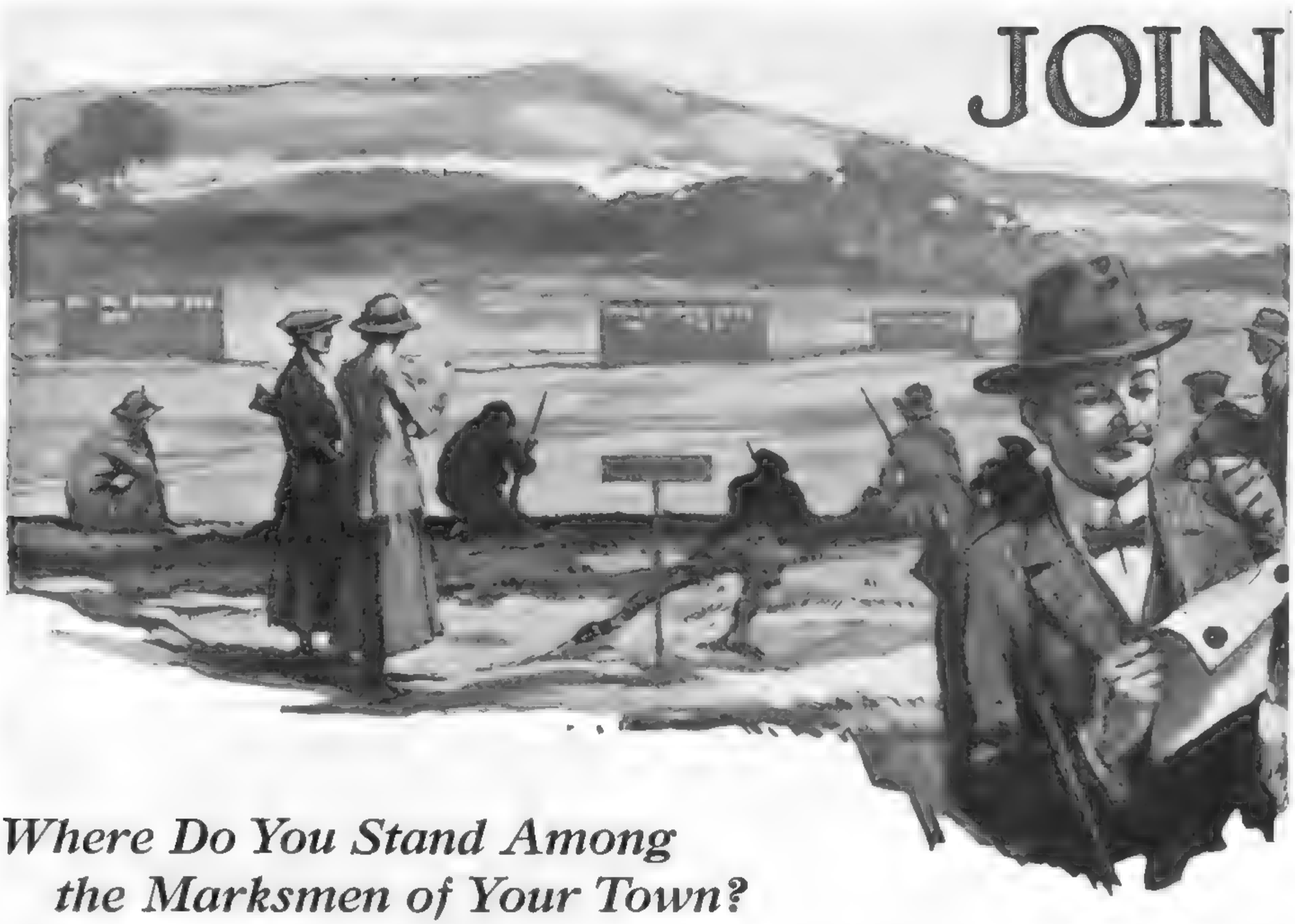

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YOU may be able to outshoot some of the men or women who are considered the best shots in town. Those who have keen eyes and steady nerves welcome the opportunity to match their shooting skill with others under standard rules and right influences. They think straight and are among the best people in any community.

Competitive shooting develops self-reliance, courage, keen perception and straight thinking. It's mighty sociable, popular and good sport.

Organized shooting is safe and establishes standards which protect the sport and enable the individual to experience the rare pleasure which it affords. Greater than almost any other game, as those who know will testify.

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Remington No. 12-C—"N. R. A. Target Grade" .22 caliber Repeating Rifle. Chambered for the .22 long rifle cartridge. Magazine holds 11 shots. Barrel, 24-inch Remington steel with 16-inch twist; half-pistol grip, walnut stock fitted with steel rifle butt plate. Weight about 6 lbs. Sights: rear, elevating tang peep with cup disk; front, windgauge combination aperture and globe. Length over all 42 inches, length taken down 27½ inches.

The Popular .22 Caliber Rifle

It has so many advantages that it is being adopted almost universally by shooting clubs—economy, convenience, safety.

Comparative tests by recognized authorities show that men who become expert with .22 caliber rifles at 100 yards and 200 yards make equally good scores with large caliber rifles on the long ranges.

Also that crack shots with large caliber rifles find the small bore game equally fascinating.

The much coveted civilian marksmanship, sharpshooter and expert rifleman badges, formerly awarded only for skill with the military rifle, can now be won with the .22 caliber rifle under conditions established by the Government through the National Rifle Association.

It is Easy to Organize a Shooting Club

An enthusiastic outdoor sportsman is the man for captain. He will get the fellows together to talk it over.

THE SHOOTING CLUB

or start one in your Town

You will be surprised at the number of shooters who become interested when an enthusiastic leader gets behind the idea.

Every hunter will want to join. Members of the American Legion are sure to be interested. Almost every man in your town has shot with a rifle at some time. These men will want to shoot again.

There are also many good shots among the women. A shooting club develops the kind of sociability which everyone enjoys. It is a splendid basis on which to build community spirit—an advantage to any city or town.

Your club can adopt the model form of constitution and by-laws which include the standard rules for .22 caliber rifle shooting, a copy of which, together with information for laying out your range, we will gladly send you on request.

You Can Rely on Remington

Club members who select any of the different types of .22 caliber rifle made by Remington will enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that the responsibility behind their arm is the same that has provided shooters with many important improvements, each a step in advance and a starting point for further development. It is a badge of the member's appreciation of correct standards to own a Remington rifle.

Through your Remington Dealer, and the co-operation of the Remington Field Representative covering your territory, your club can obtain efficient and intelligent assistance. It's an important part of the Field Representative's duties to help in the formation and activities of shooting clubs.

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Post Office Building, *New York*
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Showing the mammoth roof trusses in course of erection.

Tyrone Alcohol Plant, *Tyrone, Pa.*
F. G. Ten Broeck, Engineer
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The George A. Fuller Company through its nation-wide organization is equipped to handle great building projects of this kind with economy and fidelity. Its vast experience in conducting nearly a billion dollars' worth of work in the past thirty-five years, together with its scientifically co-ordinated organization, will insure results in these uncertain times that would be impossible through a less complete organization.

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Princeton Stadium, *Princeton, N. J.* H. J. Hardenberg, Architect
Completed in 144 days, to enable the season's football schedule to be carried out.

(Concluded from Page 155)

soup; former serfs who were slaves; *chorny khlep*, which is black bread; the horrors of Siberia and nihilism and the knout and such associated things; *kvass*, which is a drink; the Winter Palace, which is where the Czar lived; *vodka*, which is another drink with more pep in it than there is in *kvass;* the frenzied architecture of the cathedral of Vasili the Beatified and the yarn that Ivan the Terrible killed the architect so he would never duplicate this job, and which served him right; *chai*, which is tea, and they often drink it with strawberry jam in it; Pushkin and Gogol and Turgenieff, who impart the literary flavor; the Kazan, which is a cathedral; *solyanka* and *shchee*, which are soups and very good; the statue of Peter the Great, and so on; not forgetting the frequent use of *nichevo*, which means "it doesn't matter" and *zahftra*, which means "to-morrow," the two words of common speech that typify the Russia that was, and are very easy to remember.

It was in Petrograd that Sarzanov and I first came into contact—Sarzanov, the suave, subtle, alert, crafty, elusive Minister of Foreign Affairs who served in that important position during the early days of the war. It was in June, 1915, when I was escorted to his official quarters and was received by him. The Russian armies, having advanced tumultuously for many miles, were then engaged in retreating just as tumultuously, and the time was ripe for a statement of Russia's position in the war—over-ripe, in fact.

Never shall that interview be erased from the tablets of my memory. "What," inquired the great Sarzanov passionately, "can I do? What is there left for me to do? Where shall I turn? My predicament is appalling. My position is untenable. I cannot endure it. My heart is torn with anguish; I suffer a great agony."

"What, M. Sarzanov," I asked in my most diplomatic manner—"what is biting you?"

"It is this!" he exclaimed, fervidly rising from his chair and striding about the room. "I have no Bordeaux left in my wine cellar. I am accustomed to Bordeaux with my meals. I need it, must have it. Since the Czar made this country dry it is impossible for me to obtain another supply. It cannot be done. I faint for the want of my Bordeaux with my meals. It is impossible! It is momentous! It is hell!"

Perishable Greatness

"Why," I suggested, "do you not ask Sir George Buchanan, the British Ambassador, for the loan of some? I was there at luncheon the other day and he seems to have plenty."

There were tears of gratitude in the eyes of Sarzanov as he grasped me by the hands.

"My friend," he said, his voice shaken with emotion, "I thank you for the suggestion. You have rescued me from a predicament. I am under eternal obligation to you and if you will drop round some day after the war is over we'll discuss the whole business in a most intimate manner. May happiness attend you! I shall not forget. For the present—good afternoon."

I must not neglect to portray the Grand Duke Nicholas as he was in those exciting days of June and July, 1915. Never shall I forget him. I have overworked that phrase a bit, but it always goes well and gives the idea of deep impression and makes what is written more realistic. Wherefore: Never shall I forget him—tall, commanding, lean, muscular, imperious and imperial; with eagle eye and hawk nose and several other features not especially ornithological, he towered above his staff, a veritable giant, a general supreme among generals. I wrote a fine piece about him in which I dwelt on him as the great man of Russia; but just as the piece was printed in this country the Czar fired the grand duke and sent him down to the Caucasus to associate with the mountain goats. That, I contend, was neither considerate nor clubby of the Czar. I had always spoken well of him. It gets a writer of this sort of literature nothing—positively nothing—to have a person he terms a great man shown up as an ex-great man by imperial ukase or in any other manner. However, unless Lenine and Trotzky have caught him the grand duke is at present in far better case than the Czar who deprived him of authority and chased him to the Caucasus, for at last accounts the grand duke was still alive.

All the Czar's Fault

Silent, brooding, perhaps he had a premonition of his fate. Who can say?

"The Russian Army," he said, not without emotion, "fights to the last ditch."

"It does," I replied with equal feeling; "but, judging from reports from the front, not to the first ditch."

He shrugged his ducal shoulders and sighed. A font of Russian type would come in very handy at this point, for I know the Russian of the remark that followed, and really should have an opportunity to impress my readers with my knowledge. However, as there is no Russian type available I am forced to Ollendorf the pregnant phrase: "*Ne paritsah'ite menya'.*" There was a world of sadness in his voice. "Do not blame me." I assured him that I would not; nor did I. The person who blamed him was the Czar, and he had the official say in the matter at the moment.

There was no appreciable point of contact between the officially, or regally, or ancestorically great and the mere writing person in England in the days before the war. It simply wasn't done. Therefore, when in England on numerous occasions before August, 1914, though I became reasonably familiar with the outer aspects of many of these from seeing them publicly and by observing them functioning officially, those of them who met me professionally were not talking for publication. Such a thing was unknown. If they had anything to say they said it either in a letter to the Times or in a speech, and interviewers did not exist for them. So there is little to record concerning the antewar period.

It took some months for the idea to seep into the stern and rockbound heads of the English great, after the war began, that it might be somewhat advantageous to have a few thoughts from said great placed before the American people, and when that idea did gain entrance to those massive domes of thought they all put doormats with "Welcome" in big red letters on them outside their doors, and spread birdlime, nets and traps in every direction for American interviewers. One could hardly escape having an interview thrust upon him. When the esteemed British finally assimilated what the word "propaganda" meant they propagandized all over the place. They even imported American interviewers by the cargo. It was a cinch. Hence there is little to be said about that phase of it, either.

The first man who broke through his own crust was Asquith, then Premier. He came one day to a luncheon at which was gathered a large number of hand-picked American writers; entering timorously, as if he expected to be set upon by a band of Sioux or Apaches, and hoping against hope that he would escape with his scalp as originally installed by Nature. He was greatly relieved to discover that none of the Americans present had brought his scalping knife with him, and that there wasn't a tomahawk in sight. And with a few preliminary "My words!" he ventured the opinion that this war was a frightful war and made the ringing assertion that Britons never shall be slaves.

That broke the ice and every British statesman fell through immediately with loud splashes. If the war had continued another six months it is likely the King would have made a talk. Indeed his American press agent, who used to work on the New York Sun, had the matter in hand at the time of the armistice.

We Americans were great stuff in those days. How well do I recall the baseball game between the American Army and the American Navy on the Fourth of July, 1918.

The King was there, in a royal box, with all the royal family, and the Dowager Queen Alexandra with her suite, and much of governmental England; but it was Pick Cross, formerly of Ohio, who got the cream of it. Pick was by way of being chief baseball introducer in England among his other noteworthy activities, and he organized that baseball game, got the King to attend, and added a long, lingering and fervent clasp to the hands-across-the-sea stuff of the time.

Baseball in London

Pick informed the British that the President always throws out the first ball when the season opens in Washington, and suggested that it would be a nifty little touch to this game if the King would begin it in this manner. The King was anxious to oblige, and Pick went up to Buckingham Palace several mornings and coached His Majesty on how to throw a ball, His Majesty not being cognizant of any other manner of throwing than the cricket manner, which is no way at all on the diamond.

Then some timorous court chamberlain or gentleman in waiting or something, who possibly had seen a game of "glorified rounders," as the British term our national pastime, became apprehensive that a foul tip might smear some royal features during the progress of the game, and had a wire netting placed in front of the royal box, thus making it practically impossible, or very difficult, at least, for the King to hurl out the first ball. So, accompanied by Pick and some other persons, the King walked down on the diamond, met the opposing captains and handed a nice, new regulation ball to Arlie Latham, who was to umpire.

"Pleased to meet-cha, King," said Arlie, and the game was on.

All enjoyed it, save the American naval captain who was assigned to sit beside the Dowager Queen Alexandra and explain the game to her. Inasmuch as Queen Alexandra is extremely deaf, never had seen a game of baseball, and was at a loss to understand why the young men were not playing cricket, that naval captain had his troubles.

However, it was a great day for the American eagle, for the British lion, for the King and the royal family and for Pick Cross, who put it over; and it goes to show how the manner and method changed owing to certain inspirations which, we now read in the British press, were not so much, after all. And in reality, "All passes; art alone endures," as the jolly old poet said, and as Clem Studebaker chiseled over the door of his theater in Chicago.

So let us turn to art again; which turning brings us to Thomas Hardy, the great novelist. It cannot be said, in verity, that Thomas Hardy expressed any passionate eagerness to greet me at his Wessex home, but it came about, none the less. How keenly I recall the grizzled author of Tess and Jude as he stood that morning on his terrace, and his words—the words of the master!

No Army to Drive

"Mr. Hardy, I have traveled three thousand miles to see you." This reverently.

"Really?" This politely, but with a certain disinterestedness that was depressing.

"Yes, I have traveled three thousand miles to see you." This with less reverence and with more emphasis.

"Really?" This with an intonation that expressed, with sufficient clarity, the thought: "Well, you've seen me; what else do you want?"

Imagine an earnest pilgrim at a literary shrine able to dig out but two cold and clammy "Reallys" as a starter! The situation was most precarious, and needed the tonic of instant diversion into other channels.

"You have a lot of crows on your place." This with an appropriate sweep of the arm that included an immense flock of black and busy birds on the lawn.

"My word! Those are not crows; those are rooks!" And the author of Under the Greenwood Tree and Far From the Madding Crowd proceeded along the terrace by himself—if you can picture the scene that morning with the bright Wessex sunshine flooding the landscape—alone—indubitably alone.

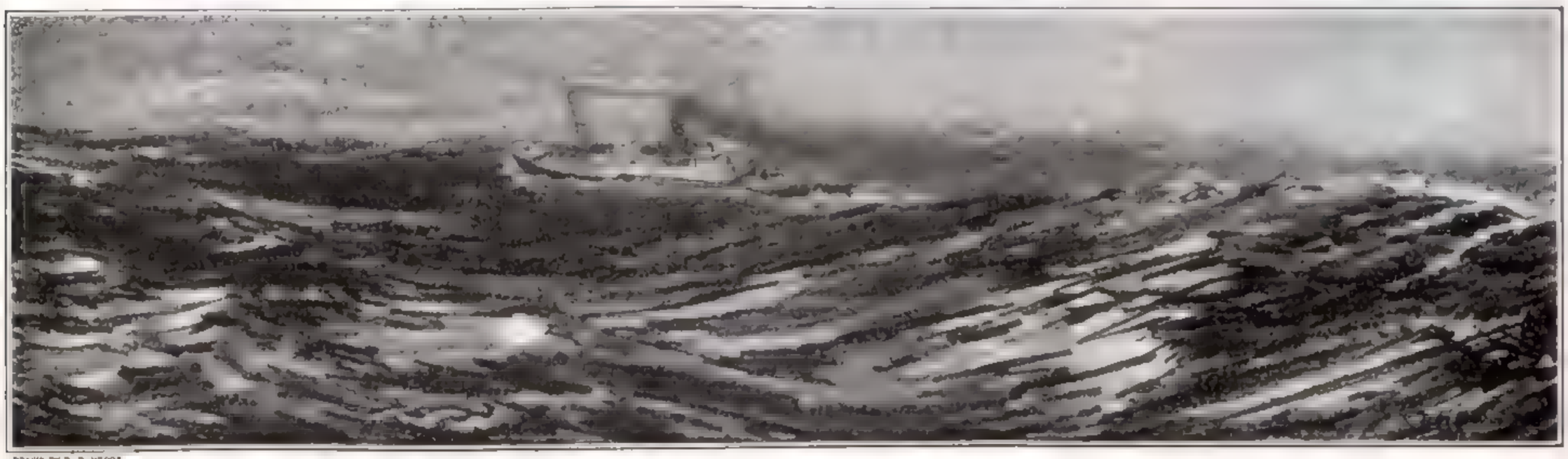
But time presses and inexorable space holds up a warning hand. The great of France, of Germany before the war, of Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, of many another far place must await a further recognition at a further hour; and, as this modest chronicle began with my projection across a king, so let it end.

It was at the Grand Cañon of the Colorado last fall. I stood on the brink of that mighty chasm in easy converse with Albert, the King of the Belgians.

"What a fine place this would have been to drive the German Army into," I remarked, with that disregard for precise diction that comes in casual talk.

The King looked appraisingly out over the vast cleft, and down into its dizzy depths, and with that regal dignity that so becomes him, and those impressive pauses between his words that mark his speech in English, replied gravely, after he had fully surveyed the situation:

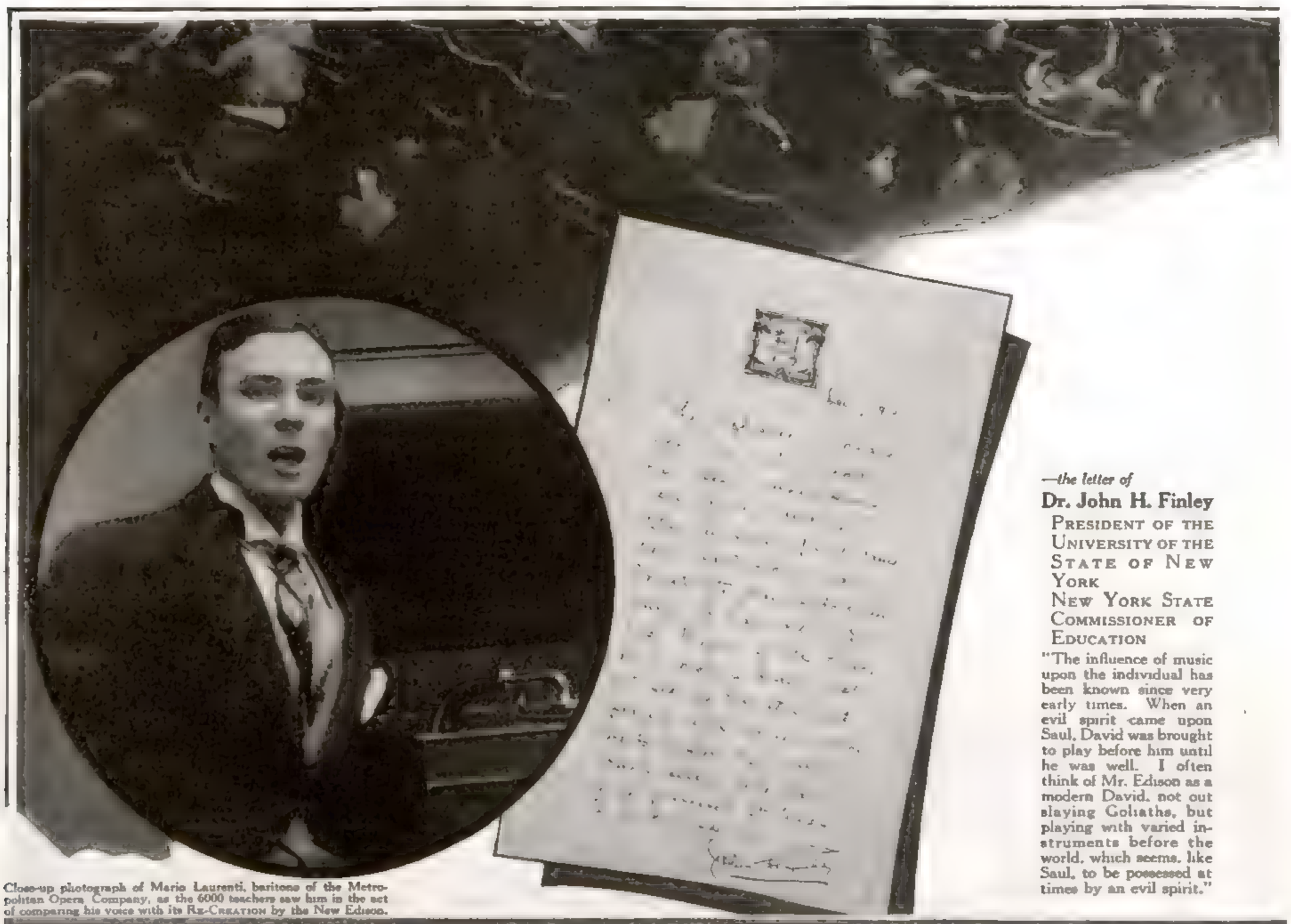
"But, my dear sir, that was quite impossible. There was no German Army here, you know!"



DRAWN BY E. D. HEDGE

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

The NEW



Close-up photograph of Mario Laurenti, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, as the 6000 teachers saw him in the act of comparing his voice with its Re-Creation by the New Edison.

—the letter of

Dr. John H. Finley

President of the University of the State of New York
New York State Commissioner of Education

"The influence of music upon the individual has been known since very early times. When an evil spirit came upon Saul, David was brought to play before him until he was well. I often think of Mr. Edison as a modern David, not out slaying Goliaths, but playing with varied instruments before the world, which seems, like Saul, to be possessed at times by an evil spirit."

EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

6000 Empire State Teachers Hear Phonograph Achieve Triumph

THE illustration, although it is reproduced from an actual photograph, but faintly portrays the memorable scene at the State Armory in Albany, New York, on the night of November 25th, when 6000 teachers, principals and superintendents of the public schools of New York State sat spellbound as they heard Mario Laurenti, world-famed baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sing in direct comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of his magnificent voice.

LAURENTI stood beside the stately New Edison Cabinet. His voice filled the auditorium. The audience, which at first had been a trifle tense because of the unusual nature of the proposed experiment, gradually relaxed under the magic influence of the great baritone's artistry.

Then suddenly there was a stir, a subdued murmur of surprise and a perplexed rubbing of eyes. Laurenti's voice, undiminished in quality and beauty, continued to reach every quarter of the vast auditorium, but his lips had ceased to move. The cabinet at his side had taken up the song and was matching his voice so perfectly that the human ear could not tell when Laurenti had ceased to sing.

Edison Had Won Another Triumph

THIS great event proved that Edison's genius has produced the phonograph of supreme realism. It also earned for his achievement the indorsement of one of the world's most famous educators, Dr. John H. Finley, President of the University of the State of New York. Dr. Finley's beautiful tribute to Mr. Edison and the latter's new phonograph are reproduced herewith. It is doubtful if Edison's ambition to serve humanity through the agency of music could have been more accurately divined.

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Let us send you our book, "Edison and Music," and our booklet, "What the Critics Say." "Edison and Music" is written by one of Thomas A. Edison's right-hand men. Address Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

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LET THAT PASS

(Continued from Page 29)

faintest idea what she was talking about or whether William A. Poole was a politician, an actor or a race horse. Nor did he care. He felt low in his mind. More port was needed to maintain the *status quo*. Without reënforcements the port he had taken would rapidly become a boomerang that would destroy him. He wanted to go to sleep. He contemplated making a dash through the palms behind him and escaping at one stroke from Yolanda, Simonetti and William A. Poole. He knew Simonetti, who was still feasting his eyes upon Miss Spangle in a kind of angry rapture, would argue, and he could not, he felt, cope with an argument, any argument, especially one with the poet. The latter knew, Terry thought gloomily, too beastly many words. He hurled them at you, tied you up in them, defeated you. It would be much simpler just to bolt.

But while he was still toying with the idea something occurred which not only put an end to this craven project but had other and more far-reaching consequences. This something was the arrival of Yolanda's father.

Terry became aware of Mr. Spangle before Mr. Spangle reached their group. He was not a person of whom one could remain unaware in any place, particularly the Palm Room of a New York hotel. His dress was conventional, to be sure, but his face was not. He was big and stooped slightly, the way excessively strong men sometimes stoop. He had a dark, smooth-shaved face, close lipped, and deeply lined and ferocious eyes. He was the kind of man women love to be knocked down by.

At his approach a rapid change took place in the languorous Yolanda. The cigarette dropped from her lily fingers. She assumed an erect posture, and Simonetti waited scornfully to see her wipe off her lip salve as quickly as might be on her tea napkin. Meanwhile her father bore down upon them, treading the effete carpets derisively. People made way for him.

"Why do you wait till I come, to sit up like a human being?" he snapped. "Haven't you got any sense? Who's this?"

His eyes stabbed into Terry's eyes and held them. Flashing, domineering eyes they were, that blazed out from under bushy eyebrows. Terry felt a distinct thrill when they bored into him. His many centuries of privilege and civilization had bred him back into almost as distinguished a barbarian, though of a conspicuously different kind, as Spangle, whose race had never started away from the barbarous on the long circle back to it. Spangle was the real thing, and Terry had a flair for the real thing. Besides this kindred flash he was drawn to him as small boys are drawn to the ogre in the fairy tale. He held out his hand joyously, and Spangle with a sudden smile took it.

They sat down side by side.

"I assure you, my dear fellow," Terry observed confidentially, "port is a devilish rotten thing to drink in the afternoon. What's-his-name"—he indicated Simonetti, who was talking to Yolanda—"and I went some place or other just now and drank no end of the beastly stuff, but heaps and heaps of it, and I do assure you, my dear fellow ——"

The grim lips of the Westerner twitched.

"Port isn't my liquor," he observed. "Have a cigar?"

"Thanks awfully—I never smoke cigars. I like your American cigarettes though. By Jove, they're capital! Perhaps you'd like ——"

Spangle shook his head vigorously and pulling a cigar from his waistcoat pocket stuck it into his mouth. He had large, well-shaped and very clean hands. He began chewing the end without lighting it, his head back, his hawk eyes raking the assembly. Terry watched him happily. When Terry was interested in anything, which was seldom—food, games, pretty girls, fighting and one or two less calculable things, such as the charm Spangle had for him, covered the range of his possible interests—his face wore the wonder look of an engaging child. Spangle thought of that.

The Westerner was silent. Yolanda, who was never quite at ease with her father, seemed to be listening to something Simonetti was murmuring to her. At last Spangle, shifting his cigar to the other corner of his mouth and thrusting his hands deep into his trousers pockets, began to talk.

"I should say," he observed to Terry, with the comfortable air of a man following his own train of thought, "that there's between ten and fifteen million divided between those two tables over there. See the man with the waxed mustache—he's just getting married for the fourth time, by the way—that's T. B. Walker, of Tonopah. I beat him to a patent once." A reminiscent smile flashed in his eyes. "Cost him about half a million. He had whiskers like a feather duster then, and now look at him! But he's smart."

Terry laughed. "Feather duster! I say, that's good. I must remember that. Ha, ha!"

Spangle stared at him a moment without comment. Then he continued: "And the bust presiding over the next table is Jim Hallowell's widow. She'll marry a lounge lizard forty years younger'n her, and he'll poison her for her money. Nice old girl, Liz. I remember when she took in washing in Butte." He paused, chewing his cigar reflectively. "Old Hallowell was worth half a dozen million when he died. Gosh, money-making's so easy it gets to be a bore."

Yolanda rose.

"Simonetti and I are going downstairs to dance," she observed, loosing a meaningful glance upon Terrence. "Would you like to come, Lord Selwyn?"

"Rather not!" he exclaimed. "Er—that is, thanks awfully and all that ——"

He rose and waited while she walked away.

"Josie's like her mother"—Yolanda had been christened Josephine—"only her mother was clever. Her mother was a clever fool, and there's no hope for them. She was never right in her life. She was T. B. Walker's third wife after she quit me." He chuckled. "She got him to wax his mustache."

"I say, how ripping!" said Terry inappropriately and then blushed a bright scarlet. He was confused by these sudden confidences. Spangle laughed shortly.

"Where you from? Is your real name Selwyn?"

"Oh, yes, yes. I have others, but Selwyn is quite mine. I've had it longest."

Spangle studied him. "Where you from?" he repeated.

"Humbledon Mead, Haworth on Wye, Tusselby, Warwickshire"

"You don't say!" the other replied dryly. "I've never been there"

"I dare say not. It's not half bad though. Rather a jolly old place."

"Come up," said Spangle suddenly, "to my room. I'll give you something decent to drink. We might eat supper together"

They had, it seemed to Terry, a rarely delightful evening. It began with Scotch that even Dillingsby Pott might have envied, in Spangle's rooms; went on to terrapin, saddle of lamb and teal duck, at Clarence's; and the talk was of the deliciously blood-curdling kind the Far West can produce when it lights upon innocence. Mr. Spangle was both experienced and imaginative. Then it went back to money-making.

"I said it was so easy that it got to be a bore," said Spangle. "But I guess I didn't mean that. It's never a bore. When you've got more than you want the game loses some pep, but it's a damn fine game anyway. Best I know of when you get going."

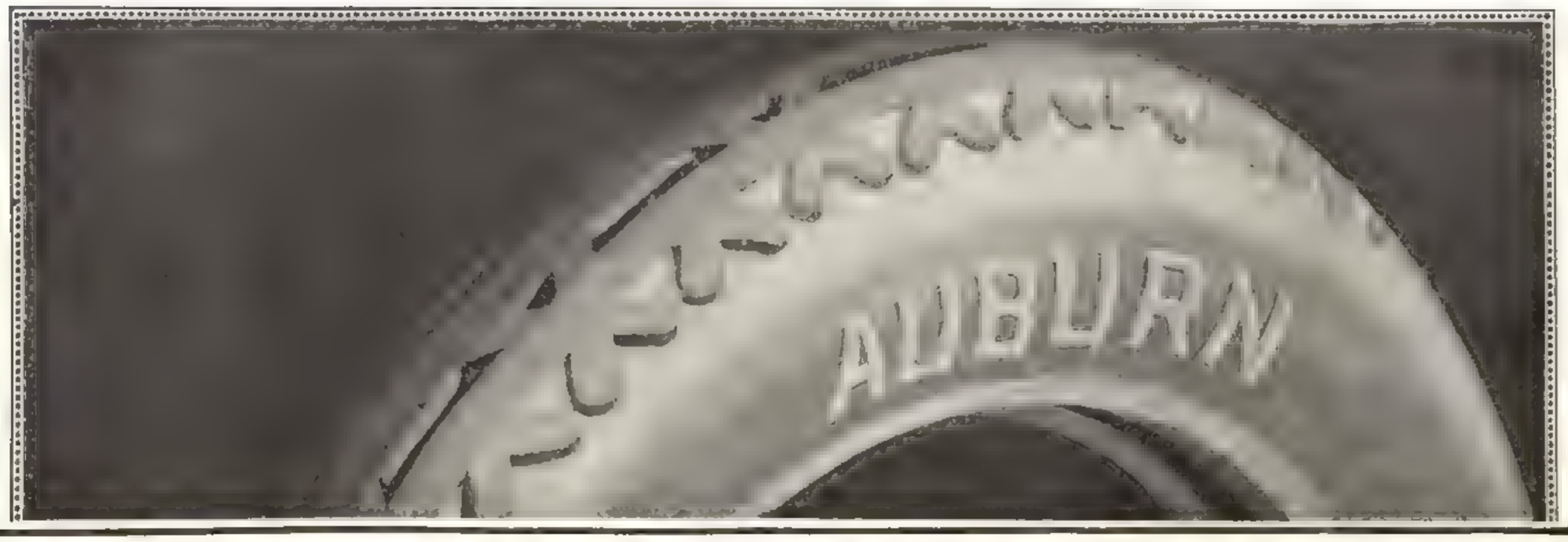
"I most awfully wish I knew how to do it," Terry said wistfully. "I need money quite fearfully."

"Haven't you got any?" inquired Spangle casually.

"I have five thousand pounds; and obviously, my dear fellow, when you jolly well know you'll never get any more, that isn't enough."

Gradually Spangle got his story: How Terry had been torn from his regiment after the war was over and banished to Canada by a ruthless family in an unreasonable pother about debts; how his uncle the old Duke of Worretsdown had served him a small allowance and condemned him to an indefinite sojourn in a crocky little place in Canada; how a friend of his, no end of an agreeable chap, Richard Bateman, of New York—Mr. Spangle knew all about Richard Bateman, of New York—had written him to come on for a spree. Terry avoided all reference to the affair of a certain gold bag belonging to Sylvia's aunt, Mrs. C. Dillingsby Pott, and

(Continued on Page 164)



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	Government AUBURN Requirements	Tests
Pure Rubber in Cushion and Breaker	75 to 85%	91%
Pure Rubber in Tread	65 to 70%	80%
Tread, Cushion and Breaker	450 to 500%	620%
Separation of Tread and Breaker	28 to 32 lbs.	64 lbs.
Separation of Cushion and Carcass	16 lbs.	30 lbs.

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THE DOUBLE FABRIC TIRE CO., Auburn, Indiana

Also makers of Auburn Certified Tubes and Tire Reinforcements

(7)

(Continued from Page 162)

all reference to Sylvia. But he told Spangle of his uncle's death, which occurred a few days after his arrival in New York, and his consequent coming into two titles, three mortgaged estates and five thousand pounds.

Spangle listened quietly, shifting his half-chewed cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other. When it was all over he said: "Young fellow, I like you. I've taken a damn queer fancy to you. You're an idle, pampered, irresponsible child, but I like you. If you knew me well enough to trust me I could take that five-thousand-pound nest egg of yours and hatch it into a flock of ostriches. The game would amuse me."

Terry became very pink.

"Do you really mean to say, my dear chap, that you could take my money and make heaps more with it?"

"Easiest thing in the world. Tin is going to do something within the next three weeks, and I happen to be in on it. Of course it would require manipulating, but I ——" He made a brusque but eloquent gesture. There was a moment's silence. "I shouldn't hesitate to say that I could quadruple the five thousand pounds inside of one month owing to that particular situation I happen to be in on."

"But," interposed Terry in some embarrassment, "I shouldn't feel that I could ——"

"Trust me with it? Of course not. You'd be a fool if you did. I said, you remember, in case you had known me well enough."

"No, no, I meant that I shouldn't think of imposing on you to that extent. I meant it really wouldn't do, you know."

Of course there was only one way in which the discussion could end—the way Charlie Spangle intended it should. When they parted Terry left behind him his five thousand pounds.

"Dickie, old son, is that you? I've had the greatest difficulty in being put through. I assure you I've been begging the young person to put me through, and they kept putting some beastly old woman through."

"Well, well, Terrence," said Dickie's genial voice over the wire, "you are through now; or rather you never will be through if you don't get through telling me ——" He broke off and laughed. "Now I'm doing it. What do you want?"

"Money, old dear. In about ten days I shall have heaps, but just at this moment I'm in no end of difficulties."

"I'll be right over," was the reply. "You're at the hotel, I suppose?"

"Right-o."

Bateman felt vaguely uneasy. He had a feeling that something was going on he did not know about and was profoundly dubious of Terry's ability to look after himself. He found him strolling about the lobby, swinging his stick and looking peculiarly cheerful and debonair.

"I say, it was a bit of all right, my getting you straight off—I mean, as soon as I'd been put through; though, upon my soul, they kept putting a beastly ——"

"Yes, yes, you told me about that."

"I've asked Sylvia to take tea at Clarence's, and just now I find that I haven't got any money. I haven't got," he repeated with extreme cheerfulness, "what you Americans call a red nickel."

"Cent, cent! Look here, Terry, I've brought you plenty of money and you can have as much more as you want, you know that. But, Terry, old boy, there's nothing wrong, is there? You've got your own money safe enough, haven't you?"

"At the present moment," Selwyn repeated triumphantly, "I haven't got a red nic— cent in any bank or breeches pocket in the world."

Dickie regarded him with dismay.

"But," the other went on, "in just —— What day is to-day?"

"Wednesday."

"No, no. Date?"

"The twenty-fourth."

Terry seemed to make some sort of calculation.

"Yes, it's just ten days. In ten days from to-day I shall have at least four times five thousand pounds, which is twenty thousand pounds. At the most ——"

He completed the sentence by twirling his stick superbly. Dick Bateman groaned.

"What in heaven's name have you been up to? Are you fooling with margins or buying platinum mines from Charlie Spangle of the Balldorf?"

"Spangle? Now however did you know it was Spangle? Isn't he tremendous? Isn't he topping? Isn't he ——"

"Hold on there, Terry! Is it possible that you are serious? Is it possible that you have handed over any of your money to Charlie Spangle?"

"All of it, old son. Every red ——"

"Don't say 'red cent' again!" shouted Dickie. "My Lord, Selwyn, you need a male attendant! You need to be supplied with a set of spools and sent to a home for deficient children! The biggest crook, the most notorious gambler, widow gouger, orphan eater, gold-brick scoundrel ——"

"Look here, old man, if you're talking about Mr. Spangle I shall have to ask you to stop, you know. Mr. Spangle is a friend of mine, you know. He's doing me no end of a favor, you know."

"I tell you, he's a dirty ——"

Terry flushed. "Old dear, I shall be fearfully annoyed in a moment. In fact, I am quite fearfully annoyed already."

He turned away and walked toward the door.

"Oh, Lord!" thought Dickie. "Now I've got to go and apologize to this everlasting, lovable damn fool!"

But he couldn't get Terry to take a penny, and worried about him very thoroughly the rest of the day.

Unprovided with funds Terry was obliged to telephone Sylvia that for reasons undivulged he would not be taking her to tea, and spent a dreary afternoon tramping about longing for her and for tea and buttered English muffins at Clarence's.

Some nine days after the above transaction an event of consequence took place. This event indeed was perennial, occurring once a year in what happened, at the moment, to be New York's latest and most conspicuously distinguished hostelry. The Hornaday Potts dined the Dillingsby Potts *en famille*.

Generally speaking, the restaurant world of New York—the New York of the Western, European and Riverside Drive millionaire—was unknown to the Pott families; at least the Pott families as families. But once a year, on the more and more remote anniversary of his mating, Hornaday Pott convened his closest relations, the C. Dillingsby Potts—Dillingsby had been his best man—to commemorate this occurrence by dining in public. This year, as on former occasions, Mrs. Hornaday Pott suggested the advisability of a private dining room.

"Private morgue," he had shot back. "Trouble with us, we're too darn private. Do us good to rub shoulders with the night lifers once in a while. We really ought to knock about till midnight and go to the Follies."

"Nonsense! And your daughters not even out yet!"

"I bet Sylvia'd like it."

"Perhaps. Fortunately she's not your daughter."

"Oh, I don't know about the fortunately." Like all men, young or old, uncles included, his heart was very soft for Sylvia, a matter which irritated Mrs. Hornaday Pott.

The dinner was strictly a family affair, including, of course, Dickie Bateman, who was part of the family. But this time Sylvia had so far tampered with the susceptibilities of Uncle Hornaday as to induce him to invite Terry. The latter, duly invited, surprisingly declined. Surprisingly, because Pott invitations—especially Pott invitations including Sylvia—were very seldom declined. He was most fearfully sorry, but he was otherwise engaged. Whereat Sylvia became more bored than ever with the party, and would have thrown Uncle Hornaday over completely but for the inflexibility of her aunt, Mrs. Dillingsby, in all matters affecting the *entente cordiale*—a purely diplomatic cordiality, by the way—of the family. As a matter of fact everyone except the genial Hornaday was bored to delirium by this gala undertaking, from which, down the long vista of years, no escape could be descried.

The families, convoyed by a detachment of waiters, proceeded to their table in the middle of the room. The sisters-in-law, aware of who they were, walked first. Dillingsby Pott followed, perfunctorily squiring his nieces, Lucretia and Emmaline—the latter known as Muggsy—Pott. Sylvia, Hornaday Pott and Dickie Bateman came last, Hornaday slightly irritated because Dickie hung about and spoiled his triumphant progress across the room with the most beautiful girl in New York on his arm.

To emphasize the purely informal and family note, and because on occasions of this kind they found much to communicate, Mrs. Hornaday and Mrs. Dillingsby sat side by side. Also their amiability to each other reached great heights, one of its phases taking the form of an alert antagonism toward the rest of the room, always excepting their own table, over which they presided like wedding detectives over a display of tiaras and pearls.

Mrs. Dillingsby was short and highly compressed. Mrs. Hornaday was tall and highly compressed. Their clothes were married to their bodies as paper to the wall. Their bosoms were flawless toboggan slides, down which coasted pearls and diamond lavallières. Their arms were plump and bare. They were short of breath. Mrs. Dillingsby had small impressive features, of which not the least impressive was her nose. It was stuck upon her face like a small round potato sprouting from the flanks of a greater one. Mrs. Hornaday's features were large and impressive. They drooped, or possibly even sagged, suggesting a bloodhound of exceptionally good family. Their lorgnons were not infrequently raised upon the public; their accurately waved coiffures frequently met in an exchange of judgments.

The Pott brothers had an air of having been popped parboiled out of hot baths into their evening clothes, clothes which seemed slightly to bulge, as the evening clothes of smart middle-aged to elderly gentlemen should seem to bulge. They had curly iron-gray hair and wore small well-trimmed mustaches on their red faces. They probably smelled ever so slightly of cocktails, cigar smoke, toilet vinegar and expensive leather, and would have about them new bills and gold pieces.

(Continued on Page 167)

Sylvia Yielded Herself, With all the Fury of a Novice, to the Grilling Torture of Jealousy

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The Chart below indicates the grade recommended by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers. The recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted. If your car is not listed in this partial Chart, send for booklet "Correct Lubrication" which lists the correct grades for all cars.

AUTOMOBILES	1919 Models		1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Auburn (4 cyl)							A	Arc	A	Arc
Auburn (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Auburn (6-39 Tractor H			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac (8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Case	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers			A	A			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6-40							A	Arc		
" (6-30	A	A			A	A	A	A		
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Model	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Model	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Cole							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham									Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	B	E
Dort	A		A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
Federal	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Mod S X)			A	A	A	A				
Federal (special)			Arc	Ar						
"	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Com)	Ar									
" (Model 12	A									
Haynes	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Hudson							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Super Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	A		
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jeffery									A	Arc
" (8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
" (Commercial			Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Model 49							A	A	A	A
" (			A	A	A	A				
Lippard Stewart			Ar	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
"					A	Ar	A	Ar		
" (Model M					A	Ar				
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Madison			A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
" (8 cyl					A	A	A	A		
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (22-70									Arc	Arc
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl							A	A		
Moline-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Monroe			A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E	A	Arc
" (Mod M4			A	A	A	A				
" (Mod S)	A	A								
Moon			Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" (Mod 671			A	A						
" (Quad	A	A	A	A						
National	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl							A	A		
Oldsmobile (6 cyl	A	Ar					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl	A	A	A	A	Ar	Arc			Arc	Arc
" (Model	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Overland	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard									A	Arc
" (12 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (Commercial	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (6 cyl									A	Arc
" (6 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Ar	Arc	Arc
" (6-40							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6-46-55					A	Arc				
" (6-40	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" (Com'l	Ar	Arc	Ar	Ar						
Paterson	Ar	Arc			Ar	Ar	A	A	Arc	Arc
Peerless			Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
" (Com'l	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	A	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Selden	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
"					A	Ar				
Simplex (Crane			A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Standard Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Stephens	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stude	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl									A	Arc
" (6 cyl	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Continental	Ar	Arc	A	A						
" (Wisconsin	A	A	A	A						
Westcott	Arc	Arc	A	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	A	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc
" (Sleeve Valve	A	A	A	A	A	A				
White	A	A	Arc	Arc						
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Winton Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Ar	Arc				
Winton	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

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(Continued from Page 164)

Almost at once the oysters appeared and the twin dowagers exchanged lorgnons for oyster forks, impaling the plump white corpses with gusto and earnestly absorbing them into their persons. It would have been preferable if Terry's arrival had occurred during this interval or during an interval when some *pièce de résistance* was being dealt with. But unfortunately the Spangles' *partie carrée* put in an appearance when the oyster forks had been laid aside and the green-turtle soup was not yet handed about. The lorgnons were operating freely.

Sylvia was not bestowing upon Dickie Bateman and Uncle Hornaday the attention they could have wished. She was as a matter of fact engaged with the problem of Terry's behavior during the past week or so. He had failed to take her to tea after she had taken elaborate steps to conceal that clandestine project from her aunt. He had seemed to be under a slight constraint, had shown no enthusiasm when a matinée was suggested, had refused to dine with them this evening. Such fortunate young men as had won her favor were not in the habit of behaving like this. For an instant the possibility of a rival crossed her mind—but only for an instant. She had had no experience of rivals. In her own field she had always been supreme.

Just then her eyes, which had happened vaguely to alight upon the dowagers, perceived a sudden and arresting change take place in the manner of these ladies. In a flash their air of comfortably suspicious detachment had changed to one of straight-backed and violently restrained curiosity. The signs of this change were subtle, only to be perceived and interpreted by an experienced eye. But Sylvia's was an experienced eye. So experienced indeed that she seemed even to perceive in Aunt Dillingsby's surprise a slight element of consternation, in Aunt Hornaday's one of equally slight satisfaction. Though she told herself that her aunts' moods and interests that evening were as entirely unimportant to her as everything else, she nevertheless followed their gaze just in time to see the Spangles' dinner party preparing to seat itself at the next table.

What she saw was Yolanda's back. It was for the moment turned toward them. Yolanda seemed to be wearing a black velvet skirt. Then there were two thin strands of rhinestones, which were attached to the skirt behind and mounted her back and disappeared over her shoulders.

"Jee-rusalem, what a pleasant view!" whispered Hornaday hoarsely, a remark not intended for Mrs. Hornaday, but which reached her and called forth a blighting regard. Then Yolanda turned, and it was seen that the rhinestone straps, whose career one had unconsciously followed with interest not to say trepidation, supported in front a small latticework of rhinestones. There didn't seem to be anything else particularly in the way of a bodice, unless you included a heart-shaped piece of black court-plaster on one shoulder blade. And so perfect were the shoulder blades, and indeed the arms and wrists and bosom, so triumphant the line of the throat and the whiteness of the skin, that only a biased critic could resent their revealment. But unfortunately in gatherings which include both male and female humanity, one half is made up of by no means unbiased critics.

Besides Yolanda there were her father, towering above her, above the slim-waisted Terry, who was himself very tall, above everybody, dwarfing the room; the poet, his dark hair tossed back from his forehead in cloudy profusion; and Terry, with his blond good looks, beautifully set head and unmistakable air. As he stood there, to all outward appearance thoroughly pleased with himself and life in general, he was extremely irritating to Sylvia. His habitual look of debonair nonchalance she found misplaced, in view of everything. She resented being forced to acknowledge that he was undeservedly, unmistakably beguiling in appearance.

"I wonder," said Lucretia, "if she's the new actress that's just come to the French theater?"

But just then a piercing treble reached their ears from the next table.

"For heaven's sake, unwind yourself from my train, Simonetti! What's the idea, anyway?"

Looks were exchanged by the members of the anniversary dinner. Mrs. Hornaday, striving—not too hard—to repress a certain microscopic satisfaction, began briskly to speak of something else, and for a time plays and the weather were thoroughly exploited. And then Lucretia, who was one of those blighting phenomena, a creature entirely without tact, brought the subject of Terry and his companions into the open.

"Shall we speak to him, mamma, when he looks this way?"

"Speak to whom?"

Lucretia nodded. "The Duke of ——"

"And why not, pray? Isn't he a friend of your cousin Sylvia's?"

Mrs. Dillingsby winced.

"Acquaintance, my dear."

"Only an acquaintance? Well, I must say I'm just as well pleased to hear it. You know my opinion of these titled adventurers who have nothing." She lowered her voice. "There's no question about the kind of woman she is."

Meanwhile the dinner progressed from one gastronomical triumph to another. Terry had at last discovered and bowed, with perfect unawaredness and evident pleasure, to Sylvia and her relations, but he was pretty steadily engaged to Yolanda. She was leaning on one beautiful elbow and seemed to be discoursing of matters both weighty and intimate. And Sylvia, compelled to witness this, yielded herself, with all the fury of a novice, to the grilling torture of jealousy. She longed to hurl her vanilla soufflé, all hot and quivering, into the beautiful face of Yolanda Spangle; to dash over and have at her with finger nails; to give her a black eye.

"Look here, Dick," said Dillingsby Pott later when the three men were alone in the hall waiting for powder and wraps to be put on, "wasn't that the Spangle gang young Selwyn was with? I didn't like to say anything at table and call the attention of my—that is, the ladies' attention to the boy specially, but ——"

"I think the ladies' attention came without calling," said Dick, laughing. "Yes, it was Spangle, dog-gone it."

"Now how on earth did the fellow ever get on Selwyn's trail? Didn't suppose it would be worth his while. He's a regular financier now, ain't he?"

"I don't know how it did come about."

"Is it the girl, do you think?"

"Lord, no. It's money."

"Let him in for much?"

"All he's got."

"Whee-yew!" The Pott brothers whistled softly between their teeth. "Somepin's got to be done," said Dillingsby.

"I know that. But what?"

"We'll go and see this scoundrel in the morning and scare the daylights out of him. He probably don't know what backing Selwyn's got in this town. Selwyn isn't a fellow to brag."

For some reason Dickie smiled.

Charlie Spangle inspected the two cards that came up to him the next morning with a certain amusement.

"Show 'em up here," he said, glancing about his luxurious private sitting room and knocking behind the piano a new picture of herself Yolanda had put out. He picked up Dillingsby Pott's card again, staring at it absently.

"It's the women who've got the money," he said to himself. "Old John Walter Pott didn't leave more'n about five million apiece to this fella and his brother. And most of that," he chuckled, "in trust. But the dowagers!" He took off his spectacles and looked out of the window. "Especially Mrs. Dillingsby P.! I bet she wants this young duke in the family; which gives me"—he rose to receive the callers—"a right amusin' idea."

Dickie had had some misgivings as to the wisdom of this visit. They had not, he thought, enough data. They had nothing to offer or to suggest. They hadn't even a logical threat. They could, of course, insult Mr. Spangle, which was, he suspected, why Uncle Dillingsby wished to come. Dillingsby liked Selwyn and was enraged at the famous swindler's dealings with the young man. He longed, Dick felt sure, to tell Spangle what he thought of him, and he could see no way in which such a procedure could be of benefit to Terry.

"Mr. Spangle, this is my nephew, Mr. Richard Bateman. I am C. Dillingsby Pott. You doubtless know who we are."

"No," replied Spangle. "Who are you?"

"Come, come!" began Mr. Pott, but Dickie intervened.

"That's of no consequence. We have intruded on you, Mr. Spangle, about a matter which does not really concern ourselves."

"Sit down," said Spangle.

Spangle was dressed in a blue Chinese robe reaching to the floor. It was lavishly embroidered with the strange figures of Chinese lore—perhaps Yolanda and her father resembled each other in ways he would not have admitted and he looked surpassingly ugly in it. Dillingsby Pott thought he looked ugly; uglier even than he did.

Mr. Pott was about to repudiate with violence the curt invitation to sit down, but Dickie, taking a seat himself, looked him in the eye so firmly that his uncle sat down without more ado. Spangle chewing his cigar waited for them to begin.

"We want to know," Mr. Pott burst out menacingly, "what ——"

But Dickie again interrupted him.

"We are the closest friends Mr. Terrence Selwyn has in America. I feel a particular responsibility toward him as it was I who got him to come to New York. Mr. Selwyn is so thoroughly inexperienced—as you may have seen ——"

"He saw all right," growled Dillingsby, eliciting a malevolent glance from Spangle and a warning one winged with violent reproach from his nephew, after which Dickie went on as if the interruption had not been.

"—— that we were a little afraid he might have induced you to make investments or take chances for him that his very indifferent financial situation—er—would not warrant."

Dickie had embarked on this long sentence with its somewhat delicate implications without knowing just where he was coming out. He felt, however, rather pleased with the result. Spangle was disconcertingly silent. Dickie, in view of this strategic silence had no course but to go on talking himself. He cleared his throat.

"If you were about to make some investment for him we should like to take the liberty of asking you not to do so." Dickie found himself, when addressing Mr. Spangle, using more words than were strictly necessary, but did not seem able to avoid it. After a moment's hesitation he went on. "Knowing his situation as we do, we feel that it would be entirely inadvisable for him to make any American investments—particularly of a speculative nature."

"And in spite of the fact," burst out Uncle Dillingsby sarcastically, feeling that Dickie was conducting the whole thing in the wrong way—"in spite of the fact that you do not know who we are, it's quite possible that we could make this town unhealthy for anyone whose sharp practices involved a ——"

"Uncle Dillingsby, will you please — —"

"Oh, don't pay any attention to him." said Spangle with a subdued twinkle and in a tone that exploded a charge of TNT inside of Dillingsby Pott's head.

He leaped to his feet.

"The best thing you can do, Mr. Spangle, is to return that young man's money!" he shouted. "Men in our position can—that is—have a power to—we can use when they want to that could—er—blow you ——"

"If you can restrain this excitable old gentleman from insulting me long enough for me to ask a question I'd be much obliged."

Mr. Dillingsby Pott, ripe for an apoplectic seizure, turned his back on them and standing before the window glared furiously at nothing.

"What I want to know, Mr.—Bateman is it?—is whether Selwyn sent you here?"

"No."

"Does he know you were coming?"

"No."

"Why didn't you bring him? Seems to me as long as it's his business the obvious thing to do was to bring him along."

"That's not quite frank, Mr. Spangle. You know as well as we do that in some matters he is—well—that it wouldn't have helped particularly to have him here."

"I know nothing of the kind. I fail to see what business I have with you gentlemen or by what right you thrust yourselves upon me to discuss the affairs of a man who has not commissioned you to do so and don't even know you're here."

Dillingsby Pott left the window abruptly.

"Come along, Dick! You've bungled this thing to such an extent there's no use our staying any longer."

"On the contrary, I suggest that you do stay a few moments longer. I am expecting the Duke of Worretsdown in five minutes. I suppose you'll be as ready to defend his interests when he's round as when he ain't?"

He went to the telephone. "I'm expecting a young man. When he comes shoot him right up."

"Come along, Dick!" snapped Mr. Pott.

Dickie turned once more to Spangle.

"Briefly, may I ask you, before Mr. Selwyn comes, whether anything will induce you to return his money to him? Any reasonable loss you might incur in doing so, Mr. Pott and I will make good."

He paused. Spangle still chewing his cigar leaned back in his easy chair and raised his feet to a chair before him. He refused to reply.

"Very well," said Dickie, angry in his turn. "Remember we won't stand for Selwyn's losing this money. I don't think you can quite afford to disregard us, you know. Think it over." He and Mr. Dillingsby Pott were about to leave in a state of haughty indignation when a loud rap on the door was almost instantly followed by the entrance of Terry himself. Very pink and white with an almost aggressive morning freshness he stepped into the room.

"Morning, Spangle!" And then, perceiving the others: "I say—Mr. Pott! Good morning, sir. Cheery-o, Dickie!"

There was a moment of awkward silence. Then Spangle spoke without removing the cigar from between his lips.

"Selwyn, these gentlemen say they are here in your interest. They have not stated with any particular clearness just what they suspect or desire, but I gather that they think I am a thief and have robbed you of five thousand pounds."

"Oh, I say, that's too bad of them!" cried Terry in distress. "I'm no end sorry, Spangle. Now what the devil, Dick?"

"Hold on a moment, Terry," Dickie interposed. "There's no use going about the thing this way. We know a great deal about this man and you know nothing whatever. You have nothing to go on but a perfectly irrational boneheaded belief in him. We have facts. There are a few deals that people know about that even Mr. Spangle might hesitate—clever as they were—to own up to."

Spangle smiled his twisted violent smile.

"Oh, I don't know. As you say, they were clever. Yes, I've been damn crooked in my day—almost as crooked as J. Walter Pott when he pulled off that northern railroads merger in '98."

"Sir!" exploded Dillingsby.

"Well, perhaps not quite. But let that pass, as my son-in-law"—he winked at Terry—"is in the habit of saying. Let us stick to the point. The point is this: Selwyn, do you believe I stole your five thousand pounds? It wouldn't be the first money I'd come by I didn't earn. And do you want it back just as you gave it to me?"

He rose, plunging his eyes into Terry's, which regarded him trustfully.

"He's as clever as the devil to go about it that way," thought Dickie, "with a fellow like Selwyn."

"But wait," Spangle exclaimed as Terry was about to reply. "There's something else you'd better know before you answer. You were to have come to-day for your capital plus its earnings. I suggested that it might be increased about three hundred per cent. Well, I can't give it to you—any of it, capital or earnings." There was a muffled sarcastic snort from the Dillingsby Pott direction. Spangle ignored it. "The deal is taking longer than I expected. I should say that in about two weeks—we'll say just two weeks. I can turn it over to you, lock, stock and barrel."

"Why, that's all right, old chap. Any time. Only I say, you'll have to lend me a few more bob. You don't mind, do you?"

"Of all the ——" began Dillingsby Pott, but no one was listening.

"Certainly not; much as you like."

"Upon my word, it's all most awfully decent of you! I'm sure my friends didn't realize how most awfully decent you've been. I assure you, Mr. Pott ——"

He turned round, presumably to convince Mr. Pott how superlatively decent it was of Spangle, but that wrathful gentleman had seized his hat, jammed it upon his head and taken a header into the hall, followed by Dickie—Dickie, slightly irritated, slightly amused, and more than a little worried.

(Concluded on Page 171)

MR MARLIN-ROCKWELL INDUSTRIES MR

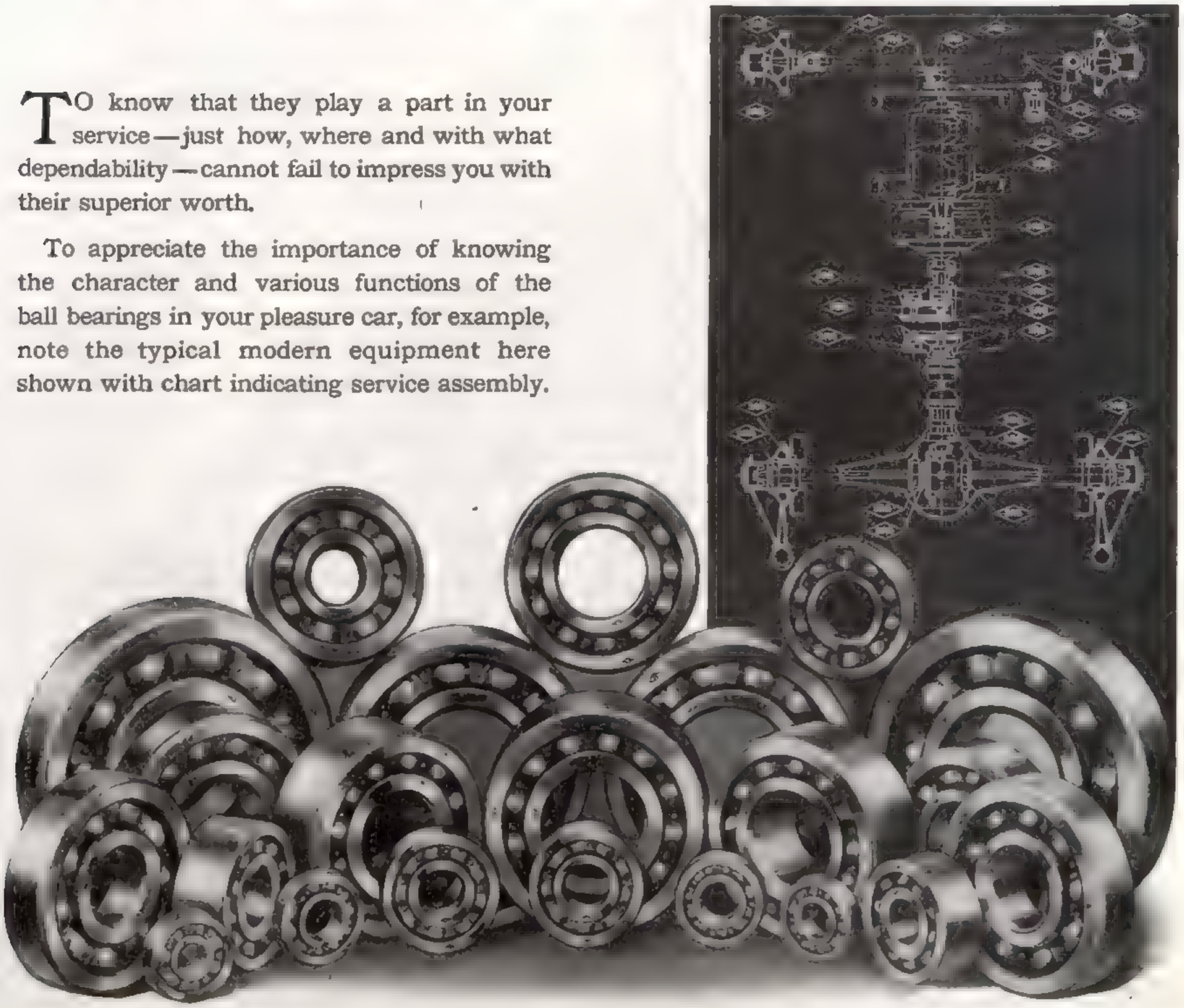
SRB

Single Row Double Row

ANNULAR BALL BEARINGS

TO know that they play a part in your service—just how, where and with what dependability—cannot fail to impress you with their superior worth.

To appreciate the importance of knowing the character and various functions of the ball bearings in your pleasure car, for example, note the typical modern equipment here shown with chart indicating service assembly.



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BALL BEARINGS must be of finer steel, more accurately machined and capable of more critical duty than any other part of your automobile, truck, tractor or other mechanism demanding anti-friction bearings. Yet they do their work hidden away from sight; they must serve without attention or adjustment, yet be permanently proof against failure.

And for this very reason that ball bearings are placed where they are normally unseen and untouched in service, it is easy for the owner or operator to overlook their importance, to remain in ignorance of their make until a failure occurs and service is interrupted.

All the more credit to the manufacturer who installs bearings of the quality of

SRB

Single Row Double Row

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ALL the more reason why you should know the make of bearings in the vehicle or machine you buy, how many there are, where they are placed and what is the duty of each.

From the melting, rolling and annealing in our own steel plant of the High Chrome High Carbon Electric Furnace Steel that is the foundation of S.R.B. strength to the last ten-thousandth inch of accuracy of finish, S. R. B. Bearings are the product of the same organization working to one ideal.

You will find S.R.B. Ball Bearings and S.R.B. Taper Roller Bearings in those motor cars, trucks and tractors whose names are instantly thought of as leaders in their respective fields.

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Invariably the equipment of racing cars and the recognized and adopted wire wheel standard of high grade automobiles.

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The most efficient type of motor radiators for automobiles, trucks, tractors and airplanes.

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Asbestos covered magnet wire, stove wire, heater cord, cables, etc., made by a process revolutionizing all previous standards of efficiency.

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In addition to making the high chrome high carbon electric furnace steel that is the foundation of S. R. B. Bearing quality, Braeburn is also a large producer of exceptional grades of crucible tool and high speed steels for commercial sale.

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Washing Machines that Last for Years

Washing machines, with all their sheet-metal parts made of heavily galvanized Armco Brand of American Ingot Iron, give the housewife the relief from scrubbing-board labor that she naturally desires—and length of service and freedom from repairs far beyond her expectations.

For Armco Brand of American Ingot Iron is made as pure and even as it is possible for iron to be. And a pure, even iron will always resist rust and the corroding influences of strong, alkali soaps; and it will take and hold a galvanizing coat better than ordinary metals. Armco Brand of American Ingot Iron and the galvanizing coat literally *hook together*, so that much greater durability than usual is assured, also the kind of galvanizing that won't peel, scale or flake off into the wash to the injury of delicate fabrics.

The washing-machine that offers both labor-saving and extraordinary lasting qualities is the machine to buy. Here is a list of manufacturers who make that kind of machine—each with the sheet-metal parts made of heavily galvanized Armco Brand of American Ingot Iron:

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Brokaw-Eden Mfg. Co.
New York City Alton, Ill.
"Eden"

Crystal Washing Machine Co.
Detroit, Michigan
"Crystal"

Federal Sign System
Chicago, Ill.
"Federal Electric Washer"

Universal Utilities Corp.
Alpena, Mich.
"Universal"

Geyser Electric Co.
Chicago, Ill.
"Geyser"

Getz Power Washing Co.
Morton, Ill.
"Getz"

Victor Manufacturing Co.
Leavenworth, Kan.
"Wonder Washer"

Rullman Vacuum Washer Co.
Omaha, Nebr.
"Rullman's New Vacuum Washer"

Apex Electrical Mfg. Co.
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The trade mark ARMCO [illegible] that products bearing that mark are manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company and [illegible] of the highest degree the most [illegible] The trade mark ARMCO is registered in the U. S. Patent Office

(Concluded from Page 167)

He decided, however, that as far as he was concerned he would let the matter drop. When Terry was thoroughly cleaned out they might be able to put him in the way of making some money. Dickie was going to the country, and was anxious for Terry's blithe companionship. To obtain this he eternally perjured himself in some casual apology concerning his attitude toward Terry's friend Charlie Spangle, and the two went off for a week or two in the Maine woods.

When Terry came back to New York he did not, though the two weeks indicated by Spangle had elapsed, look up his benefactor at once. He felt a slight delicacy in doing so. It did not seem quite nice that he should go hanging about waiting for the money to be shelled out to him. The morning following his arrival he spent the first half hour arguing with Sylvia on the telephone, and succeeded in winning from her a promise that she would take a walk with him in the afternoon. This promise she had every intention of breaking as a first step toward the thorough disciplining she had determined he was to undergo. Moreover, she very much doubted whether Mrs. Dillingsby would receive him yet. Yolanda had left a scar on that lady's sensibilities. He had no sooner stopped talking than the telephone rang furiously.

"What the devil!" exclaimed the irate voice of Charlie Spangle. "I've been trying to get you for twenty minutes!"

"I've been talking, old dear."

"So I noticed. My opinion is these all-day sessions ought to be punishable by law. Why haven't you been round to see me?"

"I only just got back last night. It was a topping trip. I assure you we had a capital time. We came across a trout stream that really ——"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure you did. I want to see you as soon as you can make it on a matter of business."

"Right-o. At your diggings?"

"Yes."

It was characteristic that Terry asked him nothing about their affairs, not even for a general assurance that they were all right. He had his own ideas as to what was sporting.

When Terry came in and they had shaken hands Mr. Spangle said abruptly, "Selwyn, do you want to sell one of those places of yours?"

Terry looked at him in surprise.

"You said you had several places, mortgaged and costing you a good deal."

"Well, I shouldn't like to sell Humbledon Mead; my people live there. Or Worretsdown Castle ——"

"No, no. Seems to me you told me there was a place in Wales—no special interest to you, buildings more or less recent and so forth."

"But my dear Spangle, nobody wants to live in Wales!"

"Why not?"

"I don't know. Oh, wait a minute—I have it!" A glad light broke over Terry's face and Spangle knew he was about to make a joke. "I have it! Because no one can pronounce the beastly names!" He laughed immoderately. "Rather good, eh? You see nobody can pronounce the names. They all begin with 'g-w' and the rest of the letters are 'x's' and 'k's.' Do you see, what? Ha, ha."

Spangle waited for his enjoyment to spend itself.

"Well, I guess the names won't matter in this case. I'm making you a serious offer to buy the place. What do you say?"

"But it's no end of a dull place. Fearfully ugly and no shooting."

"Just the thing! Would you take a hundred thousand for it—dollars, I mean—with the purchaser to discharge the indebtedness? Of course you've already got the hundred thousand I made for you in tin."

A wave of color swept Terry's face. He sat very quiet, but cleared his throat twice before he could speak.

"Did you—did you really do it, old man? I say, you know, that's a bit all right! We must divide it of course. You know when you started talking about selling the houses I thought maybe we'd lost."

"Lost, fiddlesticks! I don't say that chances like that come often, but they do come. It was pretty nigh a sure thing, though if I'd had to sell out two weeks ago when you were here I'd have only made half—half of what I did make. That old scamp John Walter Pott used to say knowing when to trust men was the biggest single factor in success. You've got that in you, anyway, my boy. Only," he laughed, "don't carry it too far. In fact, I might add, never try it again!"

Terry was not listening.

"Twenty thousand pounds! What a topping bit of all right! What a lark! But you must have your half."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" He scowled. "I'm fully repaid. Don't speak of it again. I won't have you speak of it."

"Very well, very well. Don't get in a bait about it, old bean. Twenty thousand ——"

"And twenty thousand more, cash in hand, if you sell the Wales property. What do you say?"

"My dear fellow, I say quite obviously yes! I should never see the place again, whether I sold it or not. Quite a beastly place which I loathe."

"All right, son. Sign your name here, and if you aren't rich you won't be too poor to propose to Sylvia anyway—and good luck to you!"

Terry blushed purple and seizing Spangle's hand wrung it furiously.

It was not for several days that Terry got round to inviting the poet to dinner. He felt a deep sense of obligation toward him, for, as he frequently told himself, it was none other than Simonetti who had introduced him to the splendid, the supremely topping, the fairy-godmotherlike being, Spangle.

But the first days had been rendered very difficult by the behavior of Sylvia. She had subjected him to the most various treatment, relenting at last to a more hopelessly infatuated Terry than ever. Mrs. Dillingsby Pott also relented in view of the reassuring reports she had from Dickie as to the perfect purity of Terry's relations with the Spangles, and more particularly the happy financial outcome of those relations. Terry had not been specific, but had gayly reported that Spangle had made him heaps and heaps of money.

And her husband complemented this information by telling her that he and Bateman had seen to it that Terry should come out of his dealings with Spangle unscathed. They had, he observed, scared the daylights out of Spangle.

The poet did not, however, come to dine. He was involved with Yolanda that evening, but would come round, he told Terry, to the latter's rooms later. This he did. He arrived in a mood both perturbed and weary.

"Pan," he murmured darkly, "is dead." Selecting the best chair he sank into it, casting his hat upon the floor. "She is going into the movies."

Terry laughed. He always laughed at what Simonetti said without having any particular idea what it was about. He seldom did have any idea what the poet was talking about, but assumed that it was funny.

"Yes, laugh—laugh if you can. You haven't been to see William A. Poole six times in two weeks."

"Oh, but I've heard about him," chortled Terry. "She's told me about him. I never can remember who the fellow is, but I do most fearfully hate hearing about him."

"It's worse to see him. He's all smiles and cowboy hats. It's terrible!"

"Have some whisky," said Terry sympathetically.

Simonetti declined. "I prefer my misery. If I go on feeling like this I can begin another tragedy before morning. My first has now had its fourteenth." Terry looked perplexed. "When it has been refused fifty times I shall have it cremated and cast it to the four winds. Ashes are always cast to the four winds, though I don't seem to see how there can be more than one wind at a time. Do you?"

Terry thought very hard and said he could not, but that he felt hungry.

"Will you feed with me if I have something up?"

Simonetti declined gloomily. Terry went to the telephone.

"I say," he exclaimed, "I could do a rabbit pie very nicely just now; or a bit of game pasty; but I suppose I shouldn't be able to get it, eh?"

Simonetti was brooding with closed eyes. "What?" he murmured.

"Rabbit pie."

The other frowned. "Well, what about it? Why are you talking to me about rabbit pie? I haven't got any and I don't want any. I never even heard of it."

Terry sighed. "Oh, well, I'll just have a go of something light."

He ordered scrambled eggs, cold cuts and a lobster. At the word "lobster" the poet's eyes unclosed.

"I might," he said feebly, "join you in a lobster."

"Right you are! Anything more?"

"Well, perhaps a small, a very small drink—but not enough to cheer me up," he added warningly. He removed his topcoat and rolled himself a cigarette. "She said that if she was a total failure she would marry me. Of course she'll be a total failure."

"Then why are you low? You know it's uncommonly odd; one can never tell whether you want to marry her or whether you don't."

"I know it. I haven't the slightest idea whether life would be more appalling with her or without her."

"You are a rummy beggar; but at any rate it was topping of you to present me to her father—really topping of you, Simonetti. I'm no end obliged to you!"

"Don't mention it. I didn't intend to." He spoke sarcastically.

"But you did it, and I'm fearfully grateful. Spangle is the most splendid fellow. When I go home he's going to send me some cow ponies off his India-rubber place, or whatever it is in Idaho, for polo. He says they're capital for polo."

"Indeed."

"Oh, yes, capital! And, by Jove, I haven't told you that he made heaps and heaps of money for me."

"I knew," observed Simonetti reservedly, "that he made some money."

"Then he told you about it?"

"No, he did not tell me about it. Yolanda told me. Not that she got it from him, but Yolanda has a little way. She is, as you may have noticed, ingenious."

"Quite so, quite so," said Terry vaguely, picking cork out of his whisky and soda. "You get any of this in yours?"

"And I thought," went on the other, inspecting his glass, "that the little *tour de force* about your place was rather neat."

"Oh, you know he bought the place?"

"I told you," was the reply, "that she is ingenious."

"I say, are they going to England to live?"

"Who?"

"The Spangles."

"Why on earth should they go to England to live?"

"Well, having bought a place ——"

Simonetti laughed. "The place is sold."

"Sold?"

"Yes. As I said, it was all rather neatly done. A Spangle idyl in three parts."

Simonetti's spirits had risen. He sipped his highball appreciatively. The story, he observed, was a simple one. There was, it appeared, a big game on and Spangle had heard of it. He was low, at the moment, on available cash, but being unable to resist a gamble would have sold securities to sit in on it had not Terry happened along with his five thousand pounds and saved him the trouble.

"On the day those friends of yours came to see him Spangle already had the hundred thousand he promised you, but they put his back up. He wanted to keep them guessing. He's vain, too, and I think he wanted to give a little exhibition of a victim eating out of the hand. You did it beautifully. Besides, he had something else up his sleeve. So he played the hundred thousand to double it, and he doubled it. You had, when you came back from Maine, two hundred thousand coming to you instead of one hundred thousand. Do you follow me?"

"If you're trying to imply ——"

"I'm not implying anything. I am telling you what happened. Kindly let me continue. With your other hundred thousand he bought your house from you. The house cost him, or rather you, just one hundred thousand. He sold it this morning to the Dillingsby Potts for three."

"Three what?" said Terry crossly. He was perturbed and bewildered by what he had heard, looking upon it more as some sort of attempt to run down his friend Charlie Spangle than as anything concerning himself.

"Three hundred thousand."

"To the Dillingsby Potts!"

"The Dillingsby Potts."

"But my dear fellow," objected Terry suspiciously, "why on earth should the Dillingsby Potts want the beastly place?"

"Dear, bright young soul! If Sylvia is going to marry a duke they do not want any of her ancestral halls occupied by a dynasty of Spangles! She will probably give it to you as a wedding present."

"But," protested Terry dazedly, "she hasn't said she'd have me. In fact I very much doubt that she will."

"Let us not discuss love affairs. They are ignoble. They bore me. I have merely told the story for the moral it conveys. Terry, this time the Lord tempered the wind. He sometimes does, but not always. Heed my advice. Salt it away in three and a half per cents and avoid the society of criminals."

"If you're insulting ——"

"I'm insulting no one. I'm stating a fact. He robbed you of the extra hundred thousand you made in tin. He robbed the Dillingsby Potts of the several hundred thousand he blackmailed them into paying for your house, and robbed you at the same time because it was your house and you were entitled to the money it brought."

"I think you're quite insane. If you give a man five thousand pounds and he gives you back twenty thousand, and twenty thousand more for a beastly old barracks in Wales, and then, by Jove, a string of topping cow ponies besides—how can he be said to rob you?"

Simonetti regarded him gravely. At last he said: "How indeed? But let that pass. I came to pray, not to scoff. Besides, I think the lobster is at the door. So let me have some more of Dickie Bateman's Scotch and we'll drink to Charlie Spangle."

A look of pleased relief invaded the pink transparencies of Terry's face.

"Right you are, old beaver. To my friend Charlie Spangle, bottoms up!"

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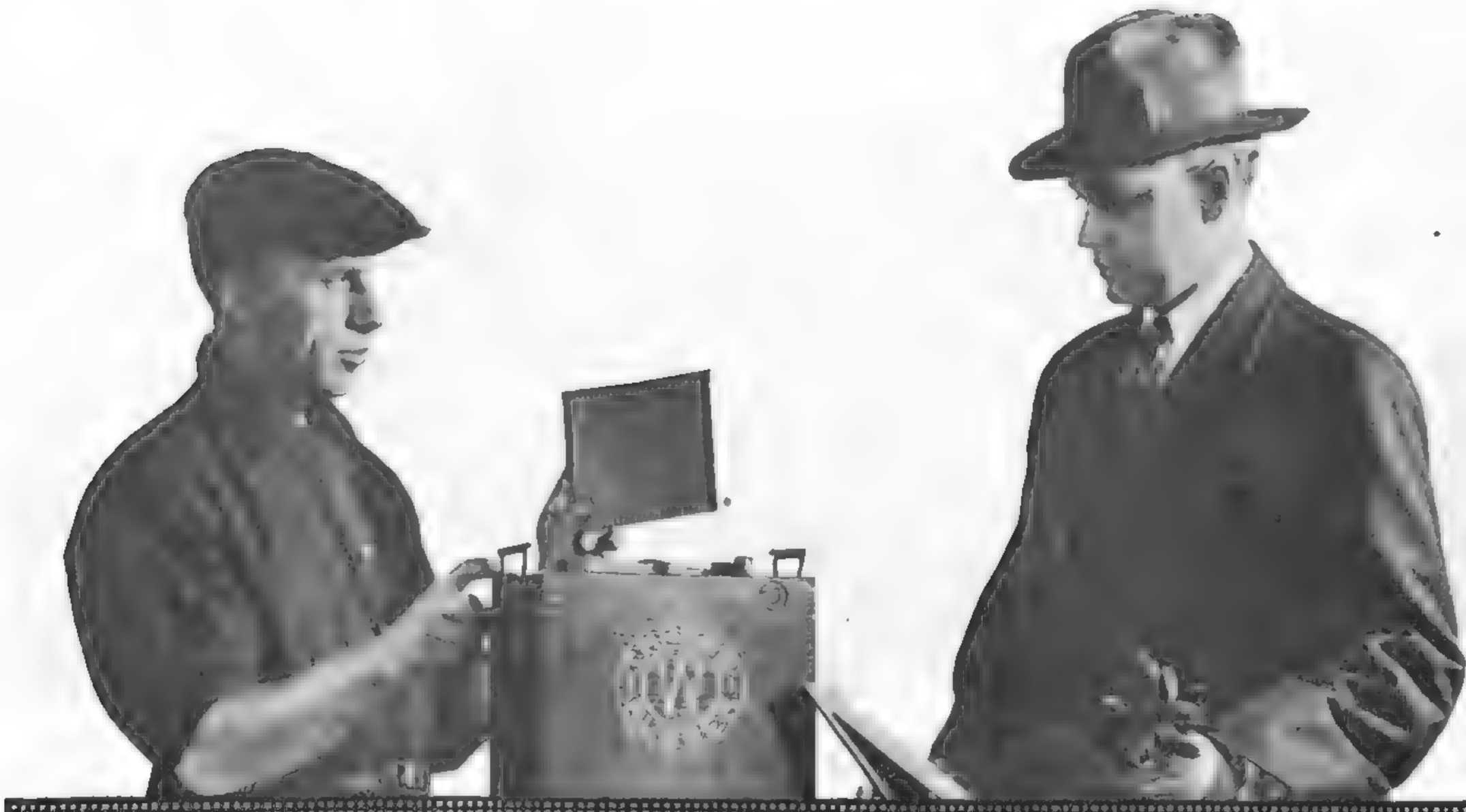

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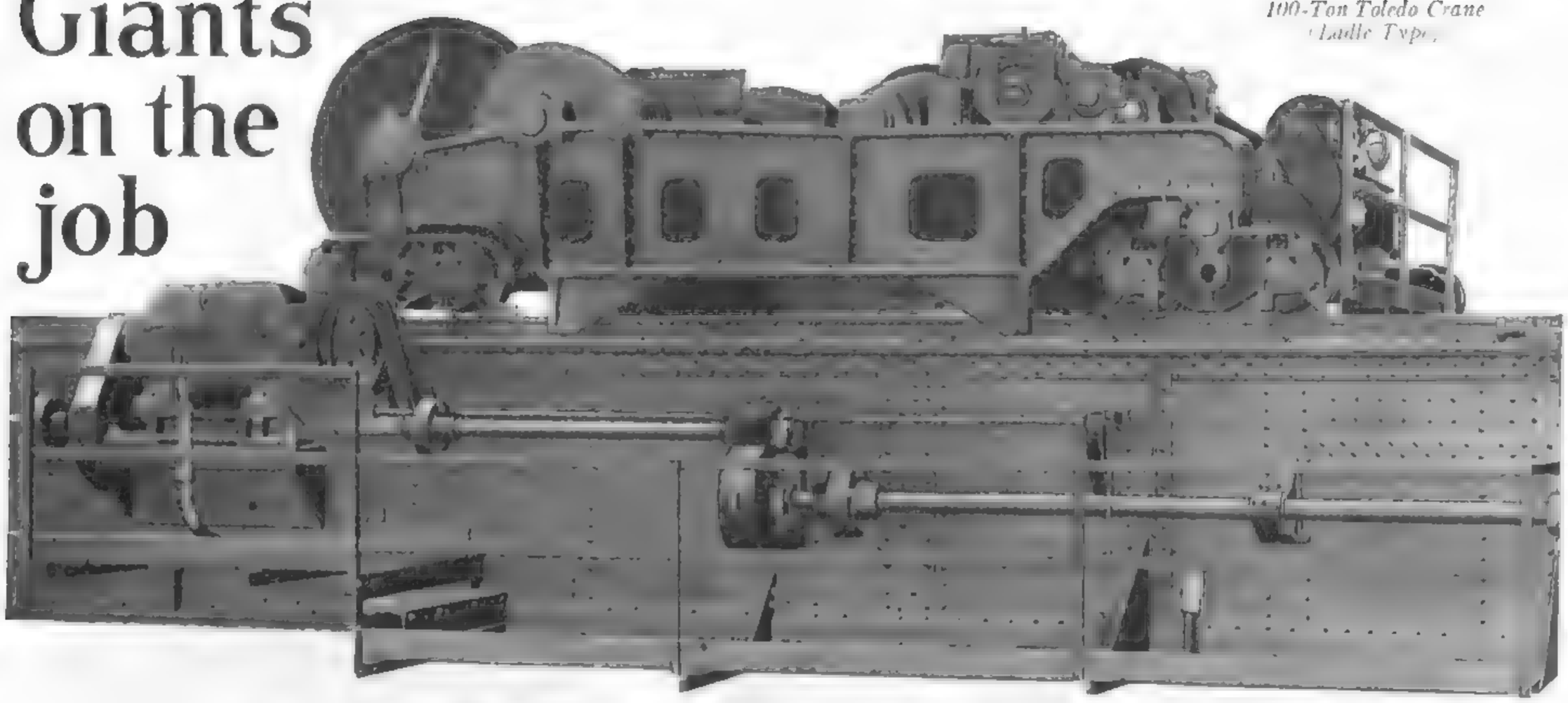

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Things accomplished for American business, flawless records of sustained service, have earned for *Toledo* an enviable wealth of proof, an acknowledged leadership in the field.

Such evidence serves as an unerring guide to industry at this time when production, and not selling, is the problem—when human labor is at a premium—when conditions have intensified the value of the traveling crane that saves time, labor, space and money. The unprejudiced advice and consultation of *Toledo* engineers are at your service, with plans and estimates to meet your requirements and shop problems.

Bulletins showing standard types will be mailed at your request.

TOLEDO BRIDGE & CRANE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

Any capacity—5 to 400 tons; a type for your requirements

Toledo
Electric Traveling Cranes

POLAND FOR PATRIOTISM

(Continued from Page 11)

mind from the physical discomforts of the trip; but the distraction is not overpoweringly delightful. It is not a distraction which one would pay large amounts of money to obtain; in fact, a speculator dealing in tickets for that sort of distraction would probably be out of luck even in New York, where the populace appears to be almost unanimous in its anxiety to force its money on ticket speculators of all sorts.

The transportation problem is Poland's worst problem, and she has many serious ones. Germany's greatest problem is raw materials; the greatest problem of the remainder of Central Europe—except Austria—is the lack of coal; and every problem is Austria's greatest problem; but if Poland could have the proper transportation facilities she could probably overcome all her other troubles. She could probably get food and distribute it; she could probably scratch up a fair supply of raw materials from her own tremendous and undeveloped stores; she could probably squelch her rambunctious politicians; she could probably attend handily to the Bolsheviks and watch the Germans at the same time; she could probably manufacture enough goods and export a sufficient amount of them and of wood and of raw materials to bring the value of her money to a point where her people could begin to live again rather than merely exist. She has enough coal of her own to take care of her own needs, but her transportation system is limping so badly that she can't get it round to the places that need it.

Six Polands in One

Poland is fortunate in having several advisers and helpers, many of them sent in by the American who has the respect and the admiration of every nation in Europe and every American in Europe—Herbert Hoover.

Wherever a person goes in Central Europe he finds photographs of Hoover staring somewhat frowningly at him from shop windows. Whenever Americans meet in Central Europe they invariably agree that there is only one man in America who has a thorough knowledge of the horrifying and dazing mess into which Europe has fallen, and that Hoover is the man. The new Prime Minister of Poland stared out of the windows of the former Russian governor-general's palace and informed me in a cold and level voice that there wasn't a child in Poland to-day who would ever forget the name of Herbert Hoover. He also stated unemotionally that the people of Poland will establish an institution which shall perpetuate Hoover's name forever.

Hoover's people are feeding the children of Central Europe; Hoover's people are advising the governments of Central Europe. Central Europe has learned from them, as well as from the American Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., that Americans keep their promises and that they are in Central Europe for no ulterior motives. Other nations come into Central Europe and play politics; they come in and spread the propaganda of hate for other nations; they come in and sanction the exploitation of the different nations by permitting contraband goods to be shipped in and out as military stores; they come in like buzzards to prey on the dying bodies politic in Central Europe. And as they prey they lift up their voices and scream that America must do this and that; that America must do thus and so; that America has made all the money in the world and that she must therefore supply all the help; that America must be the cosmic goat. Others pour into Central Europe, where the money is scarcely worth the paper it is printed on, and they buy machinery and tools and antiques and jewels and works of art and industries and furs at prices less than a quarter of what they were in prewar days; and the value of money in Central Europe goes tumbling down into a bottomless pit. And they continue to shout that America has all the money in the world and that she alone can help. Poland needs all the help that she is getting from America, and more. Austria is getting some American aid, but not nearly enough. Some of the other nations of Central Europe need a certain amount of American help. All the Americans in Europe agree on that. But Americans in Europe also agree that there are times when it gives them a long, lingering pain to think that America is about the only nation which does things for nothing.

The Hesitation on Wheels

But let us get back to that journey into Warsaw from Berlin. That is where one first gets a glimpse of the transportation difficulties with which Poland is saddled. One runs bumpily along the boundless plains, and then the train hesitates, coughs and stops. A car has broken down. It is repaired with wire or an old rope, and the train proceeds again. Once more it coughs and stops. It has run out of coal and the fireman must cut down a few trees for fuel. It proceeds eventually, only to stop for the third time. This time the bottom has fallen out of the engine. A new engine is procured after an interminable delay. Sometimes, on the fourth attempt to go forward, everything breaks down at the same time and an entire new train has to be summoned.

In all of Central Europe forty per cent of the locomotives are suffering from such advanced cases of nervous debility that they are useless. Of the large heavy locomotives a much larger percentage is out of business, so that most of the work is done by small near-locomotives which look as if they had been constructed from tin biscuit boxes and a few old spoons, and which make about as much noise in passing as would be made by a small boy with a penny whistle. Colonel Barber and Major Ryan, two American army officers, are helping the Polish Minister of Railways to establish order so far as it is possible, and are working day and night at the task. As things stand at present the Poles are barely moving their coal and their food; and in order to do this the entire nation is making great sacrifices. Passenger traffic has been cut to the lowest possible point, and no luxury articles are allowed to be shipped into the country. The only things in Poland which travel in any comfort are the lice, and even they probably complain of their lot among themselves.

It is also on the journey from Berlin to Warsaw that one gets an idea of the peculiar and messy manner in which Poland is divided. It is divided into three parts in two different ways. This sounds about as clear as Poland looks to a newcomer. Close observers state that one is quite incapable of grasping the Polish situation until he has been there at least six months, and that persons who have been there for six months or over realize that they know less about Poland than they knew when they had been there only two weeks. None the less, Poland is divided into three parts in two different ways. It is divided politically into Posnania, Congress Poland and the Military Area. And it is divided by prewar ownership into Russian Poland, Austrian Poland and German Poland. In parts of Russian Poland the Russian ruble is the only money that is used. In parts of Austrian Poland the Austrian crown is the only money that looks like the real thing to the natives. In Austrian Poland the people had an idea that a crown is as good as a mark. The Polish Government didn't think so, and issued an order that 100 crowns were equal to only seventy marks. The residents of Austrian Poland promptly became frantic with rage.

The little differences which rise between Austrian, German and Russian Poland, however, are small and easily straightened out, and if it comes to a question of repelling a common enemy they will all be Poles together.

The Cheapest Place in the World

The political division is a bit more confusing. Posnania is that section of Poland whose center is the city of Posen. It formerly belonged to Germany; and for months after the armistice the Poles and the Germans were greatly given to guerrilla warfare along the new border. That section of the country, having been run by the Germans, was better systematized and better cultivated than the rest of Poland, and food was more plentiful and cheaper. The Poles in Congress Poland say that Posnania is the cheapest place in the world in which to live just now; and I have no reason to disbelieve them. I traveled through Posen with a Dutch courier; and the two of us went to the best restaurant in Posen to try out the Posen food prices. We displayed the utmost recklessness and prodigality in ordering, and succeeded in getting a thick venison soup, a quart bottle of a fine white wine—Rotenberg, 1907, for the benefit of those who think that fine white wines no longer exist—two large orders of turkey, a sallow variety of bread, a generous order of butter, sweet cakes, coffee and two glasses of cognac. The total reckoning was fifty-six Polish marks. Since a Berlin bank had stung me severely on the preceding day by allowing me only 100 Polish marks for a dollar when the official rate was really 120 marks for a dollar, I am forced to compute the cost of that dinner at fifty-six cents from an American standpoint. In Congress Poland the same dinner would have cost three times as much.

High Prices and Low

Since things are cheaper in Posnania than in Congress Poland, the Posnanian officials must guard against the people who wish to buy there and take goods into other parts of Poland to resell at a profit. This gives rise to the peculiar situation of one part of a nation maintaining customs officials to prevent smuggling into other parts of the same nation. After one has passed the customs officials at the German-Polish frontier one runs up against another set of officials at the Posnanian-Congress Poland border; and the latter are even more thorough in their search than the former. They herd passengers out of the through train at two o'clock in the morning, line them up with their hands over their heads, and frisk them with the utmost vigor. They take loaves of bread from the travelers, break them open and wriggle their fingers round in the interiors of the loaves. They open bottles of wine belonging to the voyagers and take generous swigs from the bottles. They watch the travelers on the head in order to see whether anything is concealed in their hats. They even make them remove their boots. They don't do these things to Americans or British or French; but the ordinary traveler is treated with about as much consideration as though he were trying to escape with all the treasures of the Polish church.

Posnania has a government all its own, and presents all the appearance of a separate state, working in many instances at variance with the central government at Warsaw.

Prussians snort contemptuously at the situation and declare that a government that is not strong enough to unite its different parts is bound to fall. Polish officials, however, are not at all alarmed. They say that Posnania has a right to protect herself against high prices elsewhere, and that there is no other reason for the separate customs officials and the separate government. I prefer to believe the Polish officials rather than the Prussian snorters; for the past five years have demonstrated conclusively that when a Prussian sizes up a situation he is usually wrong. He always knows what he is going to do himself, but he only thinks that he knows what the other fellow is going to do. So the Prussian knows that he is doing his best to wreck Poland; but there's a very good chance that he's wrong when he thinks that Poland will collapse by the end of 1920.

Congress Poland is made up of the bulk of Poland as it appears on all the postwar maps. That section of the country is run by the President of the Council of Ministers, by the ministers and by the Diet, which corresponds to our Congress. East of Congress Poland is the Military Area, acquired by the Polish army because of its facility in chasing the Bolshevik armies

(Continued on Page 178)

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(Continued from Page 175)

to the uttermost confines of the landscape. The Military Area is larger than Congress Poland and Posnania together, and is governed entirely by the army; and whenever the army says anything, it goes. The great bulk of the Poles are emphatically in favor of having the army run everything. They want a military dictatorship for the country. They are very, very weary of politicians and of political parties which change their allegiance, their political platforms, their minds and their names every Tuesday afternoon. They are sick of patriotic but unskilled politicians who don't know what to do until they have held a meeting to decide; and who, when they have decided what to do, haven't the slightest idea how to do it.

Politicians are pretty much the same all over the world; but in the new states of Central Europe they are even more so. For the most part they are men who have been yanked out of harness shops or drug stores or schoolhouses or little provincial newspaper offices, and who know about as much concerning the running of a nation as they do about the nebular hypothesis or the theogony of angiosperms. They are woefully incapable and inefficient—far more so than the same sort of people would be in America; for in Central Europe this class of person has been politically sat on for centuries; whereas in America the habitués of every country post office and every country store feel themselves thoroughly competent—and frequently are thoroughly competent—to point out to the heads of the nation the horrible mistakes that they are making.

The army is everywhere in Poland. The war isn't over for Central Europe, and it won't be over for many a long year to come. There are soldiers at every station, soldiers in every hotel, soldiers on every street. Poland, which last winter was the world's rampart against the Bolshevik armies, had nearly 1,000,000 men under arms, and was holding 500 miles of front against the Bolshevik armies. She was also keeping careful watch on the Germans, who are waiting to slip a knife into her; and on the Czechoslovaks, who have been making things uncomfortable for Poland down round the Teschen coal fields—which, as one looks at a map, are down at the lower left-hand corner of Poland, where she and Germany and Czechoslovakia meet.

All the nations of Central Europe are constantly making things unpleasant for each other. The peace conference made a complete and total mess of Central Europe, and each individual mess is producing as many minor messes as it can. Every American in Central Europe is anxious to get that message back to the United States—that Central Europe is nothing but a bundle of hopelessly entangled hatreds and discords; that it is a mass of selfishness and distrust and deceit and dirty politics; that it is a place from which the United States must stay away politically. Help Central Europe, but stay away from anything that will tie us up with it. Nothing that we can do will help to stifle or to soothe or to eradicate the bitter hates which have existed between the peoples of Central Europe for so many centuries.

The Most Deserving of Help

Poland, as I see it, is the most deserving of our help of all the Central European nations, and Austria is the neediest. Poland is fighting the battle against the Bolsheviks—or was fighting it last winter—in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. Her armies and her people were hungry and bitterly cold and wretchedly clad and enduring unbelievable hardships. Instead of being assisted in every way by the Supreme Council in Paris, the Polish army was ordered again and again by the Supreme Council to stop advancing when victories were within its grasp. Poland alone, of all the Central European states, has obeyed the orders of the Allies. Rumania gave the Allies the cold metallic laugh; Germany ignored their commands and continued to do as she pleased on the Baltic; the Hungarians went up and tried to chew a piece out of Slovakia; the Ukrainians violated an armistice and attacked the Poles; and the Jugo-Slavs have been indulging in minor wars from time to time. Austria has done nothing because she has nothing with which to do anything; but all the others, with the exception of Poland, have been doing as they pleased and are making great preparations to do as they please some more despite any commands which the Allies may issue to the contrary. Poland has behaved herself; Poland has fought a good fight; Poland is doing her utmost to live as she should live in the days of misery and poverty and cold and hunger. And because of all these things I repeat that Poland deserves our help more than any of the other nations—though Austria's plight is more pitiful.

As one comes into Warsaw from Berlin one sees soldiers everywhere—soldiers in the steel-blue Polish uniform and the four-cornered caps with the white eagle of Poland on the front; or in olive-drab American uniforms. Some of these olive-drab uniforms still bear American army buttons. Some are still decorated with gold service chevrons. I watched a detachment swinging along the streets of Warsaw one day, and every man wore an American uniform and carried an American haversack with the letters U. S. stenciled on it. There was nothing to distinguish them from American doughboys except their four-cornered caps and their Kosciuszko sideburns. They were a credit to the uniform too; for they were fine-looking boys—and any Bolshevik can tell you that they are fine fighters as well. They fought through the early part of last winter, in the biting cold of western Russia, without overcoats, and in many cases with so little clothing that when the men came back from the front lines they would go to the dugouts in the rear and take off their shoes and their breeches and give them to the half-naked men who were to relieve them. And then they would lie there in the dugouts until their breeches and their shoes came back to them; and then they would put them on and go forward and fight once more.

Hand-Kissing and Heel-Clicking

In the hotel lobbies one encounters Polish officers who could be placed bodily on the operatic stage or among the pages of that sort of novel in which the hero overturns a kingdom in order to marry the beautiful princess who was educated in America. They wear sabers at least five feet long, and the sabers dangle about a foot above the floor and bang against their beautifully polished riding boots. As they stride up and down, the sabers occasionally swing round between their legs; but instead of falling down, the officers merely give a dexterous kick with their right heels, and kick the sabers out from between their legs so that they whirl round in a very dangerous manner. They let their hair grow down in front of their ears just the way Kosciuszko used to; and by so doing I think they have acquired some of the fire and the enthusiasm and the patriotism of that brave and patriotic soldier. Whenever they meet acquaintances they snap their heels together with a noise similar to the dropping of a pie plate on a marble floor, and bow from the hips. And on meeting a lady of their acquaintance they seize her hand and kiss it passionately. When an officer enters a restaurant in which other officers are seated he stops before every officer and bows from hips, whereat the officer to whom he bows, dropping his knife and fork, half rises to his feet and bows from his hips in turn. It is all very impressive and splendid. When one dines with a Polish officer the officer devotes half his time to rising and bowing to brother officers. It is a pretty spectacle, but it cuts into the conversation severely.

Possibly that is why the wealthy Poles devote so much time to eating. Or rather possibly that is why they devoted so much time to eating up to the middle of last January, when the new food regulations went into effect.

There was scarcely a soul in the Warsaw restaurants until nine o'clock at night; but at nine o'clock every restaurant filled up and the occupants ate, bowed to each other and kissed hands until midnight. And at eating, the Polish officers and the wealthy citizens are almost without peers. It may be that a hearty Russian eater can outeat a Pole, but I doubt it.

In every good Warsaw restaurant there is—or was until last January—a long table covered with a large assortment of cold meats, jellied what nots, salads, small cod fishes both raw and cooked, and all sorts of appetizers. There might be an entire turkey, which would prove to be goose-liver paste molded into the shape of a turkey. It was always a tempting layout. On entering a restaurant a Pole would betake himself to the long table, secure a plate from a waiter, and range up and down the table, transferring one or more samples of every appetizer to his plate. When his plate weighed about four pounds he would get a small glass of slivervitz, which is a potent Polish beverage distilled from the old familiar prune, find himself a chair, toss his slivervitz down his throat and eat up his four pounds of appetizers, pausing ever and anon to rise and bow to a passing officer.

The appetizers alone would be enough to provide a full meal for almost any American. But for a Pole it was the merest snack. It served only to put an edge on his appetite. Evidently the restaurants had slight regard for its value as a food; for nobody ever kept count of the amount of appetizers which each visitor took. The cost was the same, whether one took a small cold fish or carted away seven pounds of stuffed eggs, goose-liver paste, sliced ham, potato salad, pickled beets, prawns in aspic, corned beef, jellied tongue, smoked salmon and cold roast what not. Ten Polish marks was the tax for all this or for any part; and ten Polish marks, when I was in Warsaw, was the equivalent of eight cents in American money. After a Pole had finished with his plate of appetizers he would settle down to a couple of hours of steady eating.

All this, however, was in the dear departed days before the Food Ministry and the Department for Fighting Speculation and Profiteering got in its deadly work. They passed a decree which abolished the wonderful spread of appetizers which had embellished every restaurant. By this decree every restaurant, hotel and club was prohibited from serving dinners consisting of more than a soup, one meat or fish dish, vegetables, preserved fruit and a small cup of coffee. The weight of the meat or fish was forbidden to exceed one-third of a pound. Nobody could have a piece of bread which weighed more than an ounce and a half, and he had to ask for that to get it. And once he got it, he was forbidden to leave any of it on the restaurant table. He either had to eat it or carry it away in his pocket. The price of the bread was forbidden to exceed the purchase price plus fifteen per cent. Concerning sugar, the order declared that "the using of sugar for sweetening hot and cold drinks, omelets and other sweet dishes is prohibited." This seemed to imply that there was some way in which sugar could be used in restaurants; but unless the customers wanted to smoke it in their pipes or eat it straight it was hard to see how it could be done. Every bottle of wine had to be provided with a tag stating the price of the bottle and the price of one glassful of the wine, and also stating the exact dimensions of the glass which would be filled at the given price.

Government Rations

All these regulations were put into effect merely because the government wished to stop speculation in food as far as it could, and also because of the moral effect on the people. To stop the restaurants from selling appetizers didn't mean that more food could be distributed to the people; for all the appetizers in the country amounted to a small drop in an enormous bucket. But it meant that the hungry people on the street couldn't peer through the restaurant windows and see other people stuffing themselves while the masses were staggering along on starvation rations. If Germany, which has more food in a week than Poland has in a month, were to adopt such measures as Poland has adopted to curb food speculation, her wails might be listened to with a little more care and a little more confidence.

There doesn't begin to be enough food in Poland to feed everybody. If all the eatables in the country were divided into equal rations and distributed among the people, they couldn't live on what they got. The people are allowed to buy a certain amount of food at a low price each week, if the food can be delivered. Sometimes it can't be delivered. In many cases the people don't have enough money to pay the low government price; but somehow or other they manage to exist. In many other cases the people can barely afford to buy the government ration; but the government ration by itself isn't sufficient to live on, even when it can be delivered. Yet there are hundreds of thousands of people living on it.

It is an irritating affair, in the countries of Central Europe, to attempt to find out how a poor person lives at the present time. One gets such a person and backs him into a corner and questions him carefully. He is always willing to give information. He has little personal pride left, for hunger has made him numb and tired and helpless. You ask him how much money he earns, and you find out that it is a very small amount. You ask him what he needs each day. He mentions bread and potatoes and coffee and carrots and cabbage. He mentions lard, but adds that only a rich man can afford lard. Knowing the prices, you add them up, multiply them by the number of days in a year and discover that the result is a larger amount of money than the man earns. And no mention has been made of rent or meat or clothes or shoes or car fares or medicines or heat or light or any other necessities of life. It is a difficult matter to comprehend.

Children Near Starvation

For example, I rode out to the town of Skierniewice, upward of sixty kilometers out of Warsaw. The weather was bitterly cold, and our machine had to be shoveled out of six snowdrifts. The Polish system of child feeding had broken down, and the Americans were taking it over. Hoover knew how to pick his men. They work all day and most of the night as well. At any rate, we poked round Skierniewice and got up onto the second floor of an old rattletrap apartment house. A door was unlatched, so we went in. The room was a tiny little one, under the eaves, and it had one window in it, and three children and a hen. It was the sole residence of one family. The hen was tied to a bedpost. One of the children was a baby, and it was asleep on a dilapidated bed. The two other children were four and six years old. Four-years was a boy, and Six-years was a girl. There was a little stove in the room, and from the stove a rusty stovepipe ran straight back through the wall. On top of the rusty stovepipe were seven slices of raw potato. Six-years was waiting for them to get warm, and then she and Four-years were going to eat them. It was their evening meal. Seven slices of warm raw potato! The mother was out working for ten marks a day. If she worked steadily for two months, Sundays included, and didn't spend a cent for food, rent, clothes or anything else, her two months' earnings would be exactly enough to buy one pair of shoes. The mother and the baby and Six-years and Four-years had breakfasted on a cup of coffee apiece. And two of them were dining on seven slices of warm raw potato. God knows how the hen lived. I forgot to ask.

Actually, as I have said before, most of Poland's present woes hinge on the poor transportation facilities; but to the great run of people everything seems to hinge on the money problem. If the country could feed the people and distribute raw materials to the factories and export its natural resources and manufactured products, the value of the Polish money would soon improve. But since it can't be done, Polish money slides down and down in value. This is the only angle of the problem which the masses are able to see, and it gets, as the saying goes, their goats. And I don't mind saying that it would get the goat of anybody in the world who had to live in Poland and be paid in Polish money for his labors.

The Polish monetary unit is the Polish mark. The bulk of Poland, having been a part of Russia, used to use the Russian ruble, another part used the Austrian crown; and the third part used the German mark. When the Germans swept across the country and occupied it during the war they flooded it with a new species of currency—the Polish mark. This is a gaudy bit of poster work, flamboyantly printed in red and white and bearing large white eagles. The Germans printed it in carload lots on any old kind of paper. There is plenty of it; but since Poland is not an overcleanly country just at present it is in a revolting state of filth and raggedness. They printed it day and night, and whenever they purchased supplies or did not resort to ordinary stealing they paid with this imitation or almost money. The Poles have therefore had this unit of exchange wished on them, so to speak. There is a chance that some day Germany may back up the enormous amount of money which she printed in Poland; but it would be impossible to get a Pole to bet a Polish nickel on it. I doubt, too, whether any German would consider it a good speculation.

Supposedly, the Polish mark and the German mark are worth the same amount of money, so that in normal times one Polish mark would be worth twenty-four

(Continued on Page 181)

THE NEW ALLEN TOURING CAR
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Wonderful Power

The way to know Allen's ready power is to ride in the car—preferably at the wheel.

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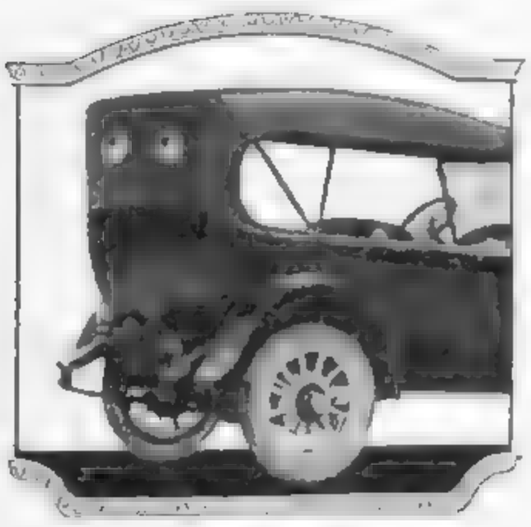
Regardless of the road or weather, Allen performance is such as to gain the same high esteem bestowed upon the various units of Allen construction.

Thousands of owners know positively, through a finer type of economical, continuous, satisfactory service, that the Allen is in reality the smaller fine car at a moderate price.



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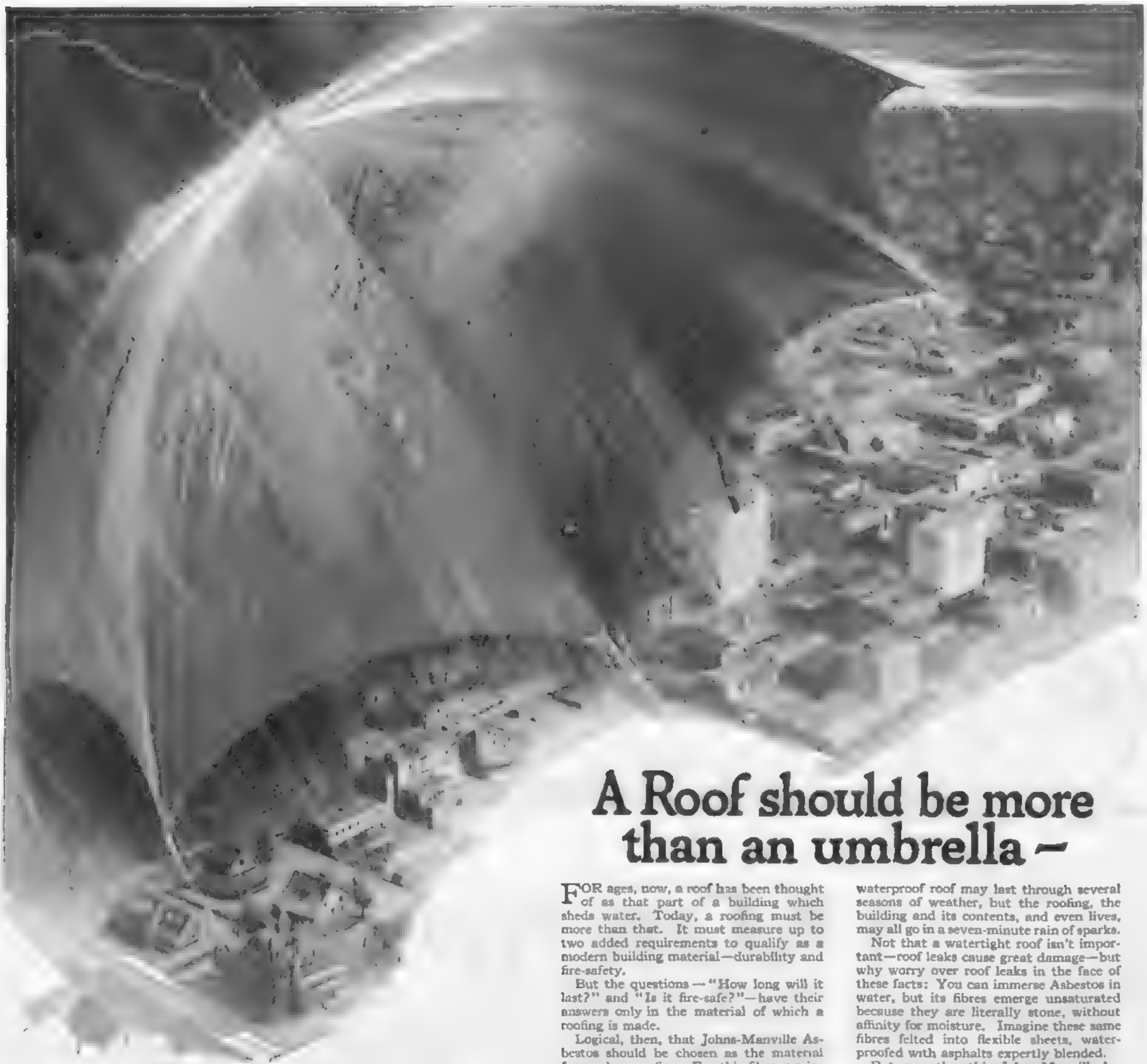

A Roof should be more than an umbrella –

FOR ages, now, a roof has been thought of as that part of a building which sheds water. Today, a roofing must be more than that. It must measure up to two added requirements to qualify as a modern building material—durability and fire-safety.

But the questions—"How long will it last?" and "Is it fire-safe?"—have their answers only in the material of which a roofing is made.

Logical, then, that Johns-Manville Asbestos should be chosen as the material for modern roofing. For this fibrous mineral is permanently immune to heat or cold, rain, snow or sleet. It cannot decay or disintegrate—it is inherently durable.

And as to fire-safety—you know that Asbestos simply cannot burn.

How important this is! For a thoroughly waterproof roof may last through several seasons of weather, but the roofing, the building and its contents, and even lives, may all go in a seven-minute rain of sparks.

Not that a watertight roof isn't important—roof leaks cause great damage—but why worry over roof leaks in the face of these facts: You can immerse Asbestos in water, but its fibres emerge unsaturated because they are literally stone, without affinity for moisture. Imagine these same fibres felted into flexible sheets, waterproofed with asphalts expertly blended.

But, more than this, Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing has, in the largest measure, those other properties—longer life, immunity from communicated fire.

In the list on the left you will find the Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing *for your* building.

Asbestos Roll Roofing, Johns-Manville Standard and Quality-blende Asbestos Shingles, Johns Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing, Johns Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing, Johns-Manville Built-Up Asbestos Roofing

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings are approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

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that keeps the heat where it belongs
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that put down fire risks
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that save power waste
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that make boilers safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

(Continued from Page 178)

cents in American money. Early in January one American dollar would purchase 120 Polish marks, so that each mark was worth less than one cent. The rate of exchange wasn't stationary at 120 for a dollar by any means. During one of the days when I was in Warsaw it hit 150 and then recovered somewhat. But since I changed my dollars at 120, I shall call that the rate. A person can get himself into a frightful mess by changing money back and forth from the currency of one Central European country to that of another. I experimented in Berlin. Late in December I went to a Berlin bank with ten dollars clutched tightly in my hand. At the foreign-exchange window I exchanged the ten dollars for 475 German marks. I walked round the corner to another bank and traded the 475 German marks for 950 Polish marks. I went to a third bank and changed the Polish marks back into German marks, receiving 370 German marks for them. At a fourth bank I exchanged the German marks for American dollars, and received $7.15 for them. Thus I had lost over twenty-five per cent by changing my money on one day, when the rate of exchange was supposed to be stationary. If I had changed my money into German marks, then into Polish marks, then into Austrian crowns, and then reversed the process, allowing a few days to elapse between each process step, I would probably have ended by owing money to the bank.

There is a young American diplomat in Warsaw who arrived there early last November, when the Polish mark could be obtained at the Warsaw banks at the rate of thirty-eight for an American dollar. This made the mark worth about two and two-thirds cents. The young American diplomat had brought a large bale of American money with him, and he was terribly excited to think that he could get thirty-eight whole marks with just one little American dollar. So he exchanged his entire roll into Polish marks at the rate of thirty-eight for one. Only two months later one dollar would buy 120 marks. Consequently the money of the young American diplomat was worth only one-third of what it was worth when he originally changed it. Whenever he wanted to get one mark's worth of anything he had to spend three marks for it. From this one can get an inkling of the involved money situation in Poland. With a little exercise of the imagination one can also get a vague idea of the feelings of a Pole whose income used to be 10,000 marks, or about $2500. Last January the value of a 10,000-mark income had fallen to about eighty-five dollars. A 10,000-mark income in the old days used to be a pretty snappy nest egg.

To-day a man who tries to exist on it suffers severely.

As the money depreciates, the costs of all things rise. The shopkeepers try to keep pace with the falling money values; but as a rule they can't work fast enough. For example, an American woman in Warsaw bought a beautiful moleskin coat in November for 5500 marks. At the time when she bought it, 5500 marks represented $150 to her. Moleskin coats, I am told, cost at least $700 in America. At any rate, she paid 5500 marks, or $150, for it. In January she bought another. In that time the price had risen to 14,000 marks—nearly triple—but 14,000 marks in January represented less than $120. The furrier had tried to keep pace with the falling exchange but hadn't been able to do it.

High Prices That Seem Low

For Americans the prices in Warsaw are as cheap as dirt—and considerably cheaper than American dirt, I'm sure. My room at the best hotel in the city, with breakfast, seldom amounted to more than eighty cents a day. One could have a suit cleaned and pressed for nine cents. A pound of butter cost sixteen cents, and a pound of beefsteak cost ten cents. A dozen eggs cost twenty cents. A suit of clothes could be bought from one of the best tailors in Warsaw for twenty-two dollars. One could entertain his friends at a sumptuous banquet, with two or three kinds of wine—that was before the new food regulations went into effect—for about a dollar and a half or two dollars a plate. One could take a party to the opera—and the opera in Warsaw is real big-league stuff—and have the royal box in the first tier of the diamond horseshoe for eighty cents. Diamonds could be purchased at a price that would make a Fifth Avenue jeweler sob noisily. A two-carat blue-white diamond that would, according to Central European rumor, bring $1000 in the United States could be bought in Warsaw for the equivalent of $200. The English, the French, the Italians, the Americans, the Danes, the Dutch—all were buying diamonds to take home with them. The jewelry stores had few goods except those in their windows.

A jeweler tried to sell me a platinum cigarette case for $200. It was about the same weight as a frying pan, and would have been worth at least $1500 in America. Two Americans in the consular service in Warsaw have an apartment consisting of a living room, two bedrooms, a bathroom, a maid's room and a kitchen. For this, last January, they paid less than a cent a day rent. They kept two servants, had electric lights and a telephone, and had champagne every night for dinner. Their expenses for the apartment, servants, food, light, heat and laundry averaged thirty-five dollars a month, or only a little over $400 a year. Yet to a Pole that would represent about 50,000 marks a year at the January exchange rates; and 50,000 marks is something of a salary in Poland. In fact, a cabinet minister receives 38,400 marks—quite a little less than the equivalent of $400.

Ends That Do Not Meet

Polish workmen, who are the best-paid people in Poland, taking them as a class, are paid twenty to forty marks a day. Allowing that they work six days a week and fifty-two weeks a year, which they don't, they would earn from 6300 to 12,600 marks a year. Polish laborers, at the present writing, dodge work whenever they can. Shops close up without any apparent reason for days at a time. The Poles seem to celebrate not only their own holidays but also the holidays of nations which have conquered or oppressed them in the past and of nations which are helping them at present. There is in Poland a League of Work, which is attempting to persuade the laborers to do more work. The league has figured that every holiday causes the Polish nation to lose 100,000,000 marks. It succeeded in persuading the city government of Warsaw to annul seven holidays, among which were the second day of Christmas, the second day of Easter, Whitsuntide and Saint Stanislaus' Day. The laborers, however, failed to appreciate the efforts of the League of Work and showed signs of wishing to revolt against the inhuman decree which would curtail their loafing.

None the less, a generous estimate places the earnings of a Polish workman between 6300 and 12,600 marks a year. A coal miner earns about 7000 marks a year. This is unskilled labor. Skilled labor earns more, and in certain cases receives as high as 20,000 marks a year. The laborers are much better off than professors, minor government officials, clerks, salesmen, teachers, lawyers and architects. The latter, in many cases, earn about one-fourth of the amount that laborers earn. This is a familiar story in Central Europe, as it is in almost every country in the world.

The average wage of the head of a family in Polish cities is about 8000 marks a year; and on this 8000 marks a family must lodge and feed and clothe itself. Eight thousand marks is a very generous estimate. But of the 33,000,000 people who make up the population of Poland, there are millions who get less, and not many hundreds of thousands who get more. Allowing that a family has an income of 8000 marks a year, let us see what could be bought for that amount. The family has got to live somewhere, so we'll allow them one wretched room in a bad section of town. They can get such a room for about 200 marks a year—rents being the only things which haven't increased greatly in price. Everything else has jumped from 300 to 1800 per cent. Bread is the staple food in Poland, so we'll allow him one loaf of vile black bread each day—seven loaves a week at the government-regulated price of one and one-quarter marks a loaf. They can't live on that, but that's all we'll allow them. That amounts to 456 marks a year. Then we'll allow them half a pound of tea or coffee each week. That, in one year, would amount to 676 marks. Suppose the family had one pound of meat once a week at ten marks a pound. They can't get it for that, but they're supposed to; so we'll allow it to them. That amounts to 520 marks a year. Allow them two cabbages a week at three marks a cabbage; that makes 312 marks. We'll allow them just enough fuel to cook one meal a day. That would cost twenty marks a week, or 1040 marks a year. We'll allow them two pounds of flour a week at sixteen marks a pound. That runs up to 1600 marks a year. We'll allow them two pairs of boots for the entire family for one year, which makes 1200 marks; and two very cheap suits of clothes for the entire family, which makes another 2000 marks. Total that up, and you'll find that it amounts to 8000 marks. That allows for no sugar, no butter, no lard, no salt, no eggs, no milk, no education, no taxes, no underwear, no soap, no street-car fares. Yet there are millions of people in Poland living on less than that.

I have before me a budget for a family composed of three grown persons and two children. It is pared down as far as it can be pared so that the family can live with every economy and yet be adequately nourished and decently clothed. It figures up to 4957.35 marks a month, or 59,488 marks a year. That's only about $500 in American money; but for a Pole it's a fortune. Before the war that same budget would have figured up to 2800 marks. Think this over, all you Americans who are suffering because living costs have risen 100 per cent in America.

If a Pole wanted to buy a six-pound turkey every week for his Sunday dinners he would pay out in the course of a year for turkey alone 9360 marks, or more than the average earnings of a workman. How can people live when they have so little to live on and so little to eat? I don't know. I prowled round the tenement district of Warsaw, and got into buildings where two or three families were occupying a single room and living on nothing but black bread and decayed vegetables. Some of those rooms had sixteen or eighteen people in them. There were people living in the cellars, where they got no daylight and could afford no candlelight. There were families living in little holes under stairways and borrowing enough heat from their more fortunate neighbors to cook a pot of coffee or a bowl of carrot soup. I got into one horrible den—an old rabbit warren of a building—in which 3000 people lived. It wasn't extremely large; but it was infested with people, just as decayed matter is infested with crawling things. The people lived among heaps of rags in corners and burrowed among each other on floors; six or eight children would sleep in a single bed with no covering except loose rags. None of those people, except the children who were getting one meal a day from the Americans, had eaten a square meal for years. I'll just repeat that, in case you missed it. None of those people, except some of the children, had eaten a square meal for years. They didn't know what a full stomach felt like.

Suffering in Warsaw

Warsaw is so crowded with refugees and repatriates from Bolshevik Russia and the devastated regions to the north that there is scarcely a hole into which one can crawl and rest. Private houses have been requisitioned by the authorities. There are 1,000,000 people in Warsaw—100,000 more than before the war and 300,000 more than during the war—and less than five per cent of them get one square meal a day. The rest of them have just been squeaking along for years. Their stomachs have shriveled up to such an extent that if an opportunity were given them to eat largely they wouldn't be able to take advantage of it.

The Warsaw bread lines are disturbing spectacles. The Poles are not good organizers, and they cannot distribute their rationed food with any efficiency. The people have had many sad experiences at getting bread; for there have been occasions when the bread gave out and they went without for days. So each day sees a long bread line at the door of every bread-distributing center. There are hundreds of them, and they are scattered all over the city. The lines start forming at four o'clock in the morning. The people stand in the ice and snow for hours on end, clad in shoddy garments and broken shoes. The bitter wind whistles down the street, and the people hunch up their shoulders and shrivel into themselves and wait for the bread. They wait for hours on end—thousands of them. I went out early one morning after a heavy rainstorm. The temperature was falling rapidly, and the lines were standing in pools of water which were freezing at the edges. The people were jammed so closely together that when a military policeman hauled a person out of the line for cheating, the whole line toppled over like a row of cards. Those people stood in line from four until half past ten in the morning—six hours and a half in freezing slush. In the coldest part of early winter, when the bread gave out entirely for a while, they stood in line through entire nights with the temperature below zero. These conditions threaten to become worse through the spring and summer, instead of better.

There are lines in Poland for everything. Each day, opposite the hotel where I lived, there was a line one block long waiting for cigarettes. The government had purchased cigarettes which were sold to the people at three marks a package, instead of at the ordinary price of six marks and higher. Men stood in line for hours to get a single package, and though the tobacco had the same fragrance that rises from smoldering rags and damp hair mattresses on the town dump the Poles would willingly have waited twice as long if it had been necessary. Occasionally one would find a line of people formed along a sidewalk without any apparent reason. When they were questioned as to why they were waiting in line they would stare blankly at the questioner and continue to stand. It was generally believed in Warsaw that the people had contracted the line-forming habit and that whenever they saw a person standing anywhere they instinctively crowded up behind him and formed a line.

The weakened condition which the people are in because of their lack of food and the manner in which they crowd together each day, make them excellent targets for epidemics. In January there was an influenza epidemic which killed them off like flies. Funerals passed through the streets all day long. It was a particularly virulent epidemic, for those who died of it died within twenty-four hours of the time when they became ill.

Hoover's Child-Feeders

Conditions in Poland would be infinitely worse were it not for the activities of the American Child-Feeders—or, to give them their proper title, the American Relief Administration, European Children's Fund, Mission to Poland. This is a Hoover outfit under the direction of Lieut. W. P. Fuller, a young ex-naval officer. It feeds 1,300,000 children one meal a day, and in order to keep things working smoothly it has to do some brisk hustling. In all of Central Europe the Hoover Child-Feeders have something of a job on their hands; but the Mission to Poland has to do more sitting up nights than any of the other Hoover missions which are doing such a wonderful work; 1,300,000 children is quite a sizable mob to feed every day, when one stops to consider it. They are fed without any distinction as to race or creed. In Warsaw there are eight Christian kitchens and five Jewish kitchens, and in the Warsaw district alone 161,150 children are fed each day.

The feeding stations are scattered all over Warsaw. One can visit any one of them on any morning in the year and always see the same spectacle—thousands of wretchedly clothed, pinched-faced youngsters with battered mugs and spoons waiting for a chance at the American food. The children can't take the food home with them; they have to eat it at the feeding stations, unless they represent a school. If two youngsters stagger in from a school, holding between them a stick from which dangles an enormous kettle, they can carry the kettleful back to the school and eat it there under the watchful eyes of the teachers. But all individuals must eat at the feeding stations. This rule is due to the desire of the Child-Feeders to be sure that the children get the food.

Hungry people aren't always so self-sacrificing as they might be; and if a child should show up before two hungry parents with a bowl of savory soup the food might feed the parents instead of the child. So the Child-Feeders don't feel that they are doing their duty by the children until they have watched the food enter their mouths.

The meal isn't overlarge from our standpoint, but from the standpoint of a Polish child it's a banquet. It consists usually of a pleasing mixture of beans, rice and meat, with a small slug of olive oil floating on top to provide the much-needed fat. People in America don't know what it is to be

(Continued on Page 184)

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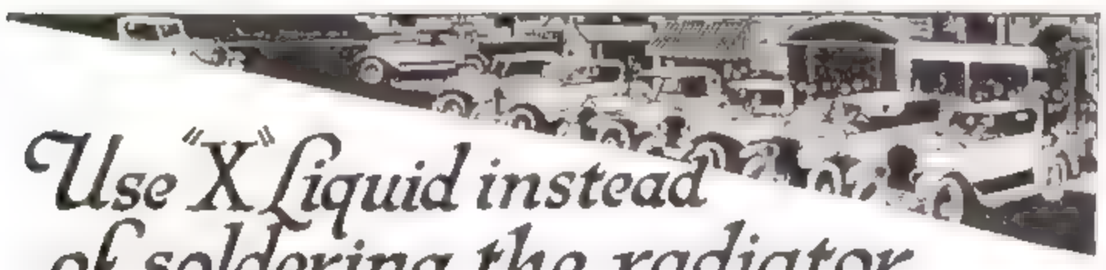

Use "X" Liquid instead of soldering the radiator

WHETHER the radiator springs *one* leak or *one thousand*, "X" will repair them all at the same time and at the same cost. Makes a *permanent*, metal-like repair that stands 2,000 pounds pressure. "X" is as efficient as solder, costs less, and does what soldering *can't* do—prevents *future leaks* everywhere in the cooling system—radiator, pump, connections, around gaskets, etc.

The same "X" Liquid that repairs leaks *also* cleans out the Rust and Scale now present—and prevents *new* Rust and Scale from forming. This keeps the cooling system as near 100% perfect as is possible. "X" prevents overheating, improves cooling and gives better engine performance.

Not a Radiator Cement!

"X" Liquid combines with the water and flows freely throughout the circulating system. For *safety* use the original "X" Liquid. It is a *Scientific Repair Process* used by the U. S. Government and others whose standards are high.

LARGE SIZE, $1.50
Will do a $25 repair job!
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At your dealers'—or direct. Look for the big "X" on every can of the genuine.

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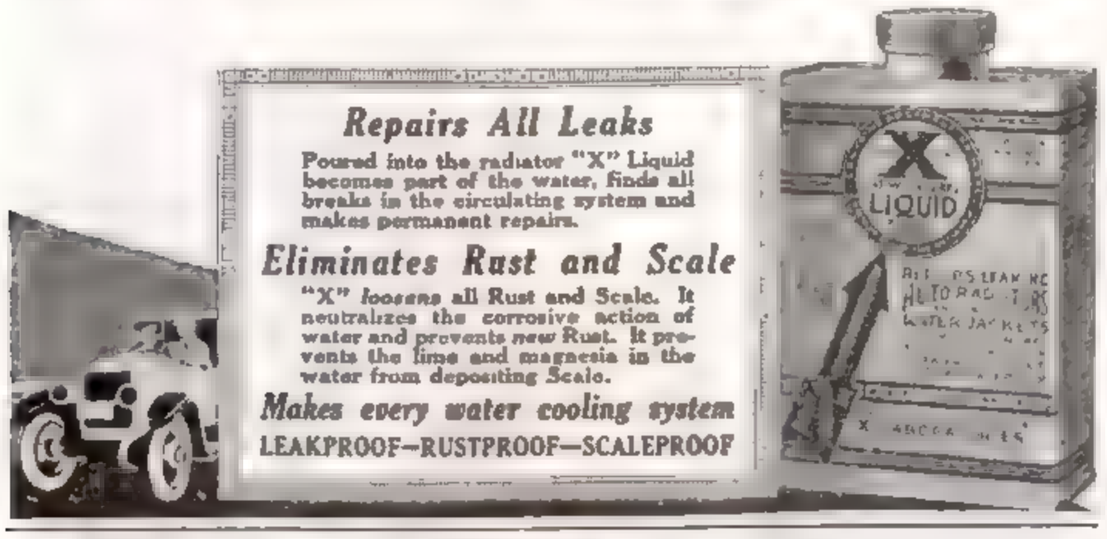
Repairs All Leaks
Poured into the radiator "X" Liquid becomes part of the water, finds all breaks in the circulating system and makes permanent repairs.
Eliminates Rust and Scale
"X" loosens all Rust and Scale. It neutralizes the corrosive action of water and prevents new Rust. It prevents the lime and magnesia in the water from depositing Scale.
Makes every water cooling system
LEAKPROOF—RUSTPROOF—SCALEPROOF
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before you buy. Ordinary Caps shrink, fade, and get mussy in a short time. Regal *Patricians* never do, because they are "Cravenette" finish. Water does them no harm. They keep their shape rain or shine. After wearing a Regal *Patrician* you will never be satisfied with any other. The best stores sell them. If your dealer does not, he can easily get them for you at your request.

THE REGAL-SPEAR CO.
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Largest Cloth Headwear House in the World

(Continued from Page 181)

without fats; but the people of Central Europe haven't had fats for a couple of years. They long for fats; they hone for fats constantly. A person has to live in Central Europe to know the craving. In the case of the Polish children who are fed by the Americans, the one plate of soup is all they get to eat during the entire day. Sometimes they get a piece of black bread early in the morning and some succulent dainty like a boiled potato or carrot at night. But just as often they get nothing but the young meal which Mr. Hoover's young men see that they get.

The Child-Feeders are also distributing clothes to Polish children. For poor people the price of clothes is prohibitive. A workman who earns 8000 marks a year, for example, would have to pay out three whole months' salary if he wanted even a cheap shoddy suit which would stand two months' hard wear. We'd have the same thing in America if a man earning $4000 a year had to pay $1000 for a ready-made suit of the cheapest sort. So the Child-Feeders are distributing 700,000 outfits of new clothing—cloth cut for an overcoat but not sewed together, shoes, stockings, shoe laces, 100 yards of thread and a needle—a needle and a half, in fact. There are three needles for every two outfits, and the efforts of the Child-Feeders to explain the needle and a half have almost resulted in sending a large number of Poles to the insane asylum.

The Red Cross, too, is distributing clothing in addition to sending out medicines and anæsthetics and vaccines which it manufactures in its Warsaw laboratories, and in addition to sending doctors and nurses through the districts which are suffering the most. The Red Cross has big warehouses in Warsaw, and in them, among other things, they sort and bale the clothing which comes out of America for the Poles. I found a Russian judge and an ex-colonel from the Russian army and two young women who were the daughters of the president of the Kieff Street Railway Company sorting secondhand American shoes in a Red Cross warehouse. Before escaping from Russia the judge had a dandy time with the Bolsheviks. They pulled out all his teeth and jabbed him in about a hundred and fifty places with their bayonets. He is now receiving the munificent salary of 500 marks a month, or four dollars. On top of the pile of shoes on which the judge was working was a neat-looking American woman's boot made out of dark blue cloth. It was a pretty Number Two boot, and it came from a shoe store in Paris, Texas. But the judge couldn't find the mate to it. I think he has an idea that the residents of Paris, Texas, have each only one leg.

Mr. Gibson's Investigations

Bad as are the conditions in Warsaw, they are infinitely worse in the sections of Poland which were devastated by the Germans behind their lines during the war. This region lies to the north and east of Warsaw. The people were driven out of it, houses and factories and even trees were razed to the ground and all the landmarks were destroyed. Now the people have moved back in, and are living in the old German dugouts and trenches, under banks of earth, among the roots of tree stumps and under the rudest and flimsiest shelters. They have no regular food at all, in many instances. That is to say, they have neither bread, meat nor vegetables. Our minister to Poland, Hugh Gibson—another young man to whom the Poles are very grateful and whom America is fortunate to have as a representative—went up into this district. Mr. Gibson is an accurate and reliable observer. He found entire settlements where people were living on grass or on roots and thistles boiled down into soup. All the people had swollen stomachs and faces which were old and monkeylike from starvation. In one settlement Mr. Gibson was told of a family that had some bread. It was spoken of in hushed and admiring tones. Bread! Think of it! Mr. Gibson investigated. He wanted to find out how they got the bread. He located the people who had it, and they took it out of what corresponded to the family safe-deposit box and exhibited it proudly. It was a reddish-brown mass about the size of a coconut, and it had a foul smell. It was made from a flour compounded of pulverized beets and carrots and roots and dried grass.

Dr. Placida Gardner, a comely young American woman, is making vaccines in Warsaw for the American Red Cross. She toyed carelessly with a glass tube containing cholera bacilli which she had reared herself, and spoke of some of the towns she had visited. She went down to Kovel to work on a cholera epidemic. The Bolshevik prisoners there had so few clothes that they could go out only at night. At Bobruisk the Bolsheviks had taken the clothes from every orphan in all the orphanages—all the clothes from 2300 orphans. At Barnowitzi the orphanage had been jammed to the door for three months, and the Red Cross couldn't get any transportation facilities to empty it so that the waiting and starving orphans could get in. Hundreds of peasants were living in old German dugouts amid the greatest misery, for even German dugouts have their drawbacks as town houses. Families were packed into rooms twelve feet square—twelve and fourteen people to a room. The vileness of such rooms is indescribable. In one place a family of eight had forty pounds of flour made from barley, and they proposed to live on it all winter.

Looting After the Armistice

The Germans had destroyed everything. They had stripped every factory of its machinery; they had taken all the cattle and every bit of livestock. They had taken lightning rods, door locks, keyholes, door knobs, radiator connections—everything, and shipped them all back to Germany. They did all this after the armistice—after the armistice! They wasted and destroyed all things. Over miles of territory, thanks to the Germans, the villages of Poland are blown dust down the wind.

The domes of the Russian cathedral in Warsaw gleamed gold against the blue-gray sky before the Germans came. But the Germans climbed up and stripped off the gold. Bronze letters above the entrance set forth the age and the name of Warsaw University before the Germans came. The Germans climbed up and chiseled them away. The Germans jeer at the Poles. The Poles say nothing, and fight on against the Bolsheviks—the last stand of the forces of law and order against the forces of disorder and anarchy. The Germans have officers and men fight with the Bolsheviks against the inefficient, impractical dreamers. And at the peace conference there are gray-headed, frousty persons who complain querulously that the war is over, and ask fretfully why Poland doesn't disband her army instead of wasting so much money keeping expensive soldiers under arms. The peace conference has displayed as much wisdom and judgment in settling the affairs of Central Europe as a Hottentot might be expected to display in repairing a badly damaged typewriter.

The story of the Polish army is a remarkable and a hectic one. Sketchily it is about as follows: In January, 1919, the Polish army didn't exist. There was, however, a Polish patriot named Joseph Ginet Pilsudski. He was born in 1869; and even in his youth he was plotting and planning for a free united Poland. The Russians took notice of his pernicious activities and packed him off to Siberia as a political prisoner. When he was released from Siberia he came back to Poland and became the editor of an anti-Russian newspaper called The Laborer. This again caused the Russians great pain, because Pilsudski said some very nasty things about them. So they backed the Black Maria up to the office of The Laborer, attached the gyves to Pilsudski's wrists and gave him a free ride to Petrograd, where he was placed in a nice cool cell in the leading jail. This bored him, so he feigned insanity. He kept it up for two months, and presented all the earmarks of being completely loco, not to say nuts. The Russians studied his case carefully, and all of the doctors said that he was the looniest thing they had ever seen. So he was transferred to a hospital, whereat he promptly crawled out of a window and betook himself to the uncut timber.

The Russians never caught him again; but they heard of him frequently, because he was constantly raiding banks and holding up trains and indulging in similar irritating activities in order to relieve the Russian authorities of money that belonged to Poland. At the beginning of the war he came into Russian Poland with a small outfit of Polish patriots and started a private war of his own against the greatest oppressor of his nation — Russia. He formed Polish legions to fight for a free Poland; but there was no Polish army, as such.

(Continued on Page 186)

Now Twenty Do the Work of Forty

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Manufacturers found for certain work that by fastening the electric soldering iron to a firm upright, so the girls had both hands free to work with, twenty girls could do the work of forty.

There was no excess heat—no prostrations. Lay-offs were reduced to a minimum. The hot weather production curve straightened out. There was no stopping to heat or change irons—no fire risk—no danger, and getting help for that department became easier. The tip of the

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has been made removable so that when the iron became battered or pitted by long use, the tip could be unscrewed and replaced at a nominal expense.

The heating unit is steel enclosed, impervious to acids, water, solder, etc. These factors alone insure longer life.

Ideal for electrical work, garage use, office building, maintenance work, tin shop work, etc., and absolutely indispensable for fast factory work. Made in four sizes, for connection to any electric circuit.

Let us send you descriptive literature, or, better still, tell your electrical supply dealer to send you a C-H Electric Soldering Iron today.

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From Cities, Towns and Villages from Factories, Service Stations and Garages comes the constant call for our graduates. Because of our thorough training they can get and hold big pay jobs for their employers who are willing to pay liberal salaries to such men. Our graduates who are in business for themselves have incomes of from $3,000 to $10,000 and more yearly. Can you think of any other business which will give you such an income as that? Valuable local ones for Garage and Service Station are to be found everywhere.

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The Auto Factories here in Detroit—THE HEART OF THE AUTO INDUSTRY—do not hesitate to endorse our school. In fact, they assisted [illegible] Packard, Maxwell, Hupmobile, Chevrolet, Buick, Oldsmobile, Paige, Essex, International Harvester Company, Emerson Manufacturing, Moline and many others endorsing our work. They [illegible] our graduates and [illegible] with their latest chassis for our students' use.

Not a One-Man School

[illegible] is not a one-man school. [illegible] Auto Factories [illegible] Tractor Companies [illegible] Detroit [illegible] Auto Engineering Societies [illegible] Detroit Auto Dealers Association [illegible] Detroit Board of Commerce [illegible] Detroit Motor Car Dealers [illegible] Detroit Automobile Club [illegible] Detroit Chamber of Commerce [illegible] Detroit Automobile Trade Association [illegible] Detroit Tractor Dealers [illegible] Detroit Motor Bus Company [illegible] Detroit Motor Truck Owners [illegible] Detroit Motor Boat Dealers [illegible] Detroit Motor Boat Owners [illegible] Detroit Aero Club [illegible] Detroit Aero Engineering Society [illegible] Detroit Aero Dealers [illegible] Detroit Aero Owners [illegible] Detroit Aero Manufacturers [illegible] Detroit Aero Engineering Society [illegible] Detroit Aero Dealers [illegible] Detroit Aero Owners [illegible] Detroit Aero Manufacturers

A. G. ZELLER, Pres.

Packard MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT, MICH. U.S.A.

The Michigan State Auto School has a very enviable reputation and is probably one of the best of its kind in the United States. We have no hesitation in recommending [illegible]

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY

What We Teach

In from ten to twelve weeks a student is taught to [illegible] Automobile [illegible] Motor Truck [illegible] Tractor [illegible] in detail. There are over [illegible] types on our [illegible] test [illegible] Our graduates [illegible] and easily. Students get thorough [illegible] knowledge of Motors, [illegible] Ignition Systems, Carburation, [illegible] Lubrication, [illegible] Tractor Engines [illegible] and kinds of cars.

Tractor Course Included

As a part of the regular Course students are given [illegible] and thorough training on Tractors [illegible] Tractor Engines [illegible] but [illegible] without extra charge. [illegible] of any student should [illegible] during the year, you can start any day.

Detroit in Summer

In addition to being the HEART OF THE AUTO INDUSTRY, Detroit is [illegible] July, August and September are ideal times to be in which to get this training and at the same time enjoy Detroit.

Send For Catalog

Write today for big 136-page Catalog and [illegible] of latest "Auto School News" [illegible] about [illegible] Many students [illegible] Every [illegible] Many [illegible] Many [illegible] Many

Pathé News

IF the sensational experiences and the hair-breadth escapes from death of the cameramen of the Pathé News were written up, what an exciting story it would be.

Front line trenches in the World War; cramped quarters of a Russian battleship during an engagement with the Turkish fleet; following Huerta's army in Mexico; crossing the border with the regulars; filming a daring aviator as he flirts with death above the clouds; catching a mob, bent on lynching, as it storms a court house; or, faithful to duty, taking a terrible forest fire while buried almost to the neck in an icy torrent. What diversity of subject and variety of hazard in order to make the Pathé News, the most famous of all motion pictures, interesting!

See it and the world passes in review before your eyes.

Ask the manager of your favorite motion picture theatre the days on which he shows the Pathé News.

Pathé Exchange, Inc.
25 West 45th Street, New York

It Healthfully Warms All Rooms from One Register

The Round Oak *Pipeless* Furnace, represented by its famous symbol, the Round Oak Indian, is a stalwart and vigilant guardian over the family hearth.

The simplicity and dispatch with which it is installed commend it to many. The rapidity with which, into all rooms, it wafts any desired degree of pleasantly humidified warmth on a chill morning, and the surety with which it preserves a comfortable temperature until bedtime, quickly entrench it in the esteem of the family.

Some marvel that this is possible from a single register. But the millions who know of the Round Oak Folks and their generations of reputation for unusual accomplishments, accept this fact with little surprise.

Owners praise the frequent change of air throughout the house. This air is ever free of gas, soot or ash particles, due to the permanent tightness of each joint in the furnace—a patented advantage.

Heavy oversize parts, precisely fitted, destine it for a generation of faithful heating at low fuel and maintenance costs that repeatedly offset its somewhat higher investment price.

The Beckwith Company, Dowagiac, Michigan
"Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

ROUND OAK
PIPELESS FURNACE

Throughout the United States and Canada just one good store in each locality handles genuine Round Oak products, all of which embody traditional Round Oak quality and patented exclusive features: Round Oak copper-fused boiler-iron Chief Range; Round Oak Ironbilt Cast Range—patented gas-tight joints; Original Round Oak Heating Stoves; Round Oak Pipeless Furnace—clamped; Round Oak Moistair Heating System. A request brings information concerning any of these products, whose satisfied purchasers now exceed two million

(Continued from Page 186)

him to Polish hearts. He could even get along without a sword. His patriotism and achievements are sufficient in themselves.

The Poles have been getting what is technically known as a raw deal in many ways. They have been the only consistently successful fighters of the Bolshevik forces. They succeeded where Kolchak, Denikin, Yudenitch and several minor leaders failed. They have been fighting under terrible conditions. They have gone barefooted and half naked in the winter. Whole companies have plowed through the snow and slush and ice of Western Russia with raw and bleeding feet. The lines of communication have been in very bad shape, so that it has been most difficult to get supplies to the front. They have lived on starvation rations, but they have plugged ahead uncomplainingly. When the Red Cross doctors under Colonel Chesley entered the Polish military area last spring they found little boys serving in the army. The hospitals had no anæsthetics, no dressings, no doctors. Soldiers carried no first-aid packets. The hospitals got few heavily wounded men, because the heavily wounded almost always died. The soldiers literally lacked everything. The wounded lay for days on the floors of cold buildings with their clothes stiff with blood. The typhus was very bad, and the dysentery was worse. But the spirit and the morale at the front were and still are wonderful.

Yet the Germans have been allowed to hold districts admittedly Polish until the peace treaty goes into effect. The Poles have been deprived of their historical port of Dantzic and practically cut off from the sea. They have been repeatedly hampered in their fighting by the Supreme Council. Poland seems to have drawn nothing but soiled deuces, when she deserves only aces from a clean deck.

A Bolshevik medical report filtered into the Polish lines from the Bolshevik army last winter. This report stated that there were 1,500,000 cases of typhus in Western Russia. How many there are in Poland isn't known definitely, but the number is distressingly large.

The Typhus-Fighters

Col. H. L. Gilchrist, of the medical department of our Army, is at the head of our typhus mission to Poland. He has been through settlement after settlement in Eastern Poland where cases of typhus existed in every house and where in some houses entire families were down with it. He visited one house where the father and three children were lying on heaps of straw on the floor, all sick with typhus. The mother had died of it on the preceding day. Their only food was a basket of gnawed potatoes and beets. An interesting feature of typhus is its habit of taking heavy toll from victims who are cultured and refined, and passing comparatively lightly over the people who have had no advantages whatever.

In some of the worst districts of Poland there is one doctor to every 150,000 people. Almost the worst pest hole in Poland is the city of Tarnopol, in Galicia. There is a quarantine station there. In December, 1919, there were twelve doctors at this station, and one of them—Lt. Col. Edward Register—was an American. Early in January, 1920, two doctors out of the twelve were left. The others, including Colonel Register, had died of typhus. There is only one treatment for typhus, and that is constant care; so when the news of Register's illness reached Warsaw an American Red Cross nurse—Miss Susan Rosensteil, of Freeport, Illinois—took the night train for Tarnopol to nurse the case, knowing that she had about one chance in a thousand of coming back alive. I mention this because I want the people at home to know the sort of nerve that our women can show. To fight an enemy that can be seen is no easy task, but it's easier than fighting the horrors of a disease that comes from vermin and filth and darkness, and against which one can have no protection except his private God of Luck.

Trains come into Warsaw from Vilna, which is out to the northeast in the military area, with eighteen to twenty-two people in a compartment. I have seen twenty-two people crammed into a compartment. Colonel Gilchrist has seen thirty and thirty-two people in one. As far as I am concerned, my mind refuses to conceive of more than twenty-two people in a compartment; but if Colonel Gilchrist says he has seen it he has unquestionably done so. These compartments usually have typhus cases in them. Typhus, as I have said before, is contracted only from the bite of the typhus louse. Wherever there are typhus cases there are usually typhus lice. The Poles attack typhus by disinfecting the trains. The third and fourth class cars, which have no cushions, have steam hosed into them at an eighty-pound pressure, so that the lice are nicely cooked. The first and second class cars, which have cushions which the steam would damage, are given a shot of hydrocyanide gas. Thus the lice are gassed and die in violent convulsions; though for the life of me I cannot understand why the stench in a Polish railway compartment which has held twenty-two people for ten or fifteen hours doesn't asphyxiate a louse as readily as hydrocyanide gas.

Unfortunately, plenty of people run round the streets with lice in their clothes; and the refugees who are streaming steadily back into Poland from Russia are covered with them. So this method of attacking typhus is like a man's trying to rid his house of flies without putting screens on the windows. Colonel Gilchrist plans to set up a strict quarantine along the eastern border. He will install four delousing plants as a first line of defense; and ten miles behind the first line there will be a second line. Everyone who comes into the country will have to run the gauntlet; and this will amount to screening the windows.

A Political Hotch-Potch

I reached Warsaw a few days after Paderewski had finally succeeded in resigning as president of the Council of Ministers. He resigned because he was unable to control a majority of votes in the Polish Diet, or Congress, and because he was consequently unable to institute the measures which he thought that Poland needed. He resigned several times, in fact, but only his last attempt was successful. For some little time he carried his resignation with him wherever he went, just as he carried his watch and his cigarette case. It was part of his daily costume. After his first resignation three of the twelve political parties represented in the Diet came to him and urged him to reconsider his resignation. In the future, they assured him, he could always rely on their votes. Hitherto they had been against him, but now they would vote with him. So Paderewski reconsidered his resignation. Twenty-four hours later the representatives of these same three parties came to him again and said that they had changed their minds—that they couldn't vote with him after all.

Americans in Warsaw frequently held pools on the leanings of the political parties. The man naming the correct affiliations of the largest number of parties on a given day would win the pool. Pools were held every day because the parties changed every day. It was a difficult sport; for the parties themselves rarely knew how they stood. On one day, for example, the newspapers would say: "The National People's Party has decided to support Paderewski." On the following day the papers would appear with the statement: "The National People's Party met at three o'clock and decided to withdraw its support from Paderewski." On the third day the newspapers would carry an interview with the leader of the National People's Party in which he would declare firmly that his party had never at any time arrived at a decision concerning whom it would support. When reporters interviewed Polish party leaders they never could tell how their parties were leaning that day until they had attended the afternoon meetings.

So Paderewski resigned as president of the Council of Ministers. But he lost neither his influence nor his popularity in Poland. The Poles, being new at the game, didn't quite know what they wanted. They felt, many of them, that Paderewski is a dreamer; they said that they wanted a more practical man. They rather resented the fact that he had made so much money in America while other Polish patriots stayed at home and devoted their energies to working for Poland. But they were united in the knowledge that he was a great patriot; those who knew said that Paderewski's ideas and plans would be carried out even though he was no longer Minister President. On New Year's Day there was a demonstration for Paderewski in the square in front of the Bristol Hotel, where he was living. He had only recently resigned. Yet 20,000 people assembled in the square

Order by Mail

ORIGINAL CREOLE PRALINES (GRUNEWALD)

"The South's Most Famous Confection"

If you have ever visited New Orleans then, of course, you have tasted this famous candy which the Hotel Grunewald Caterers have made and sold for many years.

The demand has become so great that we are now supplying Original Creole Pralines (Grunewald) direct by mail, parcel post insured, in specially constructed mailing cartons, carefully packed.

Absolutely pure, made only of pure Louisiana Cane Sugar and Louisiana (whole-half) pecan meats.

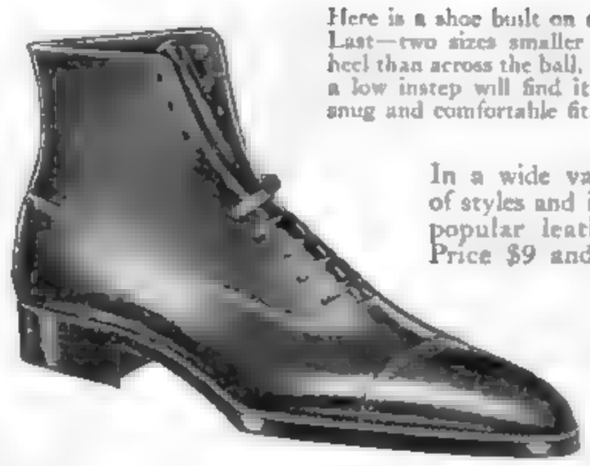
Scrupulous care is maintained throughout in producing this famous candy. Cleanliness and purity are Grunewald watchwords. That's why Original Creole Pralines (Grunewald) are regarded everywhere as the highest quality Creole Pralines made. *Do not accept substitutes!*

A delightful confection, dessert, or after-dinner dainty.

Mail orders filled anywhere. P. O. or Express money orders or personal checks received.
Box of 7 (Sample) $1.00
Box of 12 . . . $1.50 Box of 24 . . . $3.00

THE HOTEL GRUNEWALD CATERERS
Dept. P. NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

BATES



Here is a shoe built on a Combination Last—two sizes smaller in instep and heel than across the ball. The man with a low instep will find it a remarkably snug and comfortable fit.

In a wide variety of styles and in all popular leathers. Price $9 and up.

FEET, like faces, differ. But Bates Shoes, designed with the knowledge gained in 35 years' experience, make every man's foot feel comfortable and look stylish. And they are reasonable in price. See if there isn't a Bates Dealer in your town.

A. J. BATES COMPANY
General Offices: Webster, Mass. Stock Distributing Headquarters: Chicago, Ill.

SHOES

WE HAVE BEEN MAKING THE Bates SHOE GOOD SHOES SINCE 1885

For Everyday–A Handsome Long-lived Sock

Iron Clad No. 398 with its permanent lustre finish and extra foot reinforcement is the economical sock for daily wear.

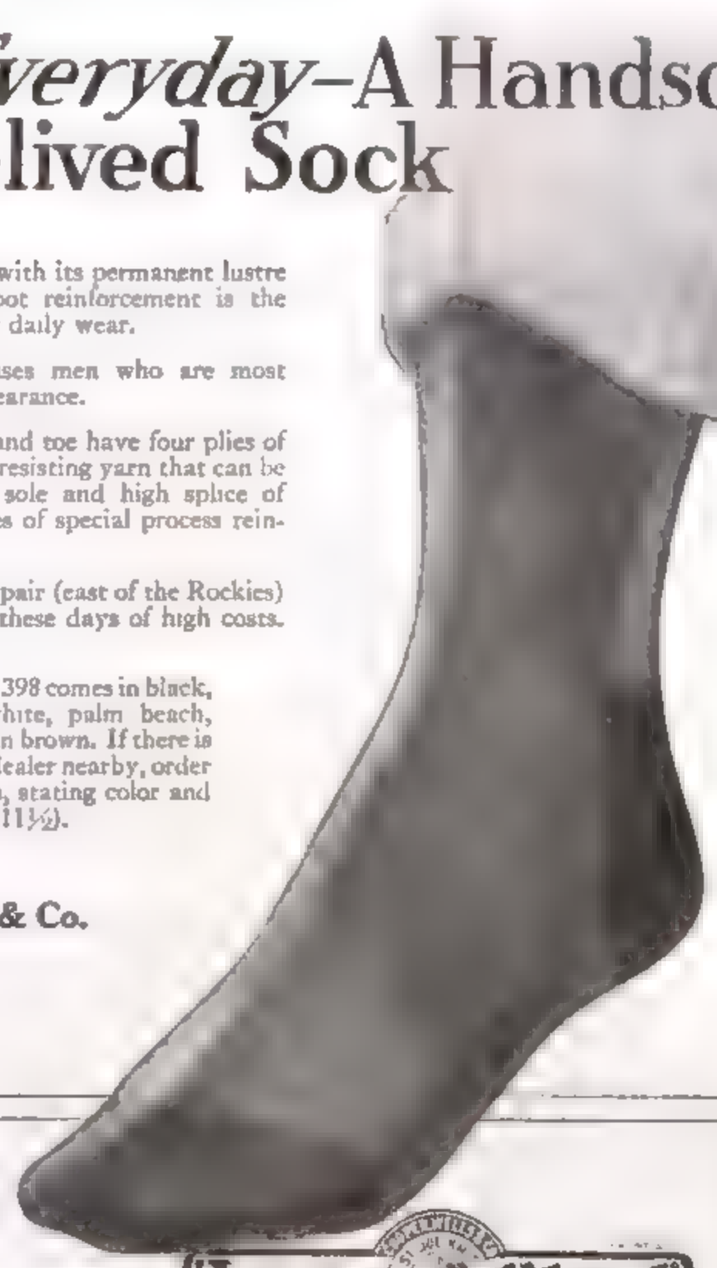
Handsome—it pleases men who are most careful of their appearance.

Durable—the heel and toe have four plies of the strongest, wear-resisting yarn that can be made. The whole sole and high splice of heel have three plies of special process reinforcement.

Price—75 cents per pair (east of the Rockies) speaks for itself in these days of high costs.

Iron Clad No. 398 comes in black, dark gray, white, palm beach, navy, cordovan brown. If there is no Iron Clad dealer nearby, order direct from us, stating color and size (sizes 9 to 11½).

Cooper, Wells & Co.
212 Vine Street,
St. Joseph, Mich.



Iron Clad
Hosiery for the Whole Family

Light
where you want it

ADJUSTO-LITE, a new, wonderful, convenient lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Throws a clear mellow light, not too glaring—exactly where you need it most. It does not strain the eye. It cuts the lighting cost.

Gripping clamp is felt-faced and cannot scratch. Compact and durable—made of solid brass—guaranteed for five years.

S. W. FARBER
141-151 So. FIFTH ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

At the store where you usually trade for Adjusto-Lite. If they don't carry it order direct.

Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8 foot cord, plug and socket. Brush Brass finish, $5.75. Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish, $6.25. Pacific Coast prices 25c. per lamp higher.

PAT. U.S., CAN. AND FOREIGN ENTRIES

Adjusto-Lite
A FARBERWARE PRODUCT
TRADE FARBERWARE MARK

and stood there for three hours in a cold drizzle waiting for him to come out and speak to them. The band played the Polish national hymn every few minutes, and whenever this happened the 20,000 bared their heads to the rain. Two men tried to sell caricatures of Paderewski. The crowd beat them so badly that both of them had to be taken to the hospital.

Paderewski was succeeded as president of the Council of Ministers by M. Skulski, a tall, husky, level-eyed, hard-headed man of about thirty-five. He took an engineering degree from Karlsruhe University, and was the head of an engineering firm in the city of Lódz. Most Americans probably never heard of Lódz; but it is—or was before the lack of raw materials closed so many factories—an enormous industrial city. The cotton and woolen products of Lódz competed with German products in Constantinople, with Austrian products in the Balkans. Commercial travelers from Lódz were to be found in Siberia, China, Persia, Asia Minor, Spain and South Africa.

Skulski became the president of the city of Lódz, which is no mean job. During the German occupation of Poland he edited two papers which constantly pleaded the cause of the Allies. These papers were thorns in the German flesh; and if the Germans had ever been able to prove his connection with the papers they'd have shot him. When he was elected to the Diet from Lódz he set out to get the support of a majority of the members. Paderewski has always recognized his ability, and twice wished him to join the cabinet—once, when the cabinet was first formed, as the minister of interior affairs, and again, just before his resignation, as vice president of the council. Skulski, just after he had taken office, told me that he had 233 members of the Diet solidly behind him out of a total membership of 395, but he admitted that he couldn't be sure of a fixed majority on all questions. In other words, he had them, only he didn't.

Skulski laughed at the idea of Bolshevism obtaining a foothold in Poland. Eighty per cent of the Polish people, he said, were peasants and had proved their unconquerable patriotism by the manner in which they had organized peasant troops to fight against the Bolsheviks, purchasing their own equipment and serving without pay. The Russian peasants are passive, but the Polish peasants aren't. Bolshevik delegations frequently come into the Polish lines to spread Bolshevik doctrines, and are usually rewarded for their pains by being shot by the Polish soldiers without orders. One regiment of Polish troops, according to information which Skulski had just received, had put twelve Bolshevik regiments to rout.

American Capital Wanted

Skulski made a strong plea for American help and the investment of American capital. Poland's greatest needs, he said, were rolling stock and engines for her railroads, food for her people and capital for investment in her natural resources. The value of the Polish mark can be raised only by the export of Polish goods to other countries—textiles and chemicals, raw materials, petroleum and, especially, wood. Poland has an unlimited supply of wood, and she is anxious for its exploitation by foreign capital. "Many American, British and Italian companies," said Skulski, "have already applied to us for concessions in our eastern timber lands; and we have instructed the authorities to assist the representatives of these companies in every way. We are willing to allow foreign companies as much land as they want for exploitation purposes for as long a time as they may need it. We are anxious to have foreign capital—American in particular—invested in our vast farm lands. By the importation into Poland of steam or motor plows, tractors and other agricultural machines, enormous enterprises could be started. We have over 75,000,000 acres of unoccupied farm lands which could be cultivated with great advantage to Poland as well as to the cultivators."

Paderewski was occupying the bridal suite—or at any rate it looked like the bridal suite—on the first floor of the Hotel Bristol. This is one of the 18,000,000 Hotel Bristols in Europe. Every city, town and village has a Hotel Bristol, and some of the cities are so enamored of the name that they have Old Bristols and New Bristols; First, Second and Third Bristols; Small and Large Bristols. One of the few differentiations they don't use is Clean Bristol and Dirty Bristol—probably because not a great many of them are clean. I would suggest that some of the European cities differentiate their Bristol Hotels by calling them the Cold Bristol and the Colder Bristol; the Breadless Bristol and the Meatless Bristol; the Bathless Bristol and the Heatless Bristol and even the Roomless Bristol. All this would be a great help to Americans who are foolish enough to try to travel in Europe in the near future, when it becomes necessary for them to wire ahead for rooms.

At any rate, Paderewski was occupying the bridal suite of the Hotel Bristol. Whenever he emerged and passed through the lobby everybody removed his hat and bowed low, and all the army officers kicked their sabers out from between their legs and cracked their heels together in token of respect. Anybody who tries to say that Paderewski hasn't the love and the admiration of the entire Polish nation is talking through his hat as well as through his overcoat and his galoshes.

He had a few words to say about Bolshevism and about the gratitude of Poland for American help, while his parrot hung from the top of its cage and swore quietly but fluently in choice Polish.

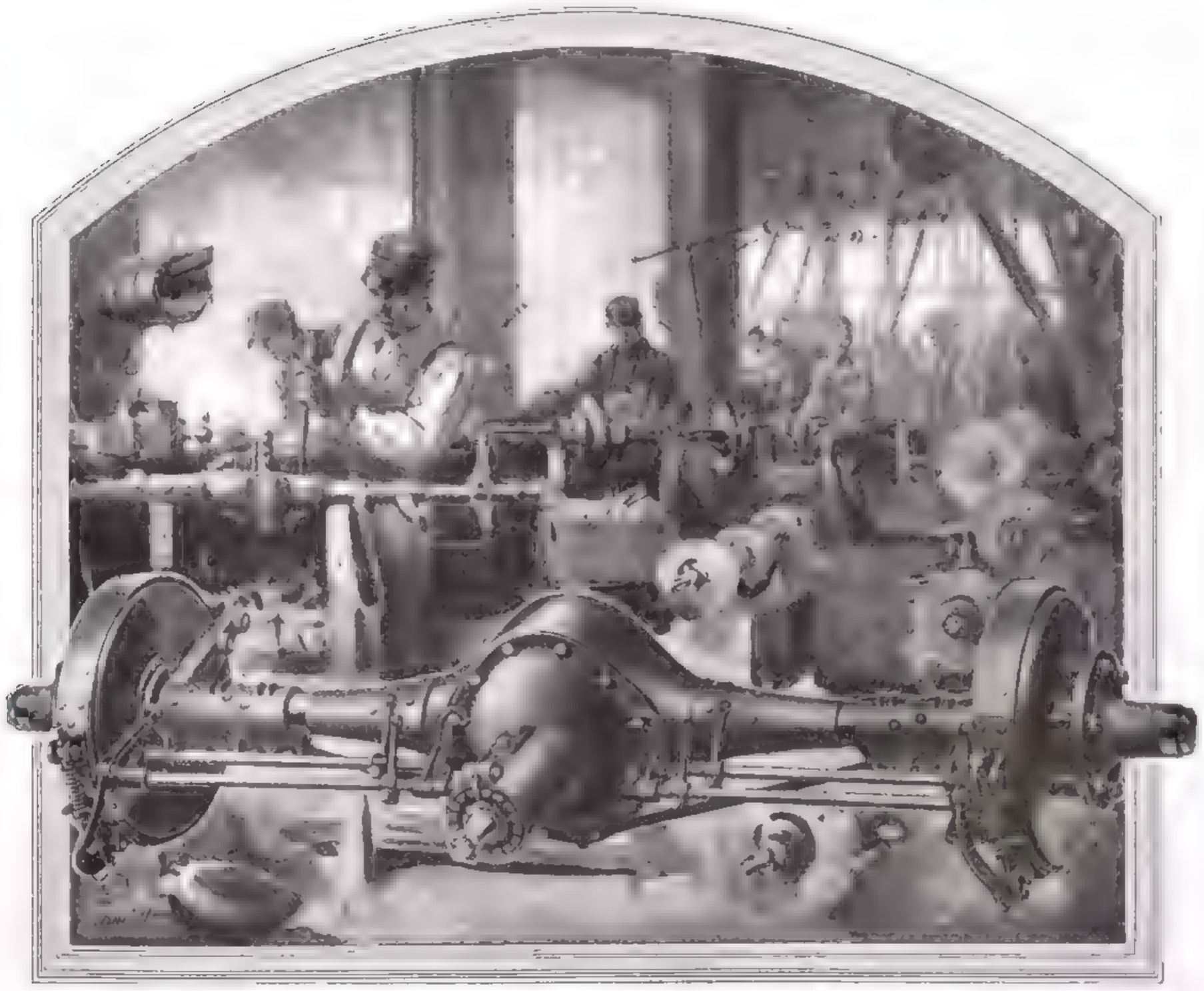
Clean Fighters Against Big Odds

"Poland," said Paderewski, "has done wonderfully well in the short time she has been at it; and those who judge our government by American standards are doing us an injustice. The nation has been functioning for only a year; our people are suffering from five years of war and invasion and hunger and disease; all of our industries have been brought to a standstill. Yet Poland has a government which governs and an army which fights. We realize the dangers of Bolshevism here; for Germany is supplying the Bolsheviks with money and men, and the Bolsheviks themselves are pounding at our gates. They are flooding the country with posters which set forth the glories of Bolshevism; they attack what they are pleased to call Capitalistic America through these posters. Magazines printed in alien tongues in America have reached Poland filled with Bolshevik propaganda, and we have taken them from the mails. The people of America don't realize the dangers which may come to them from Bolshevism or the sources from which Bolshevism all over the world is receiving its greatest aid. Americans have insufficient imagination. They refuse to see a danger until it becomes a concrete menace—something that can be physically met and overcome. American publications have failed to discover or have refused to print the truth about Bolshevism. They have recognized its outward manifestations, but not the forces behind it. But there will come a time in the near future when these forces must be universally recognized."

Paderewski asked particularly that the heartfelt thanks of Poland be conveyed to America for the great help which America has given. Throughout the nation, he said, there was a deep and sincere feeling of gratitude for all that America has done. He followed me out into the hall, beyond the range of the quiet but malignant profanity of the parrot, and repeated this statement three times. He wanted to be very sure that the American nation gets an inkling of Poland's gratitude.

One can find many things at which to smile in Poland. One can get a good laugh out of the Polish nobility. They claim that Poland is a very democratic country because one out of every ten people in Poland belongs to a noble family. One cannot toss a brick into any Polish gathering without hitting a count. One can worry a smile out of the Polish waiters, who insist on wearing sack suits to show their democracy. One can snicker a bit at Polish opera, which is gloomy and likes to depict people dying resignedly in the snow for the mere gloomy joy of dying. One has to laugh a little and even swear a little at the inefficiency and impracticality of the Poles. But one cannot get any mirth out of their hunger and their steadfastness and their intense patriotism.

You can call me pro-Pole if you like. I'm pro-anybody who fights a clean fight in a righteous cause against overwhelming odds. The Poles answer to that description, and it's a pretty good basis on which to rest a case.



SALISBURY AXLES

The uniform dependability of the Salisbury Axle is due quite as much to the painstaking care with which its component parts are assembled as to the individual excellence of the parts themselves. Precision in the adjustment of every working member assures the proper functioning of the axle as a whole.

When we first began building motor car axles fourteen years ago, we set for ourselves, at every stage of the manufacturing process, an inexorable standard of quality. This standard has since been adhered to with a faithfulness that has known no exception. It is therefore but natural that Salisbury Axles have proved themselves uniformly good.

SALISBURY AXLE COMPANY, JAMESTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

Hoisting heavy boxes
For speedy, safe handling of awkward loads
In and about the garage
For handling heavy barrels economically
For unusual and hazardous hoisting

HOIST IT WITH A YALE CHAIN BLOCK
ECONOMY-SPEED-SAFETY

YALE Chain Blocks take the place of "Strong Arm" methods of lifting with jacks, skids, crowbars, rollers, trucks and rope tackle. They take the brute force, danger and slowness out of lifting, allowing one man to do the work of many, and do it better.

Hook a Yale Chain Block to any load, up to forty tons, pull one side of the hand chain and the load is easily and swiftly lifted. The load is held safely suspended after you let go of the hand chain. It will not lower until you pull the other side of the hand chain.

Every pound of actual pulling power is multiplied many times, so that one man with a Yale Spur-geared Chain Block can hoist twenty tons.

While the great industries use hundreds of thousands of Yale Chain Blocks in factories of all kinds, shipyards, stoneyards, warehouses and docks, foundries and machine shops, garages and railroads, there are many other places where the Yale Chain Block is necessary.

Wherever heavy boxes, merchandise, kegs, crates, iron, bales, machinery parts, logs, stone, ice, pipe or paper must be lifted—only occasionally or constantly—there is a Yale Chain Block of proper size and capacity that will do the work *safer, quicker* and *better.*

Yale Spur-geared Chain Blocks are made in seventeen sizes—¼ to 40 tons.

"From Hook-to-Hook-a-Line-of-Steel"

Steel Safety Hook and Crosshead. Steel forgings designed to swivel and rock.

Steel Suspension Plates support the load, eliminating castings.

Steel Hand Chain. Die formed, electrically welded and smooth.

Steel Load Sheave of accurate design with provision for positive lubrication to bearings.

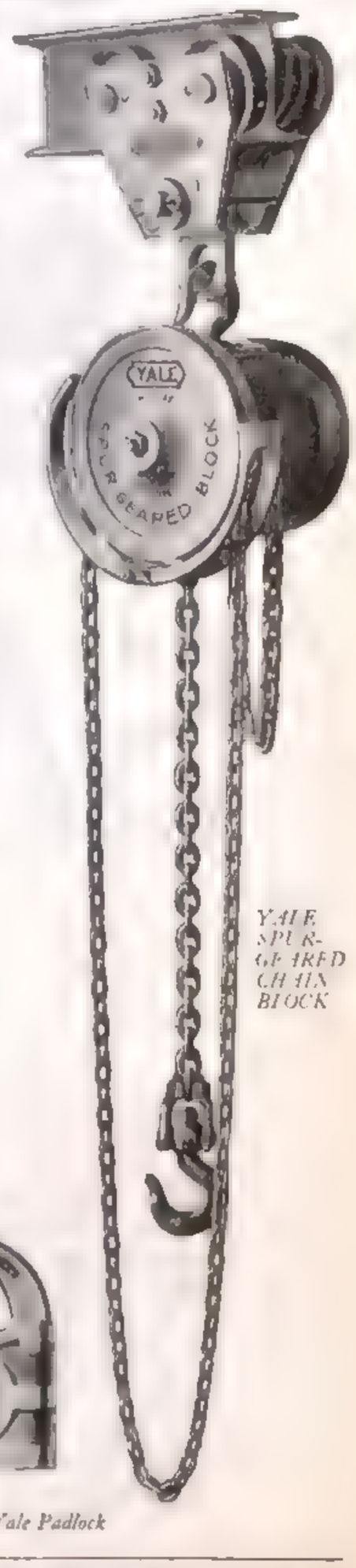
Steel Driving Pinion—a one-piece forging of special steel to resist extraordinary twisting and bending strains.

Steel Gear and Pinion—a one-piece gear cut from solid steel with bronze-bushed bearing.

Steel Load Chain. Die formed, electrically welded; heat treated to toughen it and lengthen its life.

Steel Shackle and Steel Swivel Hook.

Continuous Hand Chain Guide. Prevents hand chain fouling and allows it to pull in any direction at any speed



YALE SPUR-GEARED CHAIN BLOCK

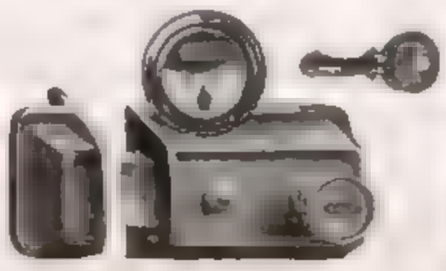
"Put Your Hoisting and Conveying Problem Up to Us"

Write for your copy of the "Yale Hoists" Catalog, today.

The Yale Chain Blocks are made by the makers of the Yale locks. And, like them, they bear the trade-mark "Yale" as evidence of their superiority and origin. See that trade-mark "Yale" on Builders' Locks and Hardware, Padlocks, Cylinder Night Latches, Door Closers, Cabinet Locks, Bank Locks, Chain Blocks and Electric Hoists.

Yale Builders' Hardware

Some Yale Products



Yale Cylinder Night Latch

Yale Door Closer

Yale Padlock

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., *Makers of the Yale Locks*--Works & General Offices: Stamford, Conn.
New York Office: 9 E. 40th St. Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St Catharines, Ont Chicago Office: 77 E. Lake St.

THE STREET OF DREADFUL DROUGHT

(Continued from Page 4)

room to live in the living room or pant in the pantry."

The hideous middle week of January began to loom large. A hunted look had fastened itself on Broadway. Stamped on the heads of the little ornamental ale kegs now empty—that flanked the cash registers of the few bars still open one saw the descriptive trade legend which Broadway might have applied to itself: "Extra Pale and Nutty."

"Met a certain party last night," Monty now was gasping between labored breathings, "who said he knows a party he thinks can get me a coupla cases of Scotch. Hundred and fifty bucks a case! Worth it, though, at a thousand, what?

"Strange, strange thing, this whole state of affairs, fellahs, isn't it? I confess I don't get it yet. I can't for the life of me see how this town—New York!—is ever going to stand for ——"

As if the world had not ended overnight, the fool sun rose out of the murk beyond the East River one mid-January morning and blazed along toward Broadway on its even way. The sun reached the zenith, whereupon Broadway got up for breakfast. And for the first time in the history of the New World Broadway admitted point blank that Manhattan was an organic part of the Union, or—to be meticulously exact—that our provinces were an outlying part of New York.

I don't mean for one minute that we city slickers weakly capitulated that mid-January day. No, no, no! We said with our customary good breeding that we would respect the Constitution, of course, at least for the time being, if for no other reason than that all the other communities of the country always look up to us, never making a move of their own until they have studied us and so have learned how to do things properly.

And so Manhattan decided patriotically not to make a scene. On the surface we submitted to the nonsense, meanwhile concentrating our superior intelligence and initiative upon the best and quickest means of ending the damfoolery once and for all in the courts. We made several invulnerably worded applications for injunctions and took many other dignified steps to annihilate the impossible asininity—and always holding our temper in leash when we had every provocation to grow positively angry.

The Heroism of Broadway

We hadn't shot our last bolt even then either. Right now, this very week and day, we are going still further; we are writing to the papers about it.

In my time I have seen examples of piteous yet glorious spiritual bravery glow steadily amid the gloom of great and sudden sorrows. I have seen brave young widows still meet the world with a smile after learning that the late lamented had left nothing behind him except several thousand shares of stock in a New England railroad. Amid the horrors of war I saw stalwart lads in their twenties volunteer to do desk work at Washington, whistling while doing their hateful indoor tasks, playing the ukulele at their desks—anything to hide from the world that great secret sorrow which burned day and night in brave young bosoms panting for a chance to carry the grand old Stars and Stripes through hellish storms of steel in far-off Flanders. Once in the long ago I gazed through swimming eyes upon

But you ought to see Broadway suffer its great secret sorrow in silence, as I saw it during the one-time cocktail hour the other evening.

As I strolled northward I happened to select the left, or west, side of the dear old cocktail trail. Gone was that swelling croon which visitors of other days thought was the combined sounds of flat-wheeled surface cars and rattling drays—the voice of the city, poetically they called it—but which really was the rattling roar of tons of cracked ice bouncing blindly about in the tens of thousands of cocktail shakers the length of the long wet trail.

"Only fancy," I thought as I walked along, "telling a Broadwayite a year or two ago that within the coming twelvemonth or so one could walk nineteen blocks—from Madison Square to Forty-second Street along the west side of Broadway and in all that stretch of Tenderloin pass only two doors labeled 'Café'!"

"Oi, yoi!" the real New Yorker would have cried. "What a wealthy business those two gin mills will be doing at cocktail time!"

And next fancy trying to convince the Broadwayite that the total of the combined jams of patrons inside the two nominal gin mills left would merely amount to a sum that could be written in three figures—one man eating oysters over the bar in the only café still open on the sunny side of Broadway between Madison and Herald Squares; a second sorrowing soul sadly seated along the wall of the—in a manner of speaking—café that sobs alone between Herald Square and Forty-second Street; a third man, posed like Rodin's Thinker, seated across the little café table from the second man—or a total of three figures in all.

No bottles, siphons or glasses were on the table where these last two-thirds of the jam of patrons sat. Only an ash tray decorated the little table. On the wall behind their chairs much of the high art had recently given way to hand-lettered posters announcing that within a few days this café would be made over into a help-yourself cafeteria.

Behind the high dry bar sat a white-coated person theoretically still the barkeep, his nose buried in ——

Overcome by Emotion

Pardon if I interrupt myself to say that it gives me no pleasure to rub salt into fresh wounds this way; I descend to this sickening realism of detail only because this second café was about the last specimen of a once-great institution to make a stand on Broadway, and therefore I describe it at some length, if for no other reason than to leave a record of things as they were. Besides this café in the thirties stands out in my mind because it was here that I came across the lone spectacle of violent drinking I encountered on my ramble.

The barkeep, I was saying, had his nose buried in an evening newspaper. The reception he accorded me when I entered the swinging doors was widely different from the whole-souled, helpful, altruistic, cheery greeting that he would have given even me, a stranger, a year or less ago. Now he did not so much as look up from his newspaper. Doubtless he knew I didn't want anything, or that if I did hanker for any of the sissy stuff sold there now it didn't make much, if any, difference whether I got it or not.

The only reckless drinking, I repeat, which I met up with along the old cocktail trail was in full swing as I entered the café. It was taking place at the little table where the two sorrowing souls sat—with only an ash tray between them. They were guzzling orally.

"Well, of course, every man to his liking," the younger of the two drab-voiced Broadwayites seated at the table was saying. "But personally I never could see Scotch. The good old red-eye—that was the stuff that hit the spot with me! Not Bourbon or Canadian, but just plain United States rye. Why, in the old days, Charley, I thought nothing of ——"

"No; the sooty old Scotch for me every time," Charley interrupted in reminiscent tones. "Rye never did appeal to me—comparatively speaking, of course. What I liked was a pinch bottle of smoky Scotch, with a tall glass and not much ice and a split of sizzly ——"

The ineffable pathos of it all unhorsed my poise for the moment.

"Stop—till I get out!" I found myself screeching. "You big boobs, you're breaking my heart!"

Sobbing, I groped my way to the street. The worst of it was that it was useless to stop at the bar, as one certainly would have done in the old days, and ask for a shot of something with which to pull oneself together. Nowadays after sudden emotional strains like this there is nothing left to do on Broadway but to dry one's eyes and let Nature take its course in bringing back shattered nerve ganglions to normal.

Replace broken windows—mend leaky tops with

"STIK-TITE"

WINDOWS AND ROOF PATCHES

Look for this display on your dealer's counter.

Quicker—Anyone can attach a Stik-tite window in ten minutes. Neater—Stik-tite windows have a border of the *same* material as your back curtain. Cheaper—All labor charge for removing back curtain and sewing done away with. No loss of use of Car. Better—No stitching perforations to weaken celluloid, none to weaken curtain.

Stik-tite Roof Patches are applied in the same way, are also finished outside in "A" Auto Rubber (Ford), "B" Mohair, or "F" Imitation Leather, to match your top. Like the windows they stick till the top wears out.

See your dealer. If he hasn't them, send us his name and 40, 50, or 60 cents for "A", "B", or "F".

The Cincinnati Auto Specialty Co.
"The Stik-Tite Co."
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Makers of "Stik-tite Lily-White" tube patches, "Frost King" Asbestos Lined Radiator Covers, Auto Tops, Tire Covers, "Warner" Seat Covers.

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Make your boy an outdoor boy. Guide him toward vigorous health and strength. Buy him this wonderful Gilbert Outdoor Wheel Toy outfit with which he can build for himself, with only a screw driver and a wrench for tools, strong, speedy coasters, gliders, speedsters, wagons and trucks. A splendid set at $10 (Canada $15) makes the geared speedster above and all the other toys. Other sets at $6.50 and $15 (Canada $9.75 and $22.50).

Gilbert Outdoor Wheel Toy

This fine toy will develop your boy's constructive ability while he is having the best of fun. It is one of many Gilbert Toys which are great boy teachers and helpers. Write today for a copy of my toys' magazine, the complete Gilbert toy catalog and facts about my Gilbert Engineering Institute for Boys.

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Removed with "Freezone"
It Doesn't Hurt a Bit!

Apply a few drops of Freezone on a touchy corn or a callus for a few nights. It stops aching after the first application, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off. No pain at all! No soreness!

Any Corn—Anywhere—Also
Calluses on Bottom of Feet

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, also corns between the toes and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet.

Tiny bottles of Freezone, sufficient to clear your feet of every corn and callus, can be obtained at drug stores anywhere!

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COMPANIONS for the quiet evening...a good book...and a pipe with a REDMANOL bit. It easily equals amber's brilliance, and betters amber's strength. Modern chemistry is proud of it, odorless, tasteless, non-inflammable. Just the sort of a pipe that will be a lasting friend. For every man, for every taste, for every purse, there is a REDMANOL pipe in a variety of shapes that careful craftsmen cut by hand.

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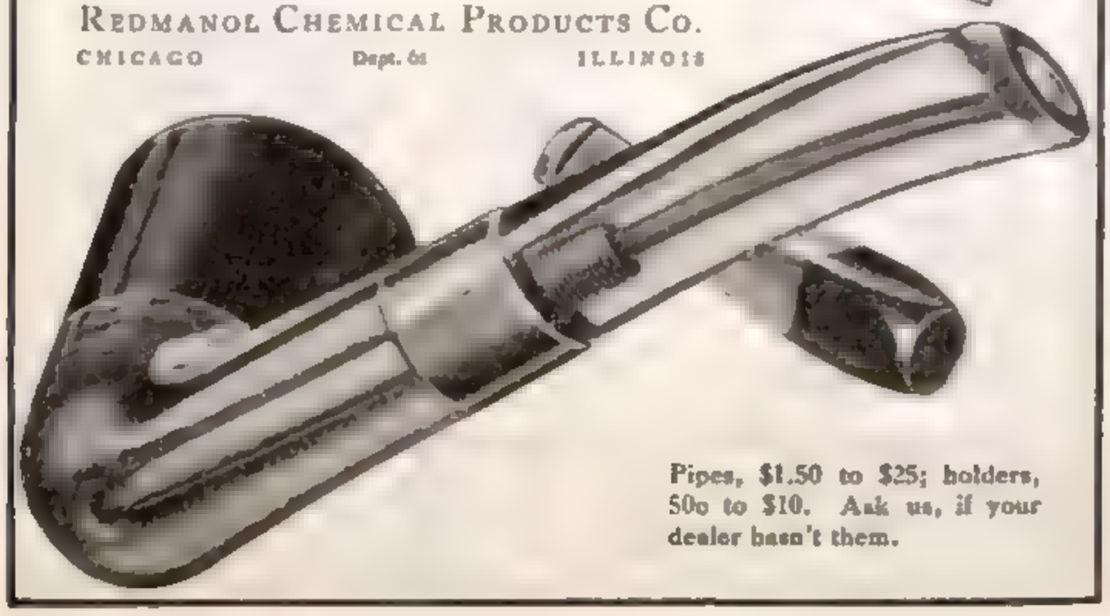

Pipes, $1.50 to $25; holders, 50c to $10. Ask us, if your dealer hasn't them.

I hurried northward hopefully as the thought came to me that only a few blocks beyond was a famous Broadway café which for years I had known as a rock of strength, immortal, imperishable as the Palisades. Socially and financially it had always seemed one with the infinite, whereas the Constitution of the United States was but ink and parchment.

LIVING CURIO PALACE

WONDERFUL HUMAN FREAKS OF NATURE!

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

Thus screamed the new sign of many colors above the still ornate entrance.

Indoors remained undisturbed the gorgeous stretches of beveled mirrors between polished woods of the tropics. The long and wealthy floor of many-colored tiles still was sprinkled with a well-bred hint of sawdust. The brass-railed mahogany bar still stood intact.

But on top of the bar!

Zip, or Barnum's What is It?—the venerable dean of circus freaks, now reaching an age where jealous fellow performers round the Players and Lambs and Friars clubs are beginning to refer to him caustically as Barnum's What Was It? Mlle. Dippe, the Pin-Headed Queen of the Last of the Aztecs. An Indian dancing dame with a complexion of full morocco, known to her sister artistes as Sunbonnet Sioux, but listed professionally as Lizzie-Kick-a-Hole-in-the-Sky; so listed, at least, until Timmy—head barkeep before the adorable institution had degenerated into a freak show, but now chief showman—in a moment of reminiscent sentiment changed her name on the program to Alice-Sit-by-the Fire-Water.

Three-legged monstrosities. Mlle. Inga, Première Snake Enchantress, and her sinuous, mottled ——

"Ladies and gents"—ex-Head Barkeep Timmy was orating to the dozen or so silly gapers desecrating the place with their presence, all of them doubtless mere visitors from our provinces—"at this end of the ba—the platform we have Millie Inga, the prumeer snake charmer; the little lady who will show you how I and she and pro'bition have redooced the high cost of living. For at the mere cost of the fourth part of a dollar you shull here see what you gents, back in the days when this institootion was a liquor store, only thought you saw after setting yourself back many, many dollars." False laughter.

Ancient Shrines Violated

And a few months ago at the same hour, on this very spot, this now piteously ridiculous Timmy was a great artist of the first class; a divinely gifted and graceful and gracious alchemist who could bring into being with a mere tilt of the elbow the liquid gold of the Bronx, the cold blue-white yet infinitely passionate diamond drops of the Martini!

All, all was passing—had passed. Across the square from Timmy's materialized jimjams the once-inspiring name of Rector had gone; in its place a freshly painted sign bluntly said: "Soda Fountain." Where seemingly but yesterday the Rector window laces and velours had curtained the intimate indoor ecstasies from the view of the outdoor rabble, to-day the windows brazenly invited the passer-by to look in upon stacks of bonbon boxes, pastries, sirups—all the long and ghastly line of these new sweetish, childish substitutes, which, as Broadway points out to you, are ruinous in their attacks on the liver.

On still another Broadway corner close by, the one-time window back drops of mahogany also had been removed, thus permitting the public for the first time in generations to gaze right in upon the bar now stacked with what? Foolish pies! Inane strawberry shortcakes! Nickel vats filled with nerve-destroying black coffee! Indigestible pastry piffle!

It was at this Broadway corner that I noted an incident that perhaps was slight in itself, but which bore home to me the truth of Broadway's argument that the extra-dry fanatics, not content with robbing the tired Broadway business man of his simple relaxations, were bent upon destroying the very bulwark of our social system—the family. For as I looked westward along the cross street I saw a workman on a ladder wrenching loose a signboard bearing the homely old motto: "Family Entrance."

The drys will rise to declare, I suppose, that they never saw a family enter a family entrance. Neither did I, but the argument is beside the point. The good-hearted liquor man provided a family entrance, didn't he, in case a family ever should feel the need of one? And the head of the family used that entrance after hours and on Sundays, didn't he? So why blame the saloon for the lack of initiative on the part of the family?

Of all the sickly evidences of decadency obtruding themselves along the blighted cocktail trail, that spectacle of strawberry shortcakes staining that particular bar was, I think, most revolting to me.

Here was a bar which for almost a generation had been a place of business so necessary to the well-being of Broadway that a kindly mayor of other days had found himself obligated to announce in a great state paper that he had granted to the institution an all-night license in order to save the city's night workers from dropping famished in their tracks. The only stipulation that went with this unusual privilege was that nourishing food be served also in the institution to the hungering night workers.

I was by way of being a night worker myself back in my bachelor days. Well do I remember with what alacrity good old Jim, the proprietor, kept faith with the generous mayor to the extent of immediately purchasing and placing on exhibition an entire cheese and a tin of sardines. And memories come to me now of Jim's gracious welcome to us famished night workers as we flocked, winter and summer and winter, to his kindly board each midnight; mingling with us horny-handed sons of toil in fashion democratic; sharing our joys when we laughed, our sorrows when we wept, as year in and year out, night after night, he watched us and his cheese mellow into middle age.

Farewells to Jim

I am not ashamed to confess that my eyes fogged as I gazed the other day upon the shortcakes soiling the bar; that my voice trembled as I wiped my eyes and murmured half aloud: "Farewell, good Jim! Never again are we to hear your stereotyped but fervent au revoir of the old days: 'Going out to breakfast, gents? Well, how about a last one—on the house? Order anything you want, gents, light or dark."

Poor old Jim! I firmly believe that on a recent day when the kindly soul was forced to have a key made that he might lock his Broadway door his only assets in the institution were the bar fixtures, his cheese and the tin of sardines. Virtually thrown out into the street at a time of life when it was impossible for him to start anew, the old man gathered his pitiful belongings about him, and bravely he told a favored little group of us old-time night workers, friends and patrons, that he was going to visit for a while—thus the penniless old man phrased the years of dependency ahead of him—an aged sister living in a country cottage. Partly to show him that we did not lack appreciation of all that he had done for us in past years, and largely to cheer him on his way, a few of us hastily formed a little surprise farewell committee, we patrons having resolved to go the limit and accompany him all the way to Fishkill, on the outskirts of which we knew his sister lived. And surreptitiously we passed the hat and raised five hundred and forty-two dollars for the old man, slipping the purse into a pocket of his frayed brown overcoat at the Grand Central Station when old Jim was looking the other way. And then to his tremulous amazement our little committee piled aboard the train with him and broke the news that we would accompany him to the end of his last journey.

The news unnerved him, but in time he found his voice. He was not going to his sister living at Fishkill, he explained, but was going to try to forget his sorrows by making a leisurely sight-seeing trip by way of Chicago, Japan and Egypt to the home of still another sister living some miles outside of Cork. And so for one reason or other we old patrons of Jim detrained at the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street Station, poor old Jim waving us good-by from the observation platform. And the last we saw of the old man he seemed suddenly to have realized that some sort of bulky foreign matter had mysteriously become lodged in the pocket of his frayed old

(Continued on Page 197)

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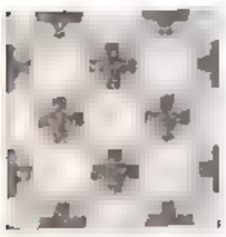

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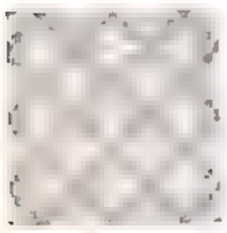

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For Every Room (A) in the House

A King and His Court

IT has been said that the only throne which remains unshaken is baby's. He reigns supreme while adoring parents seek untiringly to give him every comfort. How carefully the tender, flower-like skin must be bathed,—what gentle treatment is necessary if the scalp is to be kept healthy, and the hair soft and silky. Mothers know all this and many of the wisest use Resinol Soap. They know it is perfectly pure and will keep baby wholesome and sweet,—at the same time tending to prevent rashes and chafing.

Besides being so effective for King Baby, mothers find Resinol Soap delightful for preserving and improving their own complexions. Use it as directed and see if you cannot feel how much easier the pores breathe after being refreshed by its soothing, cleansing ingredients.

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At all drug and toilet goods counters. Trial Free.
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RESINOL SOAP

(Continued from Page 194)

brown overcoat—was extracting the purse from the pocket—was kissing it passionately as the last car slid luxuriously from our view round a curve.

Little human tragedies like these—and there are many of them on Broadway today—perhaps are personal, parochial, in their appeal and their resultant effects. More widespread, therefore more ominous in its decadent effect upon the very virility of the city and nation, is the wishy-washy quenching of all that was fearless and fibrous and courageous in the flower of Broadway's young American manhood since Broadway has forcibly begun to take the water cure. Recently I visited several late-blooming Broadway restaurants during and after the midnight hours, and among all the sparse gatherings of supper folks I saw not one Broadway fight!

"Yes, I'll hand it to the drys for one thing," admitted none other than Jim Churchill, doyen of Broadway cabaret restaurateurs. "We don't have to keep up on our toes half the night now stopping Broadway fights."

Terrible yet glorious to witness were the gory battles of wet days, a distinctive kind of battle known only to the midnight life of Manhattan and therefore specifically listed as the Broadway fight.

The Broadway fight in its rise, climax and fall followed a rigid code as dogmatic in its rulings as the duel of still earlier drinking days. Always the provocative to battle was seemingly a trivial thing. Perhaps a gent's lady friend merely nodded pleasantly to a rival gent visiting the first gent's table. Maybe the first gent didn't like the way the second gent wore his hair, toothpick or ears. Enough! The typical Broadway battle was on.

Let us cautiously draw close—not too close—and witness this thing known as a Broadway fight in its moments of bloodiest fury.

"Now, looka here, Freddy, you can't pull that rough stuff with me just because I gotta dame with me! Lady or no lady present, you can't ——"

"Oh, I can't, can't I? Who's it says I can't?"

"I says it, that's who!"

"You! Why, you big stiff, for two pins I'll knock your block off, you ——"

"Oh, you would, would you?"

"Yes, you damn' well know I would! If it wasn't they's a lady sitting with you at this table I'd paste you one that'd slam your front teeth through your back hair, you great big dish-faced, white-livered ——"

"Now I've took enough of this, Freddy! I've took enough! Lady or no lady, I'll bust you one that'll ——"

"Oh, you will?"

"Yes—I—will! You poor thing!"

"Now see here, Harry, all you gotta do is leave your lady friend and come outside and ——"

The Watered Blood of Broadway

It was at this point in the good old red-blooded days now gone that the restaurateur, brushing aside all thoughts of personal safety, probably armed only with a napkin, had to jump forward and stop the slaughter.

"Cease, boys, cease!" he would cry. "Cease, or I shall call New Haven on the long distance and tell teacher!"

Often the Broadway battlers, hoarse with the fog of fighting but still able to shake a nasty adjective, would fight on unheeding. And then and only then would the restaurant proprietor find himself forced to take a final, cruelly ghastly step. Summoning the French head waiter and addressing that Bourbon potentate in the English tongue, the boss would say to the haughty foreign gentleman in firm, clear tones: "Paddy, if these two pin-headed little squirts at this table don't dry up, dry 'em! Don't serve 'em any more of the hard stuff, Paddy."

"I make you, boss," the head waiter would reply with Gallic terseness, standing at ease while the thunders of battle suddenly sank to last low growls, to fearsome silence.

To-day the water cure already has thinned the blood of the one-time Broadway battlers. Midnight follows midnight, and never a Broadway fight—not one. And as the watered blood of Broadway continues to pump its way through Broadway hearts it has water-logged still another glowing emotion; it has quenched and chilled forever that great warm spirit of care-free generosity, that boundless spirit of Broadway largess which in wet days was an outstanding feature of the whole-souled Broadwayite in his midnight moments of large full leisure.

I remember, for instance, that after Monty in the old days had fought his way uptown through the crowds on the cocktail trail, working his way then through dinner and between three acts of a show and arriving toward midnight at his favorite cabaret or roof-show table, he thought nothing then of handing the gifted leader of the jazz band at least five dollars to play Monty's favorite rag selection.

Often, too, I have seen Monty follow this up an hour later with a gift of ten dollars and the request that the band play Silver Threads Among the Gold, sometimes even doubling his second gift toward dawn as he pleaded with the leader to play something from Grieg steeped with Scandinavian gloom.

What's the Matter With Monty?

Yet only a few nights ago when I asked that same jazz-band leader if he had seen Monty lately the answer I got was a cryptic "Well, yes and no." Monty had not been in the place for some weeks, the band leader went on, and in unfeeling tones he volunteered an added supposition that perhaps one reason Monty had not been seen recently was that maybe while Monty was passing a table a waiter had probably mistaken him for a hard-boiled egg and had mixed him with the salad dressing.

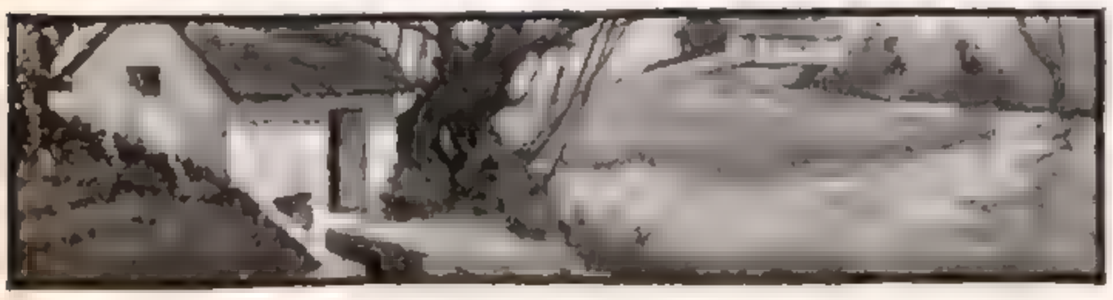
The band leader was wrong. I feel sure that if anyone were to seize Monty to-day and crack open his newly acquired shell one merely would find upon looking within that the drys had saved Monty from incipient cirrhosis of the liver only to inflict upon him and his kind a sudden and incurable attack of sclerosis of the heart.

I am not bigoted enough to say that these busybody, provincial despoilers of our simple Broadway pleasures deliberately—though I wouldn't put it past 'em—started out to inflict unspeakable misery upon Broadway's four great producing classes.

I do know, however, that with the sudden deluge of plain water many members of these four producing classes—our barkeeps, jazz players, waiters and cabaret chorus girls—are shrieking in vain for help as they sink for the third time.

For the more sprightly a given cabaret restaurant was in the wet days, the faster it was, the faster it closed. The Broadway restaurant that did the biggest business, a shade more than one million dollars during a banner—the banner—year that ended a twelvemonth ago, closed with one of the first of the big crashes heard along Broadway. In that restaurant and its kind food was looked upon chiefly as a sponge, and then but sparingly. So, too, are going, going the humbler little table d'hôte places, those delightfully European restaurants, so foreign, so devilish, where one took an anæsthetic of California pink ink before tackling a wing of Long Island fowl.

Only those restaurants safely ride the deluge of water whose proprietors in the old days persistently held to the odd belief, so rare in a Broadway lately deceased, that a man in the food-selling business should sell food. They are now, these survivors, "doing about the same business we did eight years ago," they've told me, and thankful they are alive. Saturday and Sunday at the dinner hour, not midnight,



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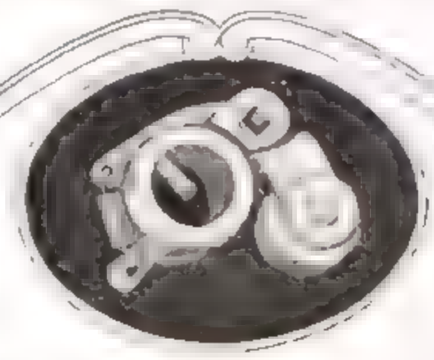

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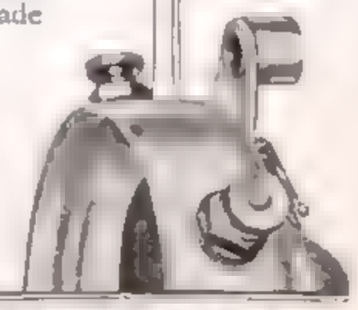

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Wm. Eastwood & Son Co.
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are their only big nights now. Broadway, like our provinces, suddenly has become a Saturday-night town. All of which may be good for Broadway morally and physically, but—well, we're not keen about it, thazall! Like our Greenwich Village long-haired lions and short-haired lionesses of æstheticism, we still hone to live our lives in our own way, so there!

Sorrowfully during recent rambles I saw Broadwayites, native and acute, spending good booze money on theater tickets and food and clothing and such truck as never money was spent on before; splendid barkeeps standing mutely along the Broadway curbs, wistfully waiting for somebody to do something, facing the awful alternative of starving and thirsting to death or taking to work; magnificent head waiters, now resting, with the shine destroyed on their patent-leather shoes because in a world suddenly gone plumb to hell—as one of them bitterly pointed out to me—the insolent lower classes refuse to take jobs cleaning the streets.

And cabaret chorus girls and roof-show queens wept as brokenly they went over with me the joys of the great nights gone. No more does a Broadway in its chronic sober moments flick bank notes across the highball toward them, even though they still sing and dance their way right up to the tables groaning under the pitchers of ginger-ale cup—which the old addicts of rye now order—or to the tables where once was Scotch but now writhe nightly under a load of cider cup. In sad-glad tones these sterling working girls recalled that the only secret sorrow visited upon them back in the glad nights now past was the trouble they sometimes had when after stuffing the crisp loot in the First National Bank of Femininity at the end of the show they tried to walk from dressing room to limousine without noticeably interfering. But now, they tell me, they could walk all the way home after the quitting whistle in the show shops blows, if necessary, without the slightest danger of friction starting a lisle run on the bank.

The cruel straits to which these poor working girls have been reduced by a lot of dod-gone fanatics can only be appreciated properly when it is understood that their station in life, their very art, presupposes the upkeep of five-thousand-dollar apartments on the Drive, Jap butlers, town cars, Russian sables, costly police dogs and chows. And so in order to retain these necessities they are forced to save and save and save their salaries until economy has come to be a bore.

The other day as I walked up what once was the cocktail trail the injustice of it all so weighed on my mind that mechanically I paused at the Broadway entrance to what in happier days had been a milestone along the route. Back in the recent days that were, we wits of Broadway facetiously knew the place as the Forty-second Street Country Club. If only for old times' sake, I decided, I would go in and order a sarsaparilla beneath the mural painting of Old King Cole.

The door was closed, curtained, nailed; the key probably thrown away.

Moodily I recalled then that they had not taken our tea away from us—yet. I didn't hanker for tea, but I did hone to be once again among jolly indoor crowds. Always, I remembered, the tea room just beyond the bar of the Forty-second Street Country Club was jammed at this hour with lovely, lively ladies. In desperation, therefore, I rounded the corner of the building and entered the Forty-second Street door. The tea room was empty almost to the point of solemnity. On second thought I believe there were two old ladies seated at one table and two older ladies at another. A door that once had led from the tea room to the service bar was curtained, closed. The old ladies were drinking tea.

As I turned and strolled aimlessly into the hotel lobby again I encountered a rare Broadway wit whom jocosely in the long ago we had elected to a high office known as pastor emeritus of the Forty-second Street Country Club. He, too, had wandered into the building from force of habit. While we leaned against the lobby news stand he bravely tried to bring cheer to the moment with jests that had caused us to choke with sheer ecstasy in the old days. Now for some reason his stuff didn't seem to get over. And after a long silence he turned at last to the news stand. "Have one on me," he said listlessly. And my host, the one-time wit, took an Atlantic Monthly and I took a New Republic.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Table of Contents

April 17, 1920

	PAGE
SHORT STORIES	
Gloama, the Beautiful Ticket Agent—*George Kibbe Turner*	6
Bouillon—*Herschel S. Hall*	8
Mistuh Macbeth—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	12
Sic Semper—*Juliet Wilbor Tompkins*	14
Pink Knickers and the Desperate Ship—*Lingard Loud*	16
Tutt and Mr. Tutt—*Arthur Train*	20
Let That Pass—*Grace H. Flandrau*	28
B-Flat Barto—*Helen Topping Miller*	32
SERIALS	
Declassed—*Maude Radford Warren*	24
The Dear Eccentric—*Henry C. Rowland*	26
ARTICLES	
The Street of Dreadful Drought—*Frank Ward O'Malley*	3
Improving America—*Wallace Irwin*	5
Poland for Patriotism—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	10
Great Men Who Have Met Me—*Samuel G. Blythe*	18
Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life—*Baron Rosen*	22
The Real Palm Beach—*E. W. Howe*	42
Mapping Mirages—*Enos A. Mills*	79
DEPARTMENTS	
Editorials	30
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons*	37
The Poets' Corner	57
Out-of Doors	74
Sense and Nonsense	97
Up-to-Date Mother Goose—*James W. Foley*	121

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